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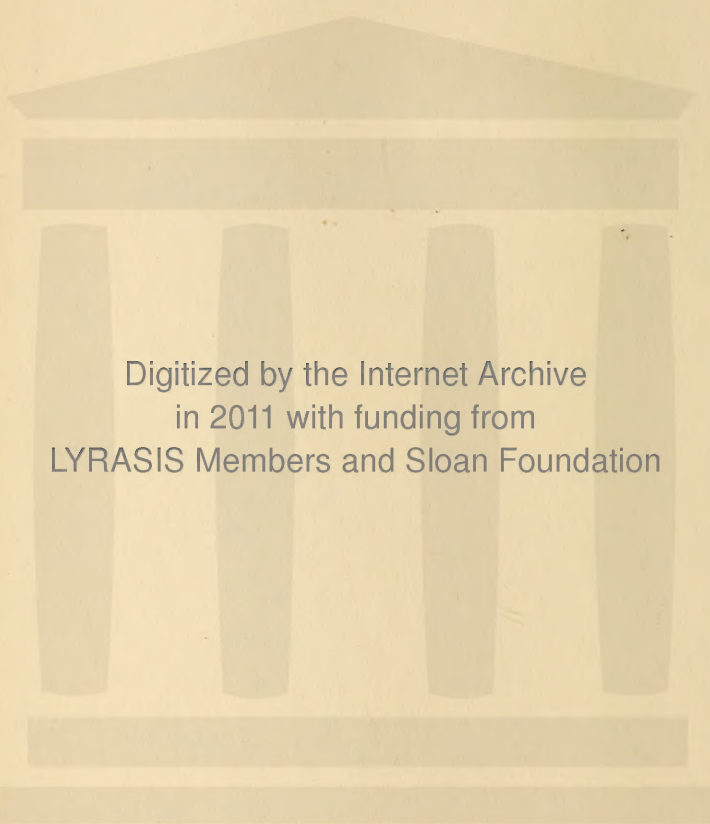
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PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT HAVERFORD COLLEGE



NOVEMBER 1930

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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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The Haverfordian

VOL. L HAVERFORD, PA., NOVEMBER, 1930

NO. 1

"*The Haverfordian*" is published on the *twenty-fifth* of each month preceding date of issue during college year. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates; to this end contributions are invited, and will be considered solely on their merits. Matter intended for insertion should reach the Editor not later than the *fifth* of the month.

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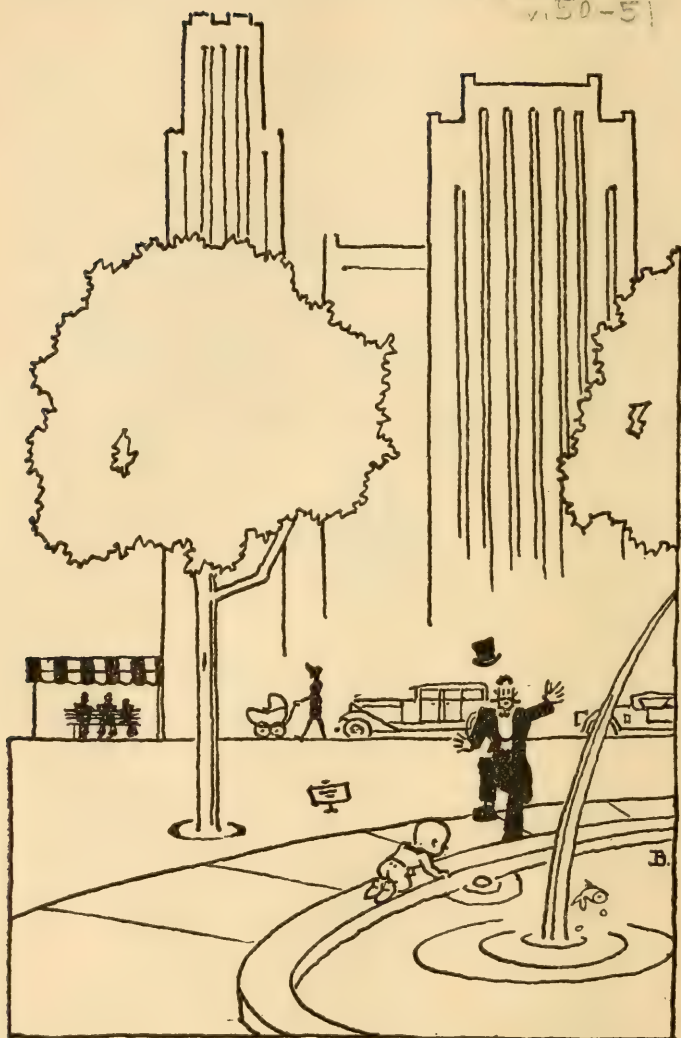
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*Beginning with this number
and continuing for several
more numbers, the HAVERFORDIAN will
shoulder the white man's burden and publish
"Uncle Bob's Kiddies' Page," by Harris Shane,
author of "Two Gun Sam," "Blood on the
Desert," "The Maverick Murderers" and "1000
Dainty Desserts for Summertime."*

Dear Mr. Heilman:

Well, here I am back at Haverford for another year's hard work, and I should not need to add, hard play. I've been intending to write to you for several weeks now, and as the time is drawing pretty close I thought I'd better get what I have to say off my chest.

You know, Wes—you don't mind my calling you "Wes", do you? —Rhinie year I had just been at college a month—things were still strange to me (as indeed they still are)—when I walked into my little old room 'way up in the third floor of Barclay and found a square, stiff, white envelope in with the rest of my mail. I thought "Oh joy, an invitation to a dance, I've always wanted to go to a dance." So I saved the envelope till last and then I took it over to one corner of that litle old room o'mine ("Bide-a-wee," I used to call it) and opened it. Well, it wasn't an invitation to a dance, but it *was* a handsome engraved birthday card, from you, yes, you, Wes. I hadn't heard of you then—and of the wonderful work you are doing among young fellows of College age—but just the thought that someone was interested in me,—someone knew when my birthday was, and someone took enough trouble to send me a card (and that someone was *you*) cheered me and made me go through the day with a light step (I was skipping that week, I believe, for I hadn't tipped my hat to a senior). I don't mind telling you that I took that card home and showed it to the folks with tears in my young eyes.

I have gotten a card every year since then, Wes, and I can't tell you what they've meant to me. Sometimes even we college men—

hardboiled and rough and tough as we are—get feeling a little “blue” and it certainly is mighty fine to know that good ol’ Wes Heilman is still thinking of us, watching us blossom into young manhood.

But here I am dawdling along, Wes, without saying what I started out to. You may not know it, Wes, but in less than a week now, I’ll have attained my majority, as the saying is. *I’ll be twenty-one years old.* And I’m telling you that that’s a big day in a fellow’s life. Now cards are all right, Wes (and it sure was mighty fine of you to send me them, as I say) for ordinary birthdays but you know a boy’s twenty-first birthday is something special. You see what I mean—something special—something special . . . Well, so long, Wes, hope I see you soon and we can smoke a Lucky together. Boy, I sure do like those old Lucky Strike cigarettes. Never can get enough of them.

Well, be seeing you, Wes.

Yrs.,

Harris.

* * *

We have had the last summer vacation we’ll ever have—unless of course, the unemployment problem next summer is as bad as it was this—and in many ways it was a peculiar one. During the entire month of June we looked for a job and it is quite probable that it was all valuable experience. Certainly we met enough secretaries, office boys, and officious third vice-presidents to do us for quite a while, thank you.

Giving up the idea of a job, we took to sitting in Rittenhouse Square, waiting for one of the children of a wealthy family to fall into the pond. Approximately four hundred other members of the army of unemployed were waiting for the same thing. When a five-year-old girl threw her rubber ball in the water and then leaned perilously over the edge to retrieve it, there was a near riot before we had finished rolling up our trousers.

While every bench was filled with down and outers—some of them with no work for months—the children and their nurses strolled around pushing English perambulators with \$20 dolls inside. It was enough to make one turn Socialist or something like that.

* * *

The undergraduate brand of Socialism or Communism or whatever it is always seems a bit ridiculous to us. Everyone is so frightfully serious about it, without quite knowing what they're serious about. And many of the country's future capitalists and wives of capitalists are at present denouncing capitalism from the front seat of a LaSalle roadster.

* * *

Philadelphia—along with the rest of the nation—went in for endurance in a big way. Most of the population was either perched on various trees or serving the perchers. There were a few, however, in more worthwhile occupations. Four boys alternately rode a bicycle around the block for several weeks; a twelve-year-old boy sat on a fire plug for 23 hours; two small girls stared at a policeman for an hour and a half; a fifteen-year-old girl pushed another one to Atlantic City in a baby carriage, etc., etc. Seized with the desire to do something along those lines, we gathered a few friends together, went outside the city limits, and sang the "Maine Stein Song" forty-eight times without stopping. This, we might add, was not a stunt but of inestimable value to Science.

* * *

The book trade in America suffered an exciting summer, from all indications. What with publishers cutting books down to a dollar apiece—which is about 98 cents more than most of them are worth—and the United Cigar

Stores going literary, it was enough to give Mr. Scribner a few more gray hairs. We stood in front of a United Cigar Store window the other night and gaped at the display. The heading "Publishers' Overstocks" was probably perfectly true—ten copies of most of those books would be an overstock; but the thought that, after all, it was entirely fitting that tobacco and books should be sold by the same people stole over us. The alarm clocks and the safety razors in the same window we could not explain.

The variety of titles was amazing. Some roguish window dresser had placed "On the Trail of Chief Buffalo," "On the Make," "Preparing for Motherhood" and "Without Kin," next to each other. All of which may be woven into a very touching story if you go about it in the right way.

Harris Shane

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Shane, on "Important Phases of the Failure of the Tomato Crop in Jugoslavia". The next will appear in an early issue.

A. S. T.

*Oh, comme j'admire ta beauté blonde;
Oh, comme je t'aime, S. T.!
Se peut-il que de tout le monde
A moi tu es restée?*

*Ah non, je sais ta beauté pure
N' appartient qu'à toi;
Je voudrais bien,—ceci je jure,—
Qu'elle appartienne à moi.*

*Mais comment donc te faire comprendre
Mon admiration folle?
Je voudrais bien te voir te rendre
A moi, passive et molle!*

*A quoi bon te présenter même
Ces vers qui disent ma plainte?
Tu n'pourrais pas lire ce poème:
Cela, chère, est ma crainte.*

J. M. de G.

Mss. Found Near a Suicide

I

L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UNE FAUNE

Valhalla Cabin,
Fair Haven, N. Y.,
May 27, 1858.

*To my good friend Professor Timothy Lowell
of Harvard College,*

I am writing this, my dear Timothy, that you may understand the more clearly why I take the course upon which I am now about to embark. It has been nigh ten years since we have seen each other. It might well have been ten centuries, for you, Tim, are yet of this world; my heart and body are now but the unclaimed property of the next. At this moment our thoughts can have but little in common, but as these are the last words I expect to pen, I pray you, old friend, bear with me in patience, remembering that my mind and hand are tottering (if you will pardon the mixed metaphor) on the verge of the unknown.

It is difficult, nay impossible, for me to analyze the state of my feelings. Perhaps I am merely suffering from a temporary nervous dementia—perhaps I am stark raving mad—or again perhaps I am quite sane and the thing really did happen. I don't know. I don't very much care; as a matter of fact I shall never know, for old Hans, the only other person within five miles' radius, is both deaf and dumb. So here we are, we two, perched half-way up Mount Green in a cabin several thousand feet above the waters of a charming little lake—Weequaket they call it. A far cry from our university days, *nicht wahr?* But to return, I trust that you will not

doubt my story, whether I be mad or no. To me it is the only vivid, breathing event in an empty life, and, through it, Tim, I have found the essence of happiness!

You know me well enough to be aware that I am a theorist as well as a creature of impulse. Perhaps you remember how vigorously I threw myself into the service of my whims—the debate with Cabot over this Shakespeare-Bacon business, the expedition to the Sargasso Sea, the founding of the Baltimore and Richmond Steam Packet Company—and I always believed implicitly in the particular object of my championing, whatever my fancy chose it to be. Twenty-five years of life have not changed me one iota. I am still the impressionistic fool of Cambridge. And thereby hangs my tale.

About eight years ago I became a devotee of the wilderness, a seeker after the open, natural life. Ergo this cabin in the wilds of the Adirondacks. Nature, it seemed to me, must have a generating force, a unity, a life-giving principle which moves and shifts the scenery upon her vast and flimsy stage. Do not misunderstand me; I do not speak of God, I mean the genius that underlies all wild life, the God of Nature, Sylvanus, Pan if you choose. I found myself wondering why the pines outside my window were so fragrant, why the mountain brook babbled so cheerily to itself, why the woodbirds chatted so comfortingly of an early morning, what made the autumn sunlight fleck the burnished leaves of the elder bush with such color as would put even haughty Chartres to shame, what made the forest sounds at night seem so marvelously like the panting of one great heart; what made me content to lie face down upon a mossy bank and listen to a symphony from another world in the faintest rustlings of the summer breeze? On all sides Nature was speaking—but in a language that I could not understand. I felt confident there was a hidden meaning, a translation, an ultimate explanation—and so,

out of a vague but loving curiosity I built my cabin here and entered into long communion with the wilderness. Every day for twelve years I lay beside the little brook in the valley, listening. Every day I shared in nature's breath-taking, holy rites. For my delight tree, grass, and flower have grown—to blossom, fade, and die, and grow again. For twelve years, day in, day out, winter and summer, I have tracked Nature to her lair. I pride myself that I have become initiate to her mysteries. They tell me at the village that I look scarce twenty though I am past fifty as you well know. And so the years have gone—slow, plodding years for me and yet years of unspeakable delight.

A month ago today I lay as usual beside my little brook, listening. That moment was my crux of life; it was dusk and the brook was chuckling quietly as if telling stories to himself. . . . Far, far in the distance I heard it, the sound of reed pipes, piping a rustic music so sweet and faint and altogether ineffable, that I lay like one entranced. Then for a brief moment I saw the gates of Heaven; the liquid notes carried me away from my little stream to the real Arcady I had been searching for—that holy land of nymphs and satyrs and the Dance of the Cloven Hoof! Suddenly the Song of the Pipe ceased in a last long-drawn note that echoed and reechoed down the leafy corridors of my forest. Then it was that the something that was mortal in me burst its bonds. I felt stiff and strange, and my legs ached. But the joy I had been hoping for was there; the joy of it was there! I looked about me. The trees were talking quietly and the brook was singing its little song, now quite recognizable to me. I knew now how Siegfried felt when the wood-bird first sang to him. I, too, understood! I had my heart's desire; I was one with Nature at last!

The month that has followed has been the happiest of my life. Every day I am wont to go to my resting place

beside the little brook and listen to the words of Nature that I can understand. And just at dusk there come the sweet clear notes of Pan's pipe floating and echoing and bounding about my ears. And then it is, Tim, that I fling aside mortality to dance and revel like any satyr under the Evening Star till the moon comes up or the dew spreads its silent cape of mist. Oh, Tim! I have just begun to live; all else is death beside it!

I have counted myself the happiest of men and so I was until this evening's dusk. The Song of the Pipe sounded faintly in my ear as I lay laughing a little ballade to myself beside my friend the brook . . . Suddenly I became aware of fiercely stabbing and unearthly pain coursing through my limbs. A vague, nameless fear froze the empty gurglings on my lips, and my heart began to pound frantically like the hurried hoof-beat of a runaway horse. By dint of great effort I forced my brain to take stock of itself. There could be no doubt about it: those sharp stinging pains meant just one thing—my tissues were hardening. I tried to rise but only succeeded in getting to my knees. Slowly, slowly, and with the most excruciating effort, I dragged the thing that was I through the glade and up the half-beaten path to the cabin. I had a premonition of what was happening so I went directly to the cupboard and fetched out a knife. Gritting my teeth, I plunged it into my left arm. As I had thought . . . no pain! Not even blood—only a sticky oozing of sap! As I stood with the knife hanging in my listless hand, I heard a weird crackling rising from the floor beneath me. I let my eyes drop slowly . . . God! . . . my shoes had burst asunder, and there beneath the frayed leather was the cruel gleam of cloven hoofs! That was perhaps an hour ago. My body has stiffened much since then. I can not have long to remain a man, for before God, Timothy Lowell, I am slowly metamorphizing into an animal—a plant—a very creature of Pan—anything you like save a human thing.

And so, you see, my course is clear. Either I *am* mad as a hatter or this cloven-footed god has actually got me in his ruthless grasp. When I look at my feet I can believe anything. In the end, don't you see, one or the other of these forces is bound to stamp me out, crushing me with a torture worse than any death. Your doctors, of course, will say that I suffer from hallucinations. But what do I care for them? I have been supremely happy; I have stumbled upon the secret of life and now I am paying for my audacity. You see, don't you, Tim, that the road to Life is closed? I have yet enough perception to see that clearly. For me, what lies beyond the trigger of this pistol is the only exit—the only meaning. Tim—I drink to you! . . . Skoal! . . .

J. T. G.



The Japanese Dagger

MY SISTER Susan and I had lived together for the last twenty years in a state of amicable warfare which was entirely satisfactory to us both. She was a maiden lady of some five decades and I was a bachelor enjoying a comfortable income in my forty-second year. Susan being one of those women with a quick tongue, a good head, a large bust, and a faculty for speaking her mind, was an excellent example of the strong-minded Anglo-Saxon female. She had, however, the sense to leave me alone, and as she was a most excellent housekeeper, we lived in a state of comparative bliss.

The house was of the small seven-rooms-and-bath type so common in the suburbs of our larger cities. On entering one found nothing unusual unless taken to one of the bedrooms of its two sole occupants. For my part, my room was a mass of assorted objects. In one corner was a desk littered with stamps of all descriptions, for I had a mania for collecting things. I also had a drawer full of tiny samples: soap, perfume, shaving materials, and what not. In another corner were hundreds of match boxes, all different. I was also one of those benighted persons who, though they will never admit it publicly, derive much joy from answering weird advertisements. My latest weakness was a mail order course in being a finger-print expert. All the materials were on a little table and, though I scarcely intended to "make a hundred dollars a week in my spare time," I must confess that the subject had appealed to me as extremely fascinating. The generous agency in Kansas City, Mo., having supplied me with untold quantities of blank white paper, I

had a room full of my own finger-prints and found great joy in sneaking up to some table, where I was accustomed to sit, and painting it with "liquid No. 1" until the tell-tale print would unmistakably reveal itself as my own. I knew every one of my ten marks by heart.

Susan scorned all this "boy-scout play," as she termed it, but was not wholly guiltless herself. Her particular weakness was the collection of arms of all kinds, with a leaning toward the ancient and oriental. Her room was a veritable storehouse, and the welcoming muzzle of a huge blunderbuss greeted the unwary guest who ventured into her chamber. The walls were covered with spears of all lengths, converging like a fan. Here and there, in spaces left by the shorter weapons, were hung old flint-lock pistols, revolutionary rifles, or perhaps an ivory-handled Hawaiian dagger. The place was scarcely one in which levity could be looked upon as suitable, but then Susan was a long way from being the type of woman with whom one indulged lightly in the more subtle forms of jocularly.

My sister and I had no interest whatever in each other's collections. When we talked it was on other subjects, and when we argued it was usually about the benefits of Mr. Volstead's "noble experiment", prohibition, of which she, along with the rest of the local needle-work guild, was a staunch supporter; or else about the advisability of my getting over my unfortunate habit of sleep-walking. This last was a subject on which I was particularly touchy, for it impressed me that, since I had no desire whatsoever to leave my downy bed, after having once got into it, I was more to be pitied than censured. After the incident in which I had very nearly wrecked our car in a somnambulant drive, Susan had suggested that I take measures to cure my ailment. She was unquestionably right in theory—but it becomes increasingly difficult "to take measures" with one's self as sleep deepens.

Of late, however, having spent my nights prone, the subject had been dropped.

One evening I was seated comfortably before the fire reading a delightful story about murders, bodies, and other amusing topics by that twentieth century humorist, Edgar Wallace, when a special messenger arrived with a parcel for Susan. She opened it eagerly, for the stamps were Japanese, and, after filling the room with rice-pods and cardboard, produced a very large carved knife. It was a beautiful weapon in reality, and for the first time I began to be interested in one of her specimens. The handle was perfectly smooth, pure white ivory, carved at both ends. The blade was perhaps eighteen inches long and of wrought steel.

I reached toward Susan for it, but she drew back, saying she wanted to read the note. In reality she was annoyed at some of the quips I had taken at her collection that very evening at dinner, and, seeing me interested for once, felt this was an excellent opportunity to take revenge. The note said the dagger was poisoned and to be careful with it. Flinging a tart good-night, she sauntered off upstairs with her new treasure, and I knew that in a few minutes it would be nestling in the place of honor which had been reserved for it.

Smallness in any woman I considered deplorable, but in an only sister living with me and, above all, at my expense, I felt that it was utterly inexcusable. I had really wanted to examine the weapon, and she knew it,—and I found myself becoming more and more annoyed until I was in a positive fury. Bringing myself back to my narrative, I reached the point where the body is identified, the culprit hanged, and the hero reaches for his love over the remains of the unfortunate victim; this signifies the end, with Edgar Wallace at least.

As I mounted the stairs I was still brooding, and my reading had done little to alleviate my state of mind, but

after all it was bed-time and by nine the next morning I would be again one of the workers of the world. I went to bed decidedly sulky and fell asleep almost immediately.

* * *

I have no idea what caused me to wake, but I suddenly found myself listening intently for a sound I could not hear. The intensity of the darkness told me that the night was not yet spent. I had a strange feeling that something was amiss. I lay perfectly still in my bed, trying to catch the slightest foreign sound, but the house could not have been more quiet. The trees rustled gently, in the distance a hound bayed, the church clock struck three; but all of these noises but magnified the dread silence which reigned.

I turned over, determined to sleep, but my feeling of alarm grew constantly until I knew it was useless. Had I perhaps been right? Was it not possible that all was not well? At last, unable to cope with my inexplicable and, as I felt, unjustifiable fears, I put on my wrapper and slippers, and taking a .38 automatic in case of emergency, set out to run the matter to earth.

I moved like a shadow, traversing the hall and descending the stairs without so much as creaking a board. The dining-room was inspected, then the lounge, and last the kitchen, all to no avail. I had thought myself very clever in my approach to each successive doorway, those centers of peril, for I had crawled through them on my hands and knees to baffle my adversaries, who would be prepared to strike much higher. Having searched the entire lower floor and found everything precisely as usual, I began to feel rather like a man who is apprehended in ringing a false fire alarm. My dread was obviously the result of some forgotten nightmare, and was now replaced by a consuming fear that my sister would catch me playing watch-dog and laugh at me the rest of

her life. Being laughed at is one of the few trials which the self-respecting bachelor cannot endure, so it was with redoubled caution that I made my way slowly back to my chamber.

Sleep was out of the question and I endeavored to occupy myself with my usual pastimes. It was of no use. I had that overpowering sensation of alarm which seldom finds itself mistaken. Suddenly a new thought occurred to me. Perhaps Susan had suffered harm. Preposterous as the idea seemed, I knew I could not rest until I had reassured myself. Again arming myself, I stole noiselessly along the passage to her door. All was silent within. Very, very slowly I turned the knob of the door and pushed it gently in. "Susan," I called in a husky whisper. No answer. "Susan, wake up!" This time in as loud a voice as I could muster. No answer. Thoroughly terrified I switched on the light and there, to my unspeakable horror, I saw my sister, lying in a pool of blood, with the handle of the Japanese knife protruding from her left breast.

My feelings would be impossible to describe, but the heart-sickening nausea which came to me in my first contact with sudden death in all its reality may well be imagined. After the first shock of the ghastly sight had worn off, I found myself overcome with curiosity. Who would want to murder Susan? And if indeed a motive had been found, the cold-bloodedness of the act would seem to indicate a hate beyond ordinary human comprehension. Susan was scarcely the type of woman to command affection, but a murder like this—

The amateur detective instinct is always very strong, and mine had been accentuated by my recent study of fingerprinting. Swearing that the culprit should be awarded his just deserts and that I would do my utmost to aid the police in achieving that end, I hurried to my room for my apparatus. Carrying a desk lamp to the

bedside, I began to apply "liquid No. 1" to the handle of the knife with a small brush. Slowly lines began to appear on the clear ivory. They gained in intensity and finally stood out clear and black against the white background.

Leaning forward, I looked at them carefully, and then my heart seemed to stop beating as the ghastliness of the horrible drama was suddenly brought home to me; for there, as clear as crystal, and as accusing as the finger of God on his judgment seat, were depicted the five marks of my own right hand on the handle of the dagger which I believed I had never touched.

J. Hoag.





Wind at Evening

*The wind was a weaver at evening
When I came from the empty wood.
I saw her weave, with just the slightest scratching,
The long, crisp grasses in the field.*

*I asked with quiet words
What she was weaving.
She blew dim words along the grass to me:
"The dead are shivering, man, I cover them."*

H. J. Nichol.

Winter Night Magic

*When the door was opened
And a golden tune
Slipped from the warm house,
Out on the dune,
To dance on the clean snow
Under the moon,*

*Then my mind was wrought
To pieces of gold,
And pieces of silver,
And pieces of cold;*

*And white in my eyes
Burned the flame of the moon;
And warm at their core
Glowed the gold of the tune.*

*And I felt like a king,
Come naked to dine,
With only a crown
On his head as a sign*

*That his flesh is royal,
And his heritage fine;*

*Who finds the hall empty,
And sunk in night,
Except for the radiance
Of one hanging light;*

*And the long cloth snowy,
And the table bare,
Except in the center,
And a gold urn there.*

*And naked by the board,
While his dark eyes burn
With the lamp's white flame,
And the gold of the urn,*

*By shame's swift heat,
And daring's cold,
His flesh is wrought
To silver and gold.*

H. J. Nichol.

The Scientific Method

THE bull session in the room down the hall had solved several of the usual weighty problems, and, since it was now eleven-thirty, had taken up the usual subject of sex. An upper class sophisticate was holding forth on his pet theory to all who cared to listen “. . . and if men turned blue after . . .” Someone passed a remark about blue paint and burlesque skits, and there was a half-hearted laugh. Bill Stewart had drifted into the room to listen to the radio more than anything else, but the trend of conversation made him think, in a drowsy, late-at-night way. It stirred up vague desires in his mind, and the blue haze of cigarette smoke seemed rather symbolical to him—why, he could not say. He decided to go to bed, and think things over in the morning.

He slept through breakfast, and was barely on time for Dr. Hamilton's eight-thirty class. In his short time at college, Bill Stewart had learned to laugh whenever Dr. Hamilton snickered at one of his own hoary jokes, and to burst into artificial hysterics at the more risqué ones. Aside from watching for a cue to laugh, Old Ham's classes did not require much attention; therefore one could work on something else, think, or merely drowse. Bill elected to think. His thoughts ranged over last night's session, and he realized that he was woefully ignorant about women. He had taken a few to dances, had told them the usual things . . . and that was about all. Of course, he knew the Facts of Life—thanks to a required course in biology and earlier outside sources of information, but he wanted to know how the wheels went around inside some of the pretty heads he saw pass by occasionally. He wondered if they had the same sensations he sometimes had.

At this point, his budding scientific training asserted itself. For the first time in his life, he was away from the

aegis of his family, and no one around the college seemed to be very concerned about what he did, as long as the dean (who was held in awe as a mythical power, rather than considered a human being) didn't discover too much. Introspection revealed to Bill Stewart that he had a mania for experiment, and that he really enjoyed his feeble attempts at magic in the evil-smelling chem lab. Something about life being a continual experiment—the chem-prof's pet phrase—was buzzing around the corners of his sub-conscious. Before Dr. Hamilton had droned the period away to a close, Bill decided to make an experiment, with an obscure mental reference to the scientific method. The girls about town were always willing to be picked up by the students—he would pick one up the next time he had a chance, and use her as a subject. Then later, if he should ever become seriously attached to someone (God forbid!) he would have some experience to fall back on. Making a rather neat phrase to himself about “nothing serious” and “complete scientific detachment,” he filed away his project until he had the opportunity to carry it out.

Sunday afternoons were deadlly dull at the college for the simple reason that the local authorities, in their wisdom, enforced strict blue laws. A number of the students broke the Sabbath by studying, greatly relieving their burden for the rest of the week; others had become expert at getting themselves invited places, some merely vegetated; and a few took hikes in the surrounding country, not altogether from a love of natural scenery. Now, wise old Mother Nature had seemingly provided for the extra four hundred young men in the town by a supply of young ladies of all shapes, sizes, mentalities, and degrees of beauty. These were rather unconventionally, but quite harmlessly available to the students. At least, so Bill Stewart had been told by a well-meaning and slightly flattered upperclassman, to whom he

had applied for advice. One of these, Bill decided, would suit his purpose well enough. Next Sunday, if it was clear, he would take a hike.

It was clear. Bill took a shower, and put on a suit that still had some creases in it. His roommate made the usual unoriginal clever remarks, which Bill endured in silence. When he was ready, he started. In a short time, he was out of the village, and had turned down a likely-looking dirt road. It was a glorious day, and the air had a tang to it, like cider. Bill walked by a few farms. A small group of girls going in the opposite direction passed him. One of them giggled. He blushed. Then he overtook a party of successful students, and followed the road for nearly half an hour without meeting any other walkers. He was just about to turn back in disgust when he came around a bend in the road, and discovered he was following three girls who were enjoying the natural scenery. He was a fast walker, and was overtaking the group when one of them stopped to fix her shoe lace. The others walked on—they probably knew what they were doing. The girl was just finishing some little business with her shoe as Bill came up.

"Hello," he said. "Er, going my way?"

"I don't know. Which way are you going?"

She wasn't very attractive, but Bill thought that one of the others might be, so he answered, "The way you are."

"Oh," she said. "This is a bit sudden. Let's catch up with my friends. My name's Alice. What's yours?"

"Bill." He wondered if he should use a fictitious last name, as a certain upperclassman had told him to.

"Glad to know you, Bill. Oh, girls, look what I got. His name's Bill. Bill, the red-head is Kitty, and the peroxide is Helen . . ."

"Er, hello. Do you all live around here?"

"Oh, yes . . ."

Alice was a bit plump, Kitty looked a bit dangerous with

her red hair, but Bill thought that Helen would answer, as a laboratory animal. She had on scarcely any make-up, and Bill deduced from that that she had intelligence enough to know she didn't need much. She didn't giggle as much as the others did, either. She would do. Bill paid especial attention to her, and managed to walk home with her when the trio finally thought supper time was approaching. One of Bill's classmates recognized him from afar, out walking (oh, shameful!) with *three* girls, and made a noise like a cornet player makes when he's lost his instrument, but Bill didn't care. He returned to college in a slight rosy fog, with a movie date on Thursday. And only remembered his "cold scientific detachment" later.

Bill arrived at college just in time for supper. The news of his scandalous conduct had preceded him, in the person of the would-be cornetist, and he was subjected to some envious joshing. Some one asked for her telephone number. He gave Alice's. Further enjoyable embarrassment was spared him when "Jesus Loves Me" was sung by the students. The refectory walls shook with the secular rendition of this old hymn. When it was finished, a sophomore ventured to suggest another.

"Sing, 'I Am Jesus' Little Lamb', fellows." No one paid any attention to him. He tried again.

"I Am Jesus' Little Lamb!"

"Oh, yeah? Since when?" The sophomore was sat upon.

Bill thought that Thursday would never come. He lived through a most unscientific daze of anticipation, which sometimes gave rise to ecstatic fits of absent-mindedness. On Tuesday, when asked in math what a determinant was, he gave the right answer—for biology. The class was greatly amused, and the prof had a new story to tell. The same afternoon, it was his bad luck to have the annual explosion with the sodium and hydrogen, and received the chemistry professor's annual rebuke. Since

it was obviously meant to be funny, the others in the lab laughed at it. But, Bill still continued in his haze of anticipation.

Thursday evening finally came. Bill shaved himself, took a shower, and helped himself to his roommate's various beautifiers. He put on clean underwear, clean socks, a clean shirt, and his Sunday suit, and set off on the great experiment, primed with facetious advice from his upperclassman.

Helen, being rather unsophisticated, was waiting for him at the promised corner. The nearest movie was in the next town, about a mile down the pike. Bill rather wished he had a car, but Helen didn't seem to care. She seemed quite used to the walk. Bill wondered just how far she would allow him to go, conversationally. He told her the one ending with, "Yes, lady, but who'll hold the horses?" She had heard it before, but laughed to be polite. He tried the one about the Irishman's new car. She was amused. He told her the one about the guy smoking a cigar, and the guy spitting tobacco juice. She did not speak to him again for all of five minutes, but she kept it on file to amuse her girl-friends with. Bill Stewart had finished experiment number one, just as they arrived at the movies.

The show was a romantic piece of slush, but it had quite an amatory effect on the pair, and they were much better friends when it was over. They went to the Wop's, sat down at a table in a corner, and had a long, serious talk while eating one of the Wop's horrible concoctions. Helen asked Bill if he would ever get married, and he ventured a cynical reply modeled on a naughty book he had seen in some one's room. Helen did not agree. She ventured the opinion (probably correct) that in ten years he would have a wife and family, and would have forgotten all about poor little Helen, etc. He said he never

would forget her. There was a slight pause, and several other things were left unsaid.

Then, "May I see that ring of yours a minute?" he asked. The pause was broken, and Helen took off the ring and handed it to him.

"It's a funny ring."

"It's a signet ring, my grandmother's seal. She gave it to me before she died."

"May I keep it—to remember you?"

"I should say not! Give it right back."

They left the Wop's and walked back arm in arm, discussing those trivial things that seem so important at the time. At her gate, she turned to him, tilted her head back a bit, looked mischievously into his eyes for a minute, then, disappointed, dashed into the house. When Bill got back to college, he discovered what she had meant. What an ass he had been! She had wanted to be kissed good-night. Oh, well, he wouldn't miss the next chance.

Bill could not see Helen the next Sunday, since he went home on a week-end. His father and mother were proud of their college man, and paraded him before some visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, and their daughter Mary. Mary seemed quite quiet and demure, but Bill had an intuitive suspicion that those traits were assumed. He was right. Their families, either by design or accident, left them playing cards, and went out for a drive. Mary seemed relieved.

She said, "Your first name's William, isn't it? Well, you don't look like a conqueror to me. My name's Mary." When Bill saw the point he was slightly shocked. He decided that she had heard of the scientific method, too. After she had dazzled him with a pyrotechnical exhibition of useless knowledge she had acquired at her school, they began comparing the chances of the various football teams, and the afternoon passed quite pleasantly.

When she left she told him to write her a letter if he ever got two cents for a stamp.

That night, as he lay in bed before going to sleep, Bill compared the two girls. Mary was easy to look at. She had dark hair, blue eyes, a porcelain complexion, was well built, and was a good talker. Helen had light hair, blue eyes, a nice tan left over from the summer, was also well built, and was a good listener. He quite forgot that Mary had the advantage over Helen in education and culture, perhaps in intelligence too, and came to the conclusion that Helen was more amusing—and would be cheaper to maintain.

When Bill got back to college, he called up Helen, and made a date for Friday night. He also remembered Mary, and wrote her on Wednesday night, when he should have been studying. The profane senior in the room next door was working on his math, which inspired him to a continual stream of fervently religious profanity, blasphemy, and obscenity. This filtered through the thin partition while Bill Stewart was writing his letter, but he was so thoroughly accustomed to it that he did not even notice two or three new phrases. With his tongue sticking out one corner of his mouth, and with the thought in his mind that writing a letter to a girl for the first time is one *Hell* of a job, Bill pushed his duofold over the paper. He had been glad to meet her Sunday, and would she write him the next time she could swipe her roommate's swell paper, etc., etc. In about an hour the thing was finished, Bill was exhausted, and there were six or seven abortive letters in his waste-basket. Bill's mind was too fagged to study. He drifted into a bull session down the hall, and finally ended up in a game of bridge. The next day, Dr. Hamilton caught Bill totally unprepared, and asked, "Who is she, Stewart?" Bill, befogged in a delicious day-dream answered, "Which one, sir?" The class laughed so hard that Bill got an A for his recitation.

Friday night, Bill was able to borrow an old Ford from one of his affluent classmates. As he drove toward Helen's he tried to analyze his feelings toward her. He decided, after much thought, that his libidinous (he didn't know exactly what the word meant, but he liked the sound of it) instincts had been aroused. Decidedly, the experiment was becoming interesting. He looked at the rising full moon, felt the keen chill in the air, and realized that the forces of nature were favorable. He wondered, idly, if anything had happened to Diana, the moon-goddess, since she had last been heard from, three thousand years ago.

He called for Helen, and they drove to the Friday evening dance in the next town, a mildly iniquitous orgy somewhat deplored by the college authorities. As usual, in the presence of Helen, Bill rather forgot his aloof scientific attitude, and as it grew later, it slipped entirely from his grasp. Helen surrendered herself to the garish music. She knew that she had fallen in love again, and she couldn't do anything to save herself, even if she wanted to. After they had been dancing about an hour, the need for ventilation sent them out to Bill's Ford. Bill cranked it up, and they went for a drive along the road where they had met less than two weeks before.

"Let's stop under those trees," said Helen.

"Sure," said Bill. And they stopped. Helen snuggled over a bit closer. Bill felt a bit like an octopus. There was a long mutual stimulation of the labial erogenous zones. Then another. However, during the third or fourth long embrace, some imp in the back of Bill's head sang a snatch of a ribald college song, a parody:

"... and the things that you learn from the girls
about town

Will help you along with your wife."

Bill pushed the quotation into his subconscious with all

the force he could muster. There was a contented silence. Then,

"Helen, I don't see very much of you at college. Will you let me have your ring? I'll be very careful of it, and every time I look at it . . ."

"No, I don't think I should. If it was ever lost . . . Yes, take it, but please don't lose it."

"I won't sweetheart." Bill forced the signet ring on his little finger, hardly realizing what, and how much it meant to Helen, or that she had really given him more than just a ring. He drove her home, was careful to kiss her good-night, and returned to college. Some one had carefully removed the furniture from his room, and had set it up in the chamber of ablutions. Bill didn't care. *Ita amor. Ita scientia.*

Next Sunday, it rained all day. Bill called for Helen, and they went over to Alice's place, where there was a bunch of boys and girls. Since Alice's family was out, the bunch was raising the devil. Two or three were out in the kitchen, watching a concoction on the stove that was alleged to be fudge, and others were horsing around in the parlor. Bill had not been there five minutes before Kitty jumped on his lap and mussed his hair. He turned her over his knee, and spanked her, gently, but firmly.

"Why don't you take her panties down?" one of the other girls suggested. "We always do when we spank Kitty. It hurts more." Kitty wriggled off Bill's knees, and flew at the throat of the speaker with a pillow. The pillow fight became general, and was continued most of the afternoon, until one of the best sofa pillows burst, and shed stuffing over everything. It took half an hour to clean up. In the meantime, the fudge spoilt. Bill heaved a sigh of relief when he and Helen escaped.

Helen invited him to supper. Bill found a positive awe in watching her father eat. He had never, even at college, seen any one who could put so much food in his mouth at

once. Helen's mother was taken with a concentrated crush on Bill, and talked to him continuously. She was dazzled and fascinated by the college students—or else she would have taken better care of her daughter. Bill was sorry he had to leave so soon, but he was having a quiz the next day. He made the usual Thursday evening movie date with Helen before he left.

Monday morning, Bill received a (scented) letter from his new friend, Mary. Considering that she had only seen him once, it was a very nice letter indeed, and contained three naughty words, all misspelled. A keener mind than Bill's would have seen the motive in the following:

"I just know you're going to have a hard time getting somebody for the next dance, so I've decided that you're going to take me."

Bill wrote the reply to this letter in the astrology class, under the very nose (albeit a rather long one) of the professor. He looked forward to seeing Helen in the Christmas vacation.

Somehow, Bill didn't enjoy his date with Helen on Thursday. Circumstances were against it. The movie wasn't very good, and Helen acted a bit childish. She also said something that she meant quite seriously, which shocked him a little. Finally, he had been off his feed for the last few days, since he had taken several extra helpings of the stewed corn that camouflaged the students' weekly physic. He kissed Helen good-night at her gate, as usual, but didn't make a date for Sunday—he was leaving on his vacation in a week, and he had a pile of work to do. Helen was worried. When he left for home on Wednesday, he almost forgot to call her up to say good-bye and Merry Christmas.

Bill thoroughly enjoyed himself during the Christmas holidays. He looked up all his classmates within fifty miles, and saw Mary Blake again. He took her to a dance. Outside, in the automobile after the dance, the perverse

little subconscious imp began to sing, "The things that you learn from the girls about town . . ." Bill was ashamed and disgusted, but he realized the charge was true.

Mary invited him to her home for a week-end. Bill could not help noticing that her father had good table manners, and that her mother had some sense. Besides, Mary made Bill think that she liked him as much as Helen did. He realized that the great experiment was almost finished.

When Bill got back to college, he discovered that he was a little behind in his work, and would have to exert himself if he wanted to pass his exams. There would be no dates with Helen until the examinations were over. He called her up on the phone once, though.

Bill squeezed through the exams. On the night after the last one, he sat in his room, writing a letter to Mary Blake. Bill's pen scratched hesitantly over the paper on the difficult, but not disagreeable task. He was inviting Mary to the first dance of the winter season, and there was two weeks' news to tell. Most of the windows of Memorial Hall had been broken in an epic snow-fight. Twenty fellows had received notices that they had flunked. He had won two bucks at penny ante, and had lost them again at crap (he used the word "dicing", because it sounded better). His roommate was rather a dumb sort of a chap, etc., etc.

Bill finished the letter, folded it, and put it in the envelope. As a last final touch, he decided to seal it with some of his roommate's sealing wax. He had nothing to form the seal with—he wasn't going to use a dime. Then he noticed Helen's ring on his finger. He used that.

"Hm," he said to himself, "Helen was a good kid. I'll have to look her up some time and return her ring." He put the ring away in his top bureau drawer. The next time he looked for it, two weeks later, he couldn't find it.

—B32.

BOOKS

MAURICE GUEST

Henry Handel Richardson

When one finishes reading *Maurice Guest* he has the feeling that for a long time he has been in the presence of something which deserves to be called "great". Why he feels this, he does not know unless he is accustomed to be dogmatic about such things. But he knows that he has been shown the soul-workings of two people by an author, the richness of whose life is astoundingly evident in every paragraph. He recognized as true, even though he has never yet experienced it, the crisis of Maurice Guest and Louise Dufrayer, and he decides that this is as near to real life as the printed word can come. This, perhaps, is the most sure test of greatness.

Maurice Guest is of a rather esoteric genre. It is a "musical novel," which means that music is the chief occupation or interest of both of the principal characters. The scene of this one is in Leipzig, and much of the atmosphere of the town and conservatory reminds one of that old favorite which delighted so many of us long ago, *The First Violin*. You will remember that in *The First Violin* music is used only as the background. The primary interest is the love story. So it is in *Maurice Guest*, but how different the two become here! The love story of the more recent novel is a tragedy, sordid and ugly in nearly all its details. This tragedy is not due to a capricious or oblivious fate, but rather to the utter inability of Maurice and Louise to use their brains in their relations with each other, and for those who incor-

porate their reading into their lives the ghastliness of this picture of two people needlessly and stupidly torturing each other will be an excellent example of how not to manage a love affair.

As for Leipzig and its people, they are shown to us so well that we should know where we were if suddenly the lamp and its genie were to set us down in their midst. All the types of a musical capital are there: Schilsky, the genius, Krafft, the spiller of words, Dove, the enthusiastic and superficial self-appointed critic, Madeleine, the capable and level-headed girl with whom Maurice should have fallen in love, and Maurice himself, the man with little talent but with great, ill-founded ambitions, nourished by the sympathetic though ignorant well-wishers at home.

Maurice Guest, for me at least, is not a book to read and re-read. It is a book to read and remember.

CASTLE GAY

John Buchan

To one who has a fondness for really good adventure stories and to one who finds Sabatini and the rest of his ilk a bore, a new book of John Buchan is extremely welcome. I think that Mr. Buchan's publishers have not, as is their wont, exaggerated his talents when they say that he has never written a book which is not well worth reading. I have read all I could get my hands on and they are all first-rate.

The characters in these novels are living people who very considerably realize that when we turn to them, we are fed up with love-making and psychological discursiveness, and they behave accordingly. Not that they merely do exciting things without stopping to give reasons, for everything in a Buchan novel is credible and ac-

countable, but they spare us the more subtle analyses of their emotions and hark us back to the times when we enjoyed *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*. They all enjoy life immensely and in so intelligent a way that we ourselves are infected with their enthusiasm. Who would want a more charming companion on a walking trip, the best of all vacations, than Jaikie who comes to us once again, this time in *Castle Gay*? Even Thomas Carlyle Craw, the William Randolph Hearst of Great Britain, steeped in his freely flowing platitudes and accustomed to the prison-like shelter of his Scottish Castle Gay, found this young Rugger star to be the one thing his loneliness needed. And who could help loving Dickson McCunn who conducts Prince John, a descendant of his adored Prince Charlie, to safety from the desperately plotting Communists of Evallonia?

There is no need to expand more fully on this or upon those other fine tales of the real Scotland and its people which are so different from those we read about in the comic magazines. But I can't pass over the very fine account, in the first chapter, of an international Rugby match, in which Mr. Buchan demonstrates to those who write sports news and to those who read it that this sort of thing can be done in lucid and dignified English.

A NOTE IN MUSIC

Rosamund Lehman

It should be counted a capital offense that such a novel as this be written, let alone published. It is the long awaited successor to *Dusty Answer*, but so much worse in every respect that only by the most strict self-discipline does one finish it.

The theme of the book is the over-worked one of

frustrated pursuit of happiness. We see stupid and colorless people sighing after a vague chimera and doing nothing more about it. Frustration, unpleasant as it is in real life, can be made beautiful in fiction. Often in Thomas Hardy we feel that Fate is the cause of the unhappiness and failure which is the lot of the characters. In *Maurice Guest* it seems to be the lack of intelligence. But in *A Note of Music* all we find is a very bad impressionistic delineation of females running after a happiness they never attain and would not recognize if they did.

Miss Lehmann's style is one of the most unfortunate parts of the book. She is evidently trying to be impressionistic, but the effect is that of an unrepentant Picasso. Perhaps if the author had had a clear idea of what she wanted to say instead of feeling a vague and hazy pity for the situation she tries to show, she may have had more success. But I found the book to be a long stringing out of irrelevancies, shiftings of scenes and thoughts with no more connection than the musings of a high-school teacher.

I think this book is as good a proof as any (not that one was ever needed for it) of a maxim of a distinguished Haverfordian, namely, that women should be suppressed.

ANGEL PAVEMENT

J. B. Priestley

Our novelist sketches out a series of figures that we quickly recognize as belonging to the very people with whom we rub shoulders every day in streets, buses and movie houses and embrace in subways. He tracks them to their houses and sympathetically describes their joys and sorrows. Those of us who like our stories framed in Mayfair or prefer to follow the trail of some yellow-haired, virile Yale graduate must reject *Angel Pavement* at the

very outset. But if one can enjoy the genial chronicle of changing light and shadow in the lives of stenographers, clerks and small business men and their kin, then for the love of everything that is delightful, pick up this book and prepare for hours of clear delectation. Mr. Priestley has been called "Dickensian", a term in itself both a compliment and a handicap, but we feel sure that he will survive the adjective. He has his Victorian predecessor's gift for witty and characteristic narrative in the third person and he improves on Dickens when he is realistic without slipping into sentimental comment. There is little plot or focus in the book though Mr. Golspie might be called the central figure. The narrative follows on the lines of *Point Counterpoint* and countless others for it consists of the interplay of clearly drawn characters on each other. Mr. Priestley turns for us his brilliant searchlight on a few scurrying creatures in the vast catacomb of London, we follow their movements through a crisis or two and then the light fails, leaving us with a picture not easily forgotten especially when we consider that it was ourselves that we were looking at through an artist's eye.



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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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The Haverfordian

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THE EDITORIAL POLICY OF THE "HAVERFORDIAN"

TO CRITICIZE the "Haverfordian" Editorial policy in the past was an impossibility, and the people who tried to do so rendered themselves ridiculous. This was because no editorial policy existed. But everyone likes to enjoy himself picking something to pieces. And it is a sad state of affairs indeed, when there is no concrete object for this desire. It is the Philanthropic purpose of the editors, then, to fill this gap, to supply what has been lacking in the past, and to provide a definite object for criticism by the creation of a "Haverfordian" Editorial Policy. What this policy will undertake may be read below.

It is the purpose of the "Haverfordian" board to do what has seemed up till now to be the impossible—that is, to popularize the "Haverfordian". The means by which this may be done are not particularly apparent; but, acting on the advice of various consultants, the Board has taken the following measures: (1) The color of the cover and the style of its design have been and will be further altered to appeal to the eye; (2) The type used in the magazine has been changed, and a greater variety of type-forms are being and will be used. (3) Topics of campus interest will be featured. (4) Articles by prominent campus figures are being solicited. (5) Editorials, of a controversial nature are being run. (6) A greater variety of material is being published. (7) Printable correspondence is solicited. (8) An

attempt to lighten the general vein of the magazine is being made. (9) Alumni contributions and matters of alumni interest will be featured.

The furtherance of this policy in every way will be the aim of

Lockhart Amerman

J. T. Golding

J. B. Appasamy

H. P. Shane

Douglas Borgstedt

W. M. Teller

Donald Clements

F. R. Walton

The "Haverfordian" Editorial Board.



Why I Don't Read the *Haverfordian*

By H. TATNALL BROWN

Dean of the College

I HAVE always subscribed to the *Haverfordian*, and quite honestly I would not like to see it leave the campus. But I never read it. I have just thrown out the eight issues which accumulated at my house during the last year. And I never opened them. Sometimes they run very good stuff; I think that very often it is exceptionally good stuff for a "lit" in a college of this size. But if I want good essays I can do better than the *Haverfordian* by pulling down a volume of Stevenson. If I want to read a light short story or two, I can usually find what I'm after in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Poetry I don't know much about, but if I have a desire to enjoy some, Keats or Poe would probably prove more satisfactory than the college monthly.

Neither the men in college nor the alumni read the *Haverfordian*; and I think that on the whole the same type of stuff would appeal to them both. I understand that in its new editorial policy, the magazine intends to feature articles on topics of campus interest and to emphasize a rather lighter style than that which it has employed in the past. If this program is carried out, I am of the opinion that the *Haverfordian* would be a much more popular publication.

Why I Don't Read the *Haverfordian*

By A. JARDINE WILLIAMSON

Why don't I read the *HVERFORDIAN*? One reads either for pleasure or to increase one's knowledge. Frankly I haven't time to read a publication from which the returns have proved so problematical. There have been times when I have been amused and even entertained by clever stories in the *HVERFORDIAN*—not the Chapbook—but these pleasant moments have been very occasional. There are rarely any articles which have the avowed intention of increasing one's knowledge or stimulating the mind. Is there to be a change—for the better?

Why I Don't Read the *Haverfordian*

BY K. RAY KATZ

I'm tempted to say that I do read the *HAVERFORDIAN*, because then I wouldn't have to answer this question. But it would more closely approach the truth to say that I read it—well, only on occasion. It is usually glanced through, but not read through. Why? Lack of interest, to be frank. It might console you to know, though, that I save them—they're not thrown away. I have a whole boxful of *HAVERFORDIANS*, accumulated for three years, just waiting for some one to sweep off the dust. But to be constructive: A sort of rejuvenation, with a view toward attracting the eye as well as the intellect, might prove helpful if you would like to increase the *reading* subscribers. I have in mind such things as a new cover design, whose color is varied with each issue; illustrations or cartoons of campus life; the continuation of features in the vein of Mr. Harris Palmer (Lucky Strike) Shane; and perhaps contests or questionnaires to keep attention focused on the magazine. Plus, of course, articles of literary merit and general interest.

In short, use every legitimate means to get the *HAVERFORDIAN* *talked about*, either favorably or critically, and you'll have no further occasion to ask anyone this question.

Editor's note: It will be observed that several of the above suggestions have already been followed in this month's *HAVERFORDIAN*. An attempt will be made to adopt all others that may be made in so far as is consistent with the *HAVERFORDIAN* editorial policy.

Artes Durae

LINTON'S or Horn and Hardart's—this is the question that has perplexed me more as my acquaintance with old Philadelphia has become more intimate. A New Yorker by education, it was natural for me to choose Horn and Hardart's for my earliest meals in the city. I say *meals* though as we commonly use the word, I never had a meal there. What I have so often had was something similar to high tea—without tea—odd assortments of various foods while waiting for the next Paoli local or something to while away the time until I was decently late for an appointment. Horn and Hardart's was conservative—there was the home touch to guide me.

Many a time have I regretted the day I yielded to the pioneering spirit and forsook old friends for new. Linton's seemed attractive to me. Perhaps the subtle poison was already working in my veins for Linton's appealed to me as Philadelphian. It is that. I enjoyed my first introduction to Linton's—I have enjoyed many moments there since then. But this is the question that I have so often asked myself, "Do I prefer Linton's to Horn and Hardart's?" "No," I say. "Well, then, do I prefer Horn and Hardart's to Linton's?" "No," again. How often have I vainly endeavored to solve this problem.

Recently, now that both are equally familiar to me, I have come to think that on each occasion when I am confronted with this dilemma, my choice has been dependent on my mood. Long experience has taught me that the food is quite the same, the patronage the same. But I have noticed that when in a lively mood I choose Horn and Hardart's, when in a weary mood it is Linton's.

To the energetic man or woman Horn and Hardart's makes a strong appeal. There one experiences all the joys of self-control, leadership, initiative, competition and

victory. From entrance to exit—unless one is a novice—one's stay at an Automat is fraught with satisfaction.

As in any undertaking, the inexperienced man should not attempt to emulate the more difficult feats of hardened Hardartians. Many a frequenter can balance three dishes on top of his cup of coffee while carrying a suitcase in the other hand and safely come to some little haven where there is a vacant chair. But it is a bit of balancing and broken field running that requires practice. A common error that the newcomer often makes is that of opening the trap door and with one hand reaching in for the dish containing the pie or sandwich or another dish on it. The newcomer often grasps this bottom dish and pulls it out without holding up the door. The result of this negligence is distressing. The door slamming to swipes the food or dish from the lower plate and often, before the foolish owner can retrieve his loss, the man behind the guns has turned the tube, leaving the luckless wight to stand the loss. But even though the food be recovered, the procedure is most undignified.

There is one point about which I have often meant to consult Mr. Horn. How long should one be permitted to hold his cup or glass under the lion's mouth to catch the last drops of coffee, or tea or milk? There should certainly be some uniform procedure in this matter as I have seen thoughtless, perhaps greedy persons hold up long lines of thirsty patrons. Though I have no authority for this suggestion, I have observed that the majority of people will take the droppings of cream only. The coffee is likely to drip on through the day and night.

Another mistake that is often made by tender Horners is that of leaving a course on a table while they leisurely wander about, window shopping in search of another. Could anything be more foolhardy? Is not this a direct provocation, even an invitation to some of our hungrier and less scrupulous brethren? If you do not want a

particular item enough to eat it when you place it on the table, you will generally have no difficulty in finding someone who wants it more than you do—even if you aren't looking for someone. No doubt there are those so constituted that they get a great thrill out of these uncanny disappearing acts. If you are hungry the thrill is not likely to be very satisfying. Eat while you may.

Of course the main requisite of an old-timer is his easy ability to convey numerous portions of solids and liquids to the position of his choice—all at one swell foop. When you are able to accomplish this without spilling anything of your own or of anyone else's and all within the noon-day hour, you are ready to enter the master's class. I might add that the use of a tray is not considered good form. There is rare satisfaction in those numerous hairbreadth escapes from certain disaster; there is a distinct poise that comes to one who is able simultaneously to watch his food and the right of way.

If at Linton's the dangers are less, so are the satisfactions less. But perish the thought that Linton's is less exciting than Horn and Hardart's—it is different. One must always remember, though it is quite impossible to forget, that Linton's is Philadelphian. Horn and Hardart's is not. The basic idea in both organizations is the same, viz., to dispense food as neatly and quickly as possible. In Horn and Hardart's, the *motif* is the automat, at Linton's it is the endless belt gliding silently and swiftly just beyond the counter.

At Linton's your food is placed before you. You do not have to find it but neither can you see it before you buy it. Physical work is reduced to the minimum here but one must on no account think that Linton's is less perilous for the novice. For here the mental hazards are terrific.

The fundamental rule is not to watch the belt while you are eating. Few things are as dangerous. This is

easier said than done for the endless belt exercises a powerful fascination over the beholder, particularly if he has not beheld it many times before. Many horrible tales are on record of disasters that befell those who heeded not this warning.

For the adventurous spirit who has never before entered the green and white magnificence of one of Mr. Linton's community centers, a few suggestions would be well. If you like hot coffee, it is inadvisable to ask the counterman "to draw one" until you see your food moving on the horizon. This is sometimes difficult due to misleading descriptions on the menu cards. You know the principle—don't fire until you see the whites of their eggs. The end seat at Linton's is safe if all others are taken—you will not get the food in your lap if the counter men pass it by. On no account remove your food, or what you hope is your food, from the belt. Arms do get broken. And don't become frantic if your food passes you by. Somebody else will enjoy it and you can give someone the opportunity to shout your order through the speaking tube again—all regrettable if you must make that train.

Finally Linton's provides entertainment in the form of conversation—wanted or unwanted—from the counter-men. The latest news in the realm of business conditions, sports, world diplomacy and dietetics are spread out before you in amazing panorama. It isn't even necessary for you to be conversational. At Linton's monologue passes for spirited debate.

Linton's or Horn and Hardart's—service or self-service, calm or adventure, conversation or solitude, green and white, or brown and gold. Ah but, which?

Walter M. Teller.

Sic Principes

*The sun that sank at Stirling
Has risen on the sea,
And Charles Edward Stuart
Is sailing home to Scotland;
Charles Edward Stuart
Returns to set us free!*

*Fair France is far away
And he is on the main,
And Scotland is calling
To the gay young Stuart—
Charles Edward Stuart
Is sailing home again.*

*He has landed at the Leithside
And is come to Arthur's Seat;
He is riding like his father,
Like the old James Stuart,
Charles Edward Stuart
Is riding up the street.*

*Clans at the castle
Have gathered from afar,
For he calls from the walls
Of the grim gray castle:*

*Charles Edward Stuart
Has called the clans to war.*

*They are marching into England;
They hold Carlisle;
There's a rampant lion
On the broad red ramparts
That Charles Edward Stuart
Captured with a smile;*

*They have marched through England
To Derby town;
But they go no further,
For the young prince Charming,
Charles Edward Stuart,
Has laid his claymore down,
And Prince Charles' forehead
Is furrowed with a frown.*

*(Scotland is pleading to the men who are his
friends:
"We are bleeding, bleeding, bleeding; but the
battle never ends!")*

*(Bonnie Prince Charlie
Had a dream that night:
That the stars were shining
On his father, dining*

*With a fine delight
And appreciative eye
For the beauty of Versailles.)*

*Charles Edward Stuart
Met the British on a moor,
And he darted into tartan
For he felt quite sure
He would beat the British,
—Ay, the Young Pretender,
Charles Edward Stuart—
He would meet the British army
And beat the British army
In a battle on Culloden Muir.*

*They have fought them at Culloden,
They are running to the Tweed,
And Bonnie Prince Charlie,
The Young Pretender,
Charles Edward Stuart
Has seen his people bleed.*

*Charles Edward Stuart
Has seen his people die;
But Charles Edward Stuart
Is dining in Versailles.*

L. A.

Ending

IT WOULD be no use now to break her habit of silence which had been her defense during most of their married life. Talk to him had been so great a pleasure that response was unnecessary, rather annoyed him in fact. He sat still by the bed in the little white room talking, talking. Perhaps beyond there would be respite from her husband's constant talk; she felt she deserved that much of a reward or recompense or whatever it was awaiting her there.

"You're looking better already, dear. They told me you were in a pretty bad way, but I know you better than they do, I guess. After ten years, well I ought to, oughtn't I? I know that look on your face. You've got your jaws clenched and your eyes narrowed. That means you're going to pull through. Stiff upper lip, eh? I know my own little wife, I guess. I don't believe much in doctors. Not that I ever held much stock in these Christian Science people. Doctors have their place all right and we need them pretty bad sometimes, but they think they know too much. When they tell me I don't know my own wife and what she can stand, well . . . !"

Talk, talk, talk; words, words, words. For a year or so she had thought it amusing. But that was while the passion and the hero-worship still were new and before she had begun to suspect that they might not last forever. That was before she had had it forced upon her that her idol had feet of clay. Suddenly she had seen that this constant patter was not the charming, almost naïve, self-revealing conversation she had thought it at first, that it was not even conversation at all, but only selfish and thoughtless effusion. The change in her he had not noticed at all. A few indifferent words, perhaps even a question would set him off again happily on his way. Had he no eyes? Couldn't he realize that just this once . . .

"And you remember what he said then? That she would have to be the last, and that you couldn't stand another? I thought for awhile he might be right at that, but then I said to myself, Have you no eyes, can't you see that she's a big strong woman? Why the very idea! My big healthy wife not able! Do you remember when he said that?..."

Of course she remembered. How could she help remembering? How glad she had been! Glad to think that she would have rest from that at least. First Mary. No, Mary had been no trouble. Just as easy as you please and not at all what she had feared. But Sarah hadn't been as easy, not at all like the first. Maybe she had been expecting it to be that way and hadn't put herself in the right frame of mind and hadn't kept herself as fit as she had for Mary. After Sarah she had been so worn and tired. But she hadn't shown it. What would have been the use? Amy and Marjorie. It had been worse after each one. She shouldn't have had either. She had managed to keep herself well-looking even after Marjorie. She couldn't bear to have him seem anxious about her. It was bad enough to have to listen to his talk about himself and his doings. No, thank God, she had managed to see that she should be spared his empty concern.

"What'll we name her? I like plain ordinary common names. Remember George calling his kid Deirdre just because he'd read some fool novel about some Irishman by that name? Poor kid! Think of having a name like that! Not for me! How about this one being your name-sake? Helen. Helen's a nice name. I ought to know. I hoped I could call this one John for me. The boys told me 'Better luck next time' when I was passing round cigars..."

Next time? Never any next time for her. He hadn't believed the doctor after Marjorie had come, hadn't

wanted to. He had always wanted a boy. He had always said that a houseful of women wasn't his idea of a home. The girls were nice and he loved them all. Sure. But he had wanted a boy he could call after himself. . . . Helen! She wished he had had a son. Then he would have seen. Didn't he know that sons nearly always despised their fathers anyway? Hadn't he told her time and time again how he had hated his? So much like his father. That was the real reason. Did he suppose he was any better than anyone else and that a son could have loved him the way he seemed to think he ought to be loved? She knew better, but what was the use?

"Even the boss came down off his high horse today when I offered him a cigar. 'How many is this for you?' he says. 'Five? Well. That's a nice-sized family. All girls?' he says. 'Better luck next time,' he says. . . ."

Next time? Never any next time for her. Never any more children on the way, never any more children being born. Her next time was a far different one from that he imagined. She didn't know what it was to be, but she knew it was to come soon, soon, and she hoped that she should find it quiet there where she was going. Yes, here it was. Darkness falling from the ceiling. The bed falling, falling, but still. Would there be peace? Would it be granted that she be alone, quiet and alone? Falling, falling. . . .

Donald Clements.



Carmen LI

*Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
ille, si fas est, superare divos,
qui sedens adversus identidem te
spectat et audit
dulce ridentem, misero quod omnis
eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te,
Lesbia, aspexi, nihil est super mi
vocis in ore;
lingua sed torpet, tenuis sub artus
flamma demanat, sonitu suo
tintinant aures, gemina teguntur
lumina nocte.*

—Catullus.

Sapphics

*Peer of gods, indeed, is that favored mortal,
Peer, nay more, more god than the very gods, he,
Who, by Venus blessed, at thy side reposes,
Gazes and listens,*

*Hears thy laughter tinkling about his heart-strings!
Hears what I, poor wretch, only hear with fainting.
When I see thee, Lesbia, all deserts me,
Naught dare I tell thee.*

*Would I speak, my tongue in my parched throat fastens;
All my senses flee me when in thy presence;
Ringing stops my ears, and my eyes too fail me,
Wreathed all in darkness.*

Francis Walton.

Stev Fra Telemark

*Ingjen fuglen flyg'e so haagt
som graagaasi med sine ungar,
og ingjen ormen sting'e so saart
som falske mannetunga.*

—Folksong.

Stave from Telemark

*There are no birds that fly so high
As the gray geese with their young;
And there is no serpent-sting so sore
As that of a false man's tongue.*

F. G. N.

Stev Fra Setesdal

*Kor ska eg gjere av live mitt,
fysst dagane er for lange?
Gange at skogjè aa brjote lauv
og lye paa fugle-songji.*

*Kor ska eg gjere av live mitt,
fysst dagane vil inkje trjote?
Gange at skogjè aa brjote lauv
og lye paa fugle-ljoe.*

—*Folksong.*

Stave from Setesdal

*What shall I do with this life of mine
If the days become too long?
I'll go to the woods where the green leaves grow,
And I'll hear the wild birds' song.*

*What shall I do with this life of mine
If the days wear on in pain?
I'll go to the woods where the green leaves grow
To hear the birds' song again.*

F. G. N.

Training For Dinner

HAROLD was already late for his dinner engagement in Germantown. His entire day had been one mad scramble and this was the climax. He was perspiring freely under his winged collar—which was a bit tight anyhow—as he rushed up the steps of the West Philadelphia Station and onto the platform. His mind was a whirl of agonizing mental pictures of his late arrival—the dinner delayed—the roast overdone—his hostess politely frigid and his dinner partner dismayed.

Harold knew all about Paoli and Wawa locals but Chestnut Hill was a closed timetable to him. However he did know that one was due at either this minute or the minute that had just stumbled into eternity. He looked wildly about him and saw a train—now beginning to gain speed—moving down the platform. “Is that the Chestnut Hill local?” he gasped to a sleepy porter bracing one of the posts of the shed roof. The porter nodded. With the desperation of a maddened man, Harold dashed down the platform and jumped onto the rear steps of the end car as it passed beyond the last flagstones.

The train now began its swift ten-minute run to North Philadelphia. Harold’s flying coat gradually became heavier. In vain he sought to raise the trap door over the stairs and thus enter the car. The door was closed and the trap fastened. He must hold himself very close to the side of the train as they whizzed by semaphores and through short tunnels. The flying cinders were biting his face; his hat threatened to fly back to West Philadelphia. Worst of all his arms were now beginning to ache. An idea came to Harold. He would crouch in under the trap door. As he lowered himself to do so, the train shot across a bridge. The railing came perilously close to the seat of his trousers. He resumed his former position.

Hours seemed to pass. Harold wondered if he could hold on any longer. His mind wandered to possibilities

of a violent death. Would he awaken in heaven or hell or a hospital. What would his father do—how would the world go on.

A gradual slowing down now began. North Philadelphia at last. The train stopped; luckily Harold was on the side of the train facing the opposite row of track. He jumped off and quickly climbed over the chains across the back of the end car. A few moments with his handkerchief and his face and clothes were brushed off. He readjusted his tie and hat. He was quite cooled off now.

Trembling slightly from the long muscular exertion, he walked into the car and wearily sat down. It had been a ghastly experience but he had triumphed. He had not let go—he had hung on. As he thought about it, the adventure became less ghastly and more dashing—it was beginning to become romantic. Risking one's life for the sake of an engagement—gallant, debonair. His face relaxed—a studiedly careless smile of satisfaction and relief appeared.

"Tickets on at North Philadelphia," sang the conductor. Harold had no ticket—he would pay cash. "One to Queen Lane," he said.

"You want the Chestnut Hill local. This train goes to New York," was the reply.

Harold got off the train at Trenton.

He was late for dinner.

Walter M. Teller.



Mental Mélange

THIS season, according to the *News*, has been hard on the football men. But it's been even harder on the spectators. The players get letters for their hard work, and all we get is some pink pills and a spraying out twice a day.

We followed the team to Baltimore and caught the cold that we got at Ursinus over again. The next week we plowed through four inches of snow to watch the Geigesmen trounce the Continentals in a contest replete with thrills. But we were so sleepy we might just as well have stayed home and read a book. For the night before we slept in what a hotel man assured us was a full-sized cot. Well, anyhow, we know now where Singers' midguts stay when they're up that way. We woke up after an hour's sleep and realized that three of our ribs were missing. We finally found them over by the telephone stand, and discovered our feet in the bottom bureau drawer. And besides all that there was a large iron ridge across the middle of the affair, and the mattress was just two and a half inches thick. People are still asking us if we fought at the siege of Vicksburg.

* * *

We got to thinking over our remark of last month about books being sold in a United Cigar Store, and realized that tobacco shouldn't be sold in a place like that, let alone books. What America needs is some good tobacco divans and if you don't know what a tobacco divan is read Robert Louis Stevenson's description of one in his *New Arabian Nights*. You can't read it in the library copy because the first nine pages are missing, but a tobacco divan is a tobacco shop with a large club room in the back. You go in and buy your cheroot and then retire to the back room to sit on the leather divan and bull with the other patrons. In other words it fills the

same need a saloon once did. "The poor man's club" is the idea.

This "poor man's club" aspect of the saloon has been sentimentalized over a great deal; but we're inclined to believe that if saloons were alive as such today they would be in national chains just like everything else. A yellow-fronted atrocity (we know, because we worked in one) has supplanted the cracker-barrel club; a glistening and impersonal junk-shop, bearing the legend, "You're always welcome at such and such" has replaced the drug store with the colored globes and the vanilly soda with two straws—and in a 1930 saloon you'd probably have to buy your checks from the cashier, present them to a neat but hurried bartender, gulp your drink and get out.

* * *

Now that all this to-do over the 1930 *Record* has died down a bit, we'd like to present a few ideas; *A Record Book*, as we see it, involves three elements (1) literary; (2) artistic; (3) photographic. The *News* damned the 1931 *Record* as "the worst in the history of the College" because the *News* did not like the literary content or style. It completely overlooked the fact that from the artistic and photographic standpoint the 1930 *Record* was one of the best and most tasteful in the United States.

Unfortunately the 1930 *Record* was the originator of its particular literary approach to individual write-ups. We liked the idea but this year's *Record* will not carry it out to such lengths for the simple reason that 1930 beat us to it.

Of one thing, however, you may be certain. There will be little or no profanity in this year's *Record*. The editor has to take it home and show it to his family!

* * *

Never have we seen an organization so upset and perturbed as the Pennsylvania Railroad is at the present time.

The new stations have thrown the personnel into a complete fog. A train rushes in on track Number 6 at the moment when the announcer is shouting that it will appear on track Number 4; no one bothers to open more than one door to every six cars and commuters rush frantically about trying to find some way to get onto the darned train; announcers are faced continually with the problem of hordes of young children who insist on trying to walk down the up escalator, and old ladies keep coming up and asking if this is all there will be to the new station. All in all, it's rather a sorry mess.

You may call us a sentimental old fool if you like, but we'll maintain for some time that we liked good old Broad Street and no glistening rabbit-burrow can ever take its place.

* * *

Types of popular songs change from month to month. Mammies are always more or less in fashion but their popularity seems to take a sudden leap upward every now and then. Likewise with little homes or cosy nests. It is an astounding fact however, that in the past year of depression and general hard times the number of songs using the "happy" motif has broken other previous records. (Cf. J. W. M. "The Paradox of Tragedy", *HAVERFORDIAN*, June, 1930.)

During the crash of last autumn thousands of people were lifting up their fingers and saying "Tweet! Tweet!" The world had just started painting the clouds with sunshine and "Singing in the Rain," introduced a few months before, enjoyed its greatest popularity. "Great Day" came along then, and when we settled down to hard times radios started blaring "Sing, You Sinners" and "Happy Days Are Here Again." In the spring one of the earliest of the paper records introduced "Give Yourself a Pat on the Back." Although the vogue was waning this summer

we were still exhorted to "Get Happy" and "Cheer Up and Smile"—and of course there was "Bye Bye Blues."

But we seem to have turned the corner and to be getting back to the "Lonesome and Sorry" period of prosperity. For "Gee, But I'd Like to Make You Happy" has already grown old and we know of nothing to take its place. "I'm Yours," "Give Me Something to Remember You By," "Body and Soul" are being warbled in showers from Maine to Agua Caliente, and the nation is picking up.

And this, we believe, is just as sound a comment on the depression as the stuff Coolidge turns out for two dollars a word—and we hope it's a little more original!

* * *

When we got back to the room the other day we found a carton of Luckies with Wes Heilman's card enclosed. It actually knocked us speechless, but it did show us the power of the printed word (no matter whose printed word it is) and we're going to publish a series of letters to other alumni in the near future!

Harris Shane

Sonnet

*Would I were king of such an ivory isle
Where heaven binds the boundless sea with bars—
Only the warm waves' half-hushed washing mars
The silver silence, streaming mile on mile.
The palm trees standing in a solemn file
Are long dead warriors in titanic wars,
Sighing beneath an azimuth of stars—
A slightly shifting pensile peristyle.*

*In such a spot would I be past content
To rest upon its languor and to lie
Caressed of such seduction as was sent
From southern constellations in the sky,
And dream beneath the far-flung firmament,
And softly smile . . . and close my eyes . . . and die.*

L. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor's note: The following pages are left blank as a suggestion to the reader that the *HVERFORDIAN* is soliciting correspondence of a critical or controversial nature. Furthermore, if you don't like this month's contents, you can fill up these pages yourself and thus become satisfied with the issue.

BOOKS

MOSAIC

G. B. Stern

THIS is my first G. B. Stern novel, and, if I can help it, it is not to be my last. This is the sort of book one so rarely finds to which he can wholly surrender himself for a short while and feel that he is really existing in another locale surrounded by people hitherto unknown to him. It is not a novel to be read in little in-between snatches but rather one to take in as big doses as possible. It is not merely a cold analysis of the characters and personalities of men and women of the Czelovar and Rakonitz families. It is an opportunity to spend several hours of your time in observing, with the help of a singularly astute guide, most of these people at certain high spots in their lives, and in following at least two of them from almost the beginning to almost the end of theirs. Bertha Czelovar and Letti Levine stand out in one's mind as clearly as do Constance and Sophia of "The Old Wives' Tale." With these they take their places in the mind's gallery of living characters of fiction that we revisit time and again to renew old and cherished acquaintanceships. There, we know that Letti will charm everyone, she who is the more genuine and adorable of the two. As for Berthe, who is of Matriarchal mould but to whom has been denied even one child of her own, who would have, for this reason, ruled every one else's sons had they let her, to whom her niece once said, "People can't live with you, so you'll be left alone," as for this Berthe, we are not so sure how she will fit

into that pleasant place. But we will tolerate her along with her less fortunate qualities for the sake of Letti, for the sake of Letti who alone of all the family loves her, who has always been overshadowed by the more glamorous Berthe, but who knows herself and her sister, and whose will it was that really ruled their *ménage*.

Miss Stern treats her characters as Barrie his. Not that any of these grand people are at all like any of our Barrie friends, but they are given free rein in just the same way. By that I mean that Berthe and Letti and the rest are not puppets operated by the author, but real people, living their own lives in their own ways, and shown to us by Miss Stern who doesn't at all try to influence them one way or the other. She laughs at these people of hers, often pities them, always loves them. She never lets them or us know that they really are hers. She is a delightful mistress of ceremonies who draws back a curtain for us, saying more sincerely than her Berthe, "*Dans la vie, tu sais. . .*"

In other words, this is a fine novel, and not of the ordinary run. Don't miss it.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER

Francis Yeats Brown

Here is a strange thing. An English officer in the Lancers serves on the Northwest Frontier of India, plays polo in the blazing sun, excels in spearing the boar,—and takes to mysticism as to the manner born. At the outbreak of the war, he joins the Air Force (without any notion of aeronautics) and after an exploit or two in Mesopotamia is captured and imprisoned in terrible Stamboul. Behind the bars he practices Yoga (the scientific exercises of the mystic), makes an escape, and is recaptured only to escape again.

A brief interval in England and then he sails East once more. This time he soon throws away the picturesque array of the Bengal Lancer and donning common Indian garb goes forth to find his soul. This is the strangest adventure of all and he tells it in inimitable prose. It is enough to say that if all army officers were like this man there would be no Army problem in India, that for an Occidental to throw himself as impulsively as this man did into the heart of an Oriental country is almost incredible, and that he tells his fascinating story in English which will make many a self-conscious writer sick with envy.



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THE HAVERFORDIAN

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The Haverfordian

VOL. L HAVERFORD, PA., JANUARY, 1931

NO. 3

"*The Haverfordian*" is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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Snorre

A Boyhood Adventure

WELL, here it is," my aunt sighed patiently as she handed me *Snorre* from the topmost shelf of the old bookcase. "But what on earth you're always wanting with that old Norwegian book of your great-grandmother's is more than I can see. You can't read Norwegian."

Poor, dull-souled creature! As if one had to be able to read Norwegian in order to enjoy *Snorre*! Had she no imagination? Why, to me the very cover of the book, with its conventionalized longships and its shower of flying arrows, was an invitation to adventure, a summons to go a-viking over the wild seas, tasting the salt spray as I sailed westward to Iceland, and to Greenland, and far, far beyond them to Markland, and Helluland, and on to the very shores of Vinland the Good.

And the title, *Snorre*, baffled me. It was an unfathomable mystery in those days, though I racked my brain for a possible meaning for it. (In after years I learned that *Snorre* was not the name of the book at all, but was the name of the thirteenth century Icelandic historian, Snorre Sturlassön, who had written the sagas of the old Norwegian kings.)

But not because of the title, nor yet because of the cover, fascinating though they both were, did I spend hours sprawled on the floor in front of the stove, scornful of the blizzard outside, though the wind howled around the corners of the house and blew puffs of smoke down the chimney and sifted fine snow under the window sill. I was held by the hundreds of spirited woodcuts that

enlivened the barren wastes of Norwegian print with pictures of battle, of shipwreck, of murder and of intrigue, and made the yellowed pages of *Snorre* an open door to the far-flung land of adventure.

Sometimes I would fit the pictures to stories I already knew, such as *Heroes of Iceland* or the *Skeleton in Armor*, but more often I made up stories of my own around the pictures and the proper names which I could recognize in the titles. *Snorre* was the only book in which I was privileged to make my own beginning and ending for every story—even the grim illustrated Dante's *Inferno*, which I had early named the *Satan Book*, had a gloss that explained something of the story and of the pictures, though the sonorous verse made little or no sense. In *Snorre* I didn't read the stories, I lived them, and that is why I preferred it to even my loved *Treasure Island*.

With my long-forgotten forefathers I drove my Long Serpent over the home of the whale, and laughed in the face of the storm. Wherever my sail hove into view the folk scurried into their churches and prayed "From the fury of the Northmen, Good Lord, deliver us." But their God was not with the women-souled landsmen, and I harried the coast and even sailed with King Olaf up to London Bridge. When the English soldiers were crowded on the bridge we hitched our ships to the piers and pulled bridge and soldiers and all down into the water. All summer long I wandered, breaking down strong walls and plundering rich towns. Behind me I left nothing but smouldering ashes and food for the ravens, as I sailed back to Norway in the harvest season, my ship rich with booty.

And when winter came and my neighboring sea-kings, jealous of my good fortune, planned to plunder my hall, I mounted my gray charger and rode across the frozen fiord, my horse's hoofs striking sparks from the flinty ice. I heard a shout behind me that made the crags ring like

iron in the cold clear air. I looked back and saw a sledge drawn by two great black horses plunge through the ice. But not an instant did I stop. Up the steep mountain trail I rode, through the snow and the night, bearing a flaming torch to show me the way. I lit the great beacon on the summit to call my henchmen together. Then I bound on my skis and with my torch in one hand and my naked sword in the other I skimmed down the mountain side like a shooting star, leaping right into the midst of my foes, who fled before me like rats before a fire.

Or I was shipwrecked on a hostile shore, and swam to land on a floating spar with my sword between my teeth. Or I was baptized by some warrior-bishop, and became a good Christian. Then I bound a white cross upon my arm and went off to Palestine, where I slew many men and took much rich treasure from the heathen, to the greater glory of God. Or with King Sigurd I rode in triumph through the gates of Miklegaaard with our good chaplains singing "*quare fremerunt gentes.*"

And then, when I was tired of wandering, I came home once more and claimed the proud-eyed maiden with the golden hair who had waited for me in her father's hall. But first I must fight for her with some nidding stay-at-home. My spurs dug into my horse's flanks. My fingers itched and reached for the sword-hilt. He raised his axe. I whipped out my brand . . .

And then my aunt snatched *Snorre* from under my nose and sent me off to bed with the warning that if my mother ever found out how late I was sitting up she'd never allow me to stay out there again. *Snorre* was put back on the shelf, but as I drifted off to sleep the foot of the bed narrowed and grew taller, and curved upwards like a dragon's head. I was a Viking, a companion of Harald Haarfagre and of Olaf Trygvesson.

F. G. Nelson.

Alcaics

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum

Soracte . . .

Horace, Bk. 1, Ode 9.

*O see, how gleaming white with the high-piled snow
Soracte looms; how feebly the groaning woods
Their burdens bear; while rapid rivers,
Numbed by the frost and the cold, grow silent.*

*Why dread we cold? Pile logs on the flaming hearth,
And stint not; come, pour forth with a kindlier hand
From out yon age-incrusted beaker,
O Thaliarchus, a wine more warming.*

*Cease now to fret; leave now to the gods all cares.
For in due time the winds and the struggling waves
Will calmer grow, mild Spring will come, and
Elms of the forest no more be wind-tossed.*

*Cease now to seek what Fortune the morrow bears.
Whate'er of life the Fates in their dark course bring
As gain inscribe; but now, I pray you,
Spurn not the dance nor the charms of beauty.*

*O spurn them not, while gloomy old age as yet
Mars not your strength: now, now is the time to haunt
The woods and fields; to seek by moonlight
Whispering words at the hour of trysting;*

*To trace the tell-tale laughter which soon betrays
The secret nook concealing your mocking maid;
To gain the pledge of love—a token
Stol'n from a finger but half-resisting.*

Francis Walton.

“Hamlet” Reviewed

Presented by the English Club, December 6, 1930

BEFORE giving my opinion of the performance of the Quarto version of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" presented by the English Club, I must ask you to bear with me for a moment while I delve into the past. Some thirty-five years ago I made my first appearance, on the stage of the Opera House at Rich Hill, Mo., in the part of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. According to the program, the youngest and smallest Hamlet on any stage. Only the so-called Ghost scene was given, but as I was five years of age, that was probably quite enough.

That started me on a stage career which has been practically continuous up to the present time, but, strange to say, until last Friday I had never witnessed a performance of "Hamlet".

I can't tell you what a thrill I got when Hamlet met the Ghost and the almost forgotten text was heard again. This, added to the fact that one of my sons played Laertes and also the First Player, was almost enough to reduce me to a maudlin state.

Being a true Thespian I have always rather disliked critics and hope that I shall never be guilty of writing a criticism. This review, as I stated at the beginning, is to be my *opinion*.

I found the Quarto version most interesting and very playable. Most of Shakespeare's plays are quite freely edited and condensed when they are played by professionals. I know that Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson, our own John Barrymore and others all had their own acting versions of "Hamlet" and the Quarto version is what we call "good Theatre." There is rapidity of action and a splendid culminative effect.

The admirable teamwork displayed by the English Club Players, including Miss Nuckols and Miss Young of

Bryn Mawr College, was one of the outstanding virtues of the performance. I felt that each and every one was giving his or her all and if there was any let-down here and there it was never because they were not trying. For this reason alone it would have been a good object lesson for some of our professional players.

Someone had instilled a spirit in the production which, in back-stage parlance, undoubtedly "got over." I have seen a number of school and college plays both here and abroad and I must say that the choice of the Quarto version of "Hamlet" was a brave and happy inspiration and that the production and acting worked together to make a harmonious whole, which reflects great credit on this branch of activity at Haverford.

Ernest Truex.

Cinquains

*Sometimes,
Rest-wearied gods
Come gliding down to earth,
And watch blind man his mad course run;
And weep.*

*A shot!
Then all is quiet.
Save where within some clump
Of tangled brush a feathered mass
Still writhes.*

Francis Walton

Victory!

*Now in the setting sun
See we the saga done.
Now, with the last fight won,
Go they rejoicing.*

*What of the ones who sleep,
Fodder the cannon reap.
What of the ones who weep
For a lost brother?*

*Shadows that come and go,
Loved ones they used to know,
Gone as the winter snow
In sunny April.*

*What if they Heroes be,
What if our history
Leaves to posterity
Tales of their valor?*

*Men shout the war is won,
Now is true peace begun,
Battle forever done.
Oh the believers!*

*What can repay one life,
Lost in that useless strife?
Peace cannot cleanse the knife
Stained with their heart's blood.*

Lopez.



" KING EDWARD HAD TWO SONS — BOTH BOYS "

Hammers of Harris

MR. CRAWFORD in his inimitable and hilarious column (we're even now, Albie!) has suggested that we be compelled to write "something serious"—as if this series of articles on the drastic failure of the Jugo-Slavian tomato crop wasn't serious!

We didn't know quite how to take this suggestion though. Did he mean, "For God's Sake, make him quit this stuff, and if he has to write let him set out to be serious"? Or does he really want us to get weighty? Anyhow we'll try to suit and the rest of this column will be pretty deep stuff, fellows.

* * *

At least the *HVERFORDIAN* got itself talked about. In answer to the letter of Mr. C. B., '33, may we state that, although, as he says, the old policy of the magazine was to foster the literary spirit among the undergraduates, it succeeded only in fostering the literary spirit of the editor—and one or two of his cronies, perhaps. In discarding the usual analytical stories by Sophomores (and Seniors) who don't know quite what they're analyzing, the *HVERFORDIAN* Board hopes to foster the good old literary spirit among a larger crowd. More people, we hope, will try to write for it and that in itself is helping the Muse along. We're sorry we said we wanted the magazine read, probably C. B. is right in assuming that anything which amuses the masses isn't literature.

C. B. is evidently one of those romantic souls who consider that an article about anything close at home isn't literary. Love and Death are the things that make literature, after all, and no one could possibly turn out decent stuff on a topic of campus interest.

But Lord, we never could argue, and maybe C. B. is

right—anyhow he certainly read the *HAVERFORDIAN* carefully!

* * *

We liked last month's issue—including the Scandinavian. But we'll bet a hat that F. G. N. wrote the English Stave first and then translated it into his Stev. For "too long" rimes with "birds' song" all right, but "trjote" doesn't seem to fit in very well with "fugle-ljoe." For rhythm and for pure verse you've got to hand it to the Scandinavians, though. Could anything be more rhythmical, more mellifluous, more delicately sensitive—so sensitive it approaches the sensuousness of the Great Keats—than Mr. F. G. N.'s magnificent closing line of his little gem "Stev Fra Setesdal," "og lye paa fugle-ljoe." Exquisite, that's what it is!

* * *

This idea of a place for correspondence is a good one, and we've decided to adopt it. If you have any criticisms to make on this column please write them here Then if you'll hand us the magazine at dinner—or better still at breakfast—we'll take it back with us and consider it very carefully.

* * *

Writing for any college publication is a bit confusing for you never know whom you're working for. You wake the editor up and hand him your copy and he looks at you fishily and says, "I'm not the editor, I was last month's editor." No one seems to know who the editor really *is*, so you have to wander around until you see someone reading the *HAVERFORDIAN*. You can be assured then that he is "it" (we boys on the *HAVERFORDIAN* always call the editor "it") and you tap him on the shoulder and say "Copy, sir!" and then someone else is "it" and it starts all over again. It's really heaps and heaps of fun!

We don't want to be mean about this, but it does seem as if the meals around here are getting worse and worse. (This is a topic of campus interest so you'd better skip it, C. B.!) Statistically speaking, we'd like to point out that in the last six days canned stewed corn has been served four times. Assuming that stewed corn isn't served for breakfast in the best circles this leaves twelve meals. At one-third of the possible meals, then, we have had it set before us, gooey as ever. And the other night it came to us in the guise of pickle! We know the names of lots of other vegetables and if anyone doesn't realize there are any others, drop over sometime and we'll tell them to you. Spinach is one we can think of offhand.

* * *

Dear Mr. Alexander,—

Thanks so much for your cheery little note, and for the gay Christmas Greetings. Merry Christmas yourself, B. F. Dewees, and you must come and see us sometime.

But really we did appreciate your suggestion about "dealing with the femininities on your Christmas list." We do like to get to grips with the femininities on our Christmas list, and we're glad to know that we'll see "plenty of other men right here, doing the same thing!"

We must admit, though, that we don't "know what she wants" in spite of your sly little insinuation that "she usually finds a way to let you know." Either we're awfully dumb or she is. Perhaps you could suggest a few ways for her to let us know?

And the added attraction of University men to pilot us around thrills us to the core. All the University men we've seen had to be piloted around themselves by the time the party was half started. But perhaps N. Y. U. has changed.

Why on earth do you ask us, "How about the smartest new perfume out of Paris?" You ought to know for you say "We have it" with considerable enthusiasm. And we're really surprised at you, naughty old Mr. Alexander, "How about lovely lingerie for a lovely lady?" . . . "and the 1931 way to wear it?" Out here at Haverford we don't talk about lingerie, much less write about it!

In spite of your Bohemian tendencies we appreciate your interest and it is quite probable that we'll be needing a party bag in the near future. And if we ever need to be piloted around we'll give the high sign to any man on the floor, or ask for you. By the way, what is the high sign in this brotherhood?

Yrs.,

Harris.

P. S.—Do you know Wes Heilman?

* * *

General Atterbury evidently didn't read our scathing comment on the service at his new stations, for the other night we went and asked an announcer when the next train to Chestnut Hill was. He said 7.54 unhesitatingly. Mindful of past experience we asked another announcer and he said "8.12." When we pointed out that the other bird said 7.54 he deputized us to go down and tell him he was wrong. But he was bigger than we are and he had a uniform, so we kept quiet.

* * *

It's always a surprise to see what the editor has titled our stuff. We gave him two titles, viz.: "Uncle Bob's Kiddies' Page," and "The Tomato Crop," but he, being a man that never *does* get enough, added two more—"Contemporary Comments," and "Mental Mélange." Wonder what it will be called this month.

Harris Shane

Fear

*You wear a stone mask now;
You are like a face
Carved in rock,
Ruddy and silent,
In the desert.
Your smile is sandy.*

*I too am stone:
I am a face
Of creamy marble.*

*I fear
You and I
Have entered silences:
You the silence
Of stone in the desert,
I the silence
Of a marble bust
At night
In a museum.
Sand
Scratches you.
There is dust
On the creamy marble.*

*I think,
Each in his silence,
We shall remember
We were once clay
Together,
And loved the sun,
And felt the rain,
And looked at stars.*

H. J. Nichol.

To C. M.

*I have often thought that I
Would eventually try
To invade the sacred region
Of the literary legion.
I should like to go to Flanders on
Th' advice of Sherwood Anderson,
And chit-chat in the Fleming way
With good old Ernest Hemingway.
To swill beer in the pays-baugh
With Mr. Evelyn Waugh
Would be ever so much neiser
Than to dine with Theodore Dreiser
Or to guzzle orange jewis
With noble Sinclair Lewis.
When it's very very waugham
Mr. W. Somerset Maugham
At tennis oft perspeyers
With the two young Untermeyers!
But I'd like to play some sarker
With acidulous Dot Parker.
If Mr. Arnold Bennett
Were log-rolling in the senett*

*They could make New York a grand burg
Fit for poetry by Sandburg.
And suppose the girls at Harkham
Read the works of Edwin Markham!
There is nothing I would rather
Then indite like Willa Cather.
Many's the friendly tussel
I have had with A. E. Russell.
And I dote on putting studs on
The shirts of W. H. Hudson.
I would rather like to sell a c-
An of Chesterfields to Belloc.
O, to ride upon a horris
Every morn with Charles G. Norris!
I would surely ne'er disturber
If my wife were Edna Ferber.
But my actions would be beastly
If I looked like J. B. Priestly.
I'd be driven sure to drencken,
If I met with H. L. Mencken
And I'd even smoke a Helmar
To escape Miss Vina Delmar.
But 'twould grieve me very sorley
To have alienated Morley.*

L. A. and F. W. L.

Making the Grade

THE trouble was not that Adolph lacked the brain power necessary to see him through the seventh grade of grammar school; rather it was a persistent and successful laziness that hindered his promotion. For two years now he had remained in a stationary position in the eternal flux of life in a large public school. Four semesters of schoolmates had toiled steadily upward and onward. Still Adolph remained faithful to the seventh grade. It was not that he was stupid. Oh no. He often voiced his confidence in himself as the brightest boy in the school and somehow after a few moments' conversation with him you found yourself inclining to the same opinion. The fact remained that Adolph was a perfect leviathan of laziness; here indeed was the very white whale of laziness. For two years Adolph had failed of promotion; for two years reduced to a minimum the wear and tear on the books that the Board of Education loaned to him.

And though Adolph was by no means dissatisfied with this life of leisure, the undeniable fact remained that he was getting older and the distress of his family was becoming greater. Adolph was one of those unfortunate persons who have brilliant older brothers—he had the family record to uphold. But it was no consideration of ambition or honor that was moving him with the desire to enter the magic land of high school. The simple fact was that the remonstrances of his family were becoming unbearable to him. By day and by night they dinned his heinous crime into his weary ears and being the bright boy that he was Adolph realized that if he was to have any peace at all, by fair means or foul, he must matriculate at high school at the expiration of the current semester.

Thus it happened that on a brisk February morning, a boy quite indistinguishable from hundreds of other boys ready for high school, was demanding admittance to the

principal's office in one of the better known schools of the city. This bold and unusual request was peremptorily granted and Adolph found himself face to face with the dynamic personality of which principals are made. And unlike hundreds of other boys he did not quake nor stammer but with calm, even dignity, made known his request. He wished to apply for admittance to the second year high school. A routine matter at this busy season in schools. An examiner was summoned and the prodigal Adolph led to the examination.

The result of this appraisal of Adolph's preparation was not surprising. He failed miserably. When the examination was concluded the examiner reported to the principal. Adolph was summoned before that dignitary and the results made known to him.

"We find," pursued the principal, "that you are not sufficiently prepared to enter the second year of high school. I am sorry but we shall have to put you in the first class."

Adolph began his higher education on Monday morning

Walter M. Teller.



Sonnet

*The crickets sing, and one by one the doors
Of neighboring gossips slam a swift good-night.
I sit alone upon the porch, and light
Another cigarette. The tingling pours
Adown my throat its quick relief, restores
Again my calm. I find a short respite
From wandering in vexatious, aimless plight,
And floundering in a nebulous remorse.*

*The cigarette burns down. Once more I feel
The weight of boring days, and speculate
Upon the vast untowardness of Fate,
And on defeating cards she yet may deal,
When something changes in the cold night air,
And your sweet presence holds me everywhere.*

D. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

À propos of the "Haverfordian"

Mr. Editor: Please don't give this any other title of your own choosing. My thoughts have no particular unity, and I don't want a false unity to be given to them by an *ex parte* title. I note that you claim to have adopted an editorial policy. Robbed of its references to color of cover and fonts of type, which have nothing to do with the case, the policy seems to boil down to a "brighter and busier *HAVERFORDIAN*". That doesn't particularly interest me. If it goes too far, it will wreck the whole business. What I am chiefly interested in is the undergraduate mind, as revealed in the best creative work of the college. It is inevitable that this should be uneven—sometimes flippant, sometimes dull, sometimes very good. I am always fascinated by the *HAVERFORDIAN* and have always read it. In reading the *HAVERFORDIAN* one always has a thrill which never comes to one in reading the "magazines" of the big outside world. I mean the thrill of knowing every author personally. After reading each article, poem, or book-review, one registers a "well, well, didn't know he could do it!" or a "humpf!" or a "gosh!" For this reason I do not see how the undergraduate literary magazine can ever mean to alumni what it means to those on the Campus. Its world is small, but very intimate. Do your best, therefore, to bring out and use undergraduate talent.

DEAN P. LOCKWOOD.

BOOKS

HYPNOTIC POETRY

Edward D. Snyder

CERTAINLY every reader of the *HAVERFORDIAN* has at one time or another experienced the slight state of trance induced by what Dr. Snyder calls "hypnotic poetry." But never were we quite aware of our condition until we read "Hypnotic Poetry." By convincing evidence and a lucid style Dr. Snyder has pointed out the spell-weaving qualities of many well known poems, e.g. *Kubla Khan* or Gray's *Elegy*, and has shown that the poet has employed a hypnosis-inducing technique analogous to that of the professional hypnotist. Dr. Snyder's evidence is of the most convincing kind—every person able to read English poetry can himself verify the author's experiments.

This novel and intriguing theory is fully analyzed in the first five chapters of this little volume. Dr. Snyder has not followed the all too prevalent custom of popularizing a technical subject but has dexterously managed to combine a scholarly study with a mode of expression that any careful reader can appreciate. One can well afford to linger over these first ninety pages.

Following this analysis Dr. Snyder gives us a timely chapter on free verse in America. Good free verse will retain its place in American literature but the notion

that any poor prose makes good free verse must be exploded. "Is poetry an escape from reality?" is a controversial topic of interest to all lovers of poetry. Dr. Snyder ably defends poetry against this charge. We particularly recommend this chapter to all "realists."

Two chapters on criticism of poetry conclude this stimulating book. Our guess is that these two chapters are the most outstanding. Every reader of poetry must surely feel himself *en rapport* with the author in his brilliant plea for a sounder criticism and better critics of hypnotic poems. We must have different standards of criticism than those we employ for our "intellectualist" poems. Our critics must be lovers of poetry—they must read it aloud, and they must not be disappointed would-be poets. The critic must descend from "the seat of the scornful." Hypnotic poetry must be judged by its own criteria but first of all it must be recognized as "hypnotic" poetry.

Read "Hypnotic Poetry"—read it carefully but do not let it rob the spell-weaving poem of its spell. If while we are reading a hypnotic poem, we are aware of its hypnotic effect, the hypnosis is gone. It is the case of "where ignorance is bliss—" We must not be too wise nor too sophisticated if we are to get the fullest joy out of some of the greatest English poems. Read "Hypnotic Poetry" but forget it when you are reading hypnotic poetry.

This book is an important contribution to the study of poetry. The *Haverfordian* takes pride in reviewing this work of a Haverford professor.

University of Pa. Press (\$2.00).

W. M. T.

ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE

John Galsworthy

MR. GALSWORTHY offers two excuses for submitting once more a group of stories about the Forsytes. First, he says that he cannot bring himself to part with them after so long an acquaintance, and second, that he believes that these short tales round out the accounts of the lives of the various members of the family. They are two very good reasons, but there is no necessity to make excuses for further chronicles.

Those of us who are Forsyte enthusiasts (and who must admit that he is not?) can well appreciate Mr. Galsworthy's reluctance to part company with these old friends. All the stories are about one Forsyte or the other, some who play important parts in the Saga and the Comedy, and others who die early in the former or are mere incidental background figures. We see in "Timothy's Narrow Squeak" how that undemonstrative Forsyte was luckily spared from an unfortunate marriage, in "The Hondekoeter," how James bought a painting which he would never have acquired if he had had his son Soames along at the auction, in "The Dromios" how Ciles and Jesse Hayman spent the night before they enlisted at the time of the Boer War. "June's First Lame Duck" is an account of young June Forsyte, and little Susie Betters who was the first of a long line of people only too glad to accept indiscriminating protection. "The Buckles of Superior Dosset" and "A Sad Affair" show Young Jolyon at the ages of fifteen and nineteen respectively. "Soames and the Flag" is the description of that well known Forsyte and his reactions to the Great War.

Mr. Galsworthy tells the stories in an almost gossip style, as though he were a Forsyte himself now, and were passing on some amusing or especially characteristic incident to another member of the family. Indeed, the

reader of the Saga and the Comedy must surely feel by this time that he, too, is one of the family.

If you have read "The Forsyte Saga," you will find these stories delightful. If you have not, you will enjoy some of them, but you will miss the point of all.

Scribners (\$2.50).

D. C.

CAKES AND ALE: OR THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

W. Somerset Maugham

THERE is nothing direct or central in "Cakes and Ale," though somewhere in it a good story is told. Ashendon, the "I" of the story, is a literary man who was quite intimate from boyhood with the Driffields. Mr. Driffield was once a sailor and a wanderer and other things, and finally settled down to writing fiction in his silly, air-tight hometown, achieving incidentally a degree of notoriety by marrying a golden-haired barmaid called Rosie Gann. Mrs. Rosie Driffield loved her husband but she loved other people too. As Ashenden explains: "She was a very simple woman. Her instincts were healthy and ingenuous. She loved to make people happy. She loved love." Naturally many scornful fingers were lifted, and Mr. Maugham is able, very effectively, to turn and rend these scribes and pharisees, and in particular one scribe, a Mr. Alroy Kear who later writes an expurgated life of Mr. Driffield. You see, after the Driffields had shifted to London, Rosie ran away to America (Yonkers) with an earlier flame, leaving her husband to become more and more famous and unhappy, till he was finally enthroned as the Grand Old Man of English Letters.

He was acclaimed as a genius probably because, Ashenden thinks, of his longevity. Quite a controversy is raging among the bookish as to whether Mr. Maugham intended Edward Driffield for Thomas Hardy. Since I know little of the private life of the latter gentleman I am more than content to let the more informed tackle this rather unworthy literary riddle.

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The Haverfordian

VOL. L HAVERFORD, PA., FEBRUARY, 1931 NO. 4

"*The Haverfordian*" is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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In the Breaking of Bread

THE warm spring sun was shining through the stained glass of the great west window as I slipped into our pew that afternoon, just before the service began. The light flecked the dark oak pews with red and blue, transforming for an hour the cold, bare, shabby church, and suffusing it with a golden radiance. My eyes wandered to the white cloth spread over the table that stood just below the pulpit. Beneath that cloth were bread and grape-juice, ready for the communion service. A wave of something akin to resentment swept over me. What had bread and wine to do with Jesus, the Teacher who gave us the *Sermon on the Mount*? They were the ancient symbols of an out-worn creed; of the formula the theologians called *Christ*, and used as a magic charm to avert the wrath of a childishly arbitrary God.

The service began. I saw my little sister marching in the choir down the aisle; her face was radiant and happy above her black robe. I envied her happiness, but I pitied her, for I knew that she too must pass through doubts and fears, sloughing off the happy unreasoning faith of childhood, and lie bound for a season in the "castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof is Giant Despair." I wondered if both of us would some day find the peace that I could see in the face of Great-aunt Dorcas, whose countenance shone like a clear candle burning in a great dusky hall. A great many times that light in her face had given me hope, for it had shown me that there was something besides the empty darkness. Aunt Dorcas had lived four-score years. She had seen that the world is not always fair and that it is often most cruel to those

who most deserve kindness, yet in her clear gray eyes I saw that she had found something triumphant that was good.

The processional hymn ended. *Almighty and most merciful Father*—we stood and united in prayer. *We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts . . . We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we ought not to have done . . .* Generation after generation of men had gathered together to murmur prayers and had found some vague comfort in the mere saying of them, though their minds scarcely realized the meaning of the words their lips were uttering. *Our father which art in heaven; Hallowed be thy name . . . Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us . . . For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.*

The service went on. There was no sermon. I was glad of that, for I wanted to be alone with my thoughts. At last, as the elders went forward and took their places before the table, we sang the old Communion hymn:

*Break thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;*

*Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word.*

The minister read the words of the institution of the Lord's Supper: *how our Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks*

he brake it and said, 'Take, eat, this is my body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me.' And after the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, 'This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me . . .'

And then the words of invitation: *Come not because you must, but because you may . . . Come not to express an opinion, but to seek a Presence.* The Presence of Jesus of Nazareth in food and drink! There were savages who ate their gods symbolically—making little images of bread, naming them, and eating them to receive power. I could not think of Jesus commanding *that*—Jesus who gave himself to sweep away the rubbish of dead forms to make room for living truth!" *This is my body which is broken for you."*

The elders took the plates of tiny squares of bread and gave them to the congregation. Ordinary bread it was, such as mother baked at home. I knew a little about the making of bread, from the planting to the baking. It was heart-breaking toil, sometimes, in the fields, in the mills, in the home. I looked at mother. As she took a piece of the bread and handed the plate to me I saw that there was a half-healed scar on her hand, where she had burned it on the stove. How she worked baking bread and doing all of the rest of the household tasks that we took for granted! She should be caring for herself instead of breaking her body for us. But that is the price of bread—bodies broken by grinding toil that is lightened only by love.

"And in the same manner he took the cup, saying, 'This is my blood which is shed for the remission of sins.'"

Blood . . . for the remission of sins. Sin . . . that was the beast in man that has not died. What could blood do to wipe out sin. *This is my blood which is shed to free man from the beast within him.* . . . Blood had marked every step of man's upward trail, as he has

fought with the beast. Jesus' blood had been shed when he fought the beast and was victorious through death. Is that what he meant? I tried to reason. . . . But if that were it, then why the cup? Blood had been shed because of hatred that it seemed blood alone could wipe out. Hatred. . . . The words of the *Sermon on the Mount* ran through my head: *But I say unto you that everyone who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of judgment.*" To hate was to murder in spirit. During the World War those of who could not kill had been taught to hate. I had been only a boy of ten, but I remembered the hatred. But what made me think of the war? The tiny glasses of red grape-juice sparkled as they were passed along the pews . . . red.

And then my mind jumped back across the years:

The fine snow of the country road crunched under my numb feet as I trudged the weary three miles home from school. My fingers ached and my ears burned with the cold, but a greater cold clutched my heart, for I knew that I would have to stop and warm myself at old Karl's. He was a German . . . and it was war time. . . . Nameless fears crept upon me. I tried to assure myself. He wouldn't hurt me. Dad had said so. But the boys at school had said . . . only I didn't dare think about it. I reached his house at last, and rapped on the door with frozen knuckles.

"Come in," a gruff voice said. I stumbled into the warm kitchen. My teeth chattered with more than the cold. There he sat with his old wife beside the stove. I slumped weakly into the chair he shoved towards me. My mouth was dry and my head swam dizzily as I watched him get up and go to the cupboard and pour out a little wine from a bottle. It was red and sparkled in the glass. "Drink this," he said

Then somehow I had known that he was not evil . . . I took the glass and drank the red wine. The

warm blood raced through my veins again, and I had ceased to fear and to hate.

I brought my mind back to the service again. The organ was playing hymn tunes very softly as I partook of the cup . . . I had ceased to hate that night. . . . Perhaps that was what Jesus had meant when he said '*This is my blood which is shed for the remission of sins.*' The beast was conquered by the spirit that prompts the giving of a cup,—yes, even a cup of water, in kindness, and he needed no blood.

I caught myself repeating silently the words of the hymn the organ was playing:

*Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife
We hear thy voice, O Son of Man.*

They had a meaning for me that they had never had before. For through the ancient forms I saw that Son of Man living ever in the hearts of men, and I knew him in the breaking of bread.

G. N. F.

Lines

*Her eyes were like the moon
When it shines
Through the leaves
Of a poplar tree.*

*I told her I loved her,
And I pressed her close—
She laughed and I laughed,
And we both laughed last.*

D. C.

To Eleanore

*Now if you want to read
About the difference in creed
Between the Indians, the Romans and the Jews,
Or if you like the stories
Of the braveries and glories
Of the laddies who make history and news,*

*Or if you want to hear
About the Eastern Hemisphere
Or why the earth is flattened at the pole,
You had better close this book up
And depart at once and look up
Someone else who knows the answer, bless his soul*

*Though I've spent my life in travel,
Something that I can't unravel
Which impresses me as curious but true,
Is the fact that all the ladies
That I met on the Euphrates
Were so hopelessly inferior to you.*

*Now, darling, don't be furious
Because I thought it curious,
The fact is that I didn't, don't you know,
But this job of writing verses
Is the worst of all my curses
And I've got to keep the metre on the go.*

*As a poet I'm an amateur
And hate to take a slam at her
I love, but dear it's often very hard
 To keep the verses rippling
 In the style of brother Kipling
When I've had so little practice as a bard.*

*When I was out in Singapore
And thinking everything a bore
A lady came and at my elbow sat;
 And though that girl was beautiful
 Believe me I was dutiful
As always, dear, to you, so that was that.*

*I remember once that dancing
In a cabaret in Lansing
I encountered many women in my path,
 But when I thought of Eleanore
 I wished them all in Hell or more;
Expressions dulcet turned to those of wrath.*

*So I've found my inability
Ss well as the futility
Of keeping lots of women on the string,
 And if I can just keep in good
 With my lady out in Brynwood
I shall live and die as happy as a king!*

J. Hoag.

Villanelle

*Alone and in silence I lie,
Dreaming a dream of the past,
While over me shadows fly.*

*The murmuring breezes die,
And the sea on a dead shore is cast;
Alone and in silence I lie.*

*No singing of birds; not a cry
In the trees which about me are massed,
While over me shadows fly.*

*No motion, but only a sigh
As of ghosts at the moonlight aghast.
Alone and in silence I lie.*

*They are ghosts whom I cannot deny,
Though they seek me to fetter me fast,
While over me shadows fly.*

*Though they vanish and pass me by,
They shall surely find me at last!
Alone and in silence I lie,
While over me shadows fly.*

Francis Walton.

Why I Would Not Read "*The Haverfordian*" If Some of Its Reformers Had Their Way

OBVIOUSLY, this article will be both controversial and (as all controversies are) prejudiced—for an ex-editor can hardly hope to be a wholly unbiased person on the subject of his former magazine. If the gentle reader, therefore, is so very gentle as to wince at a little sharp criticism and some bitterness, let him turn on to sweeter stuff.

THE HAVERFORDIAN, it seems, has come on evil days. (I speak, under correction, on the basis of reports several weeks old.) It has fallen into ill health, sick of financial body and sore of literary soul. It is suddenly revealed to have been a failure these many years past, and now totters abjectly on the verge of ruin. How shall the poor corpse be disposed of? Or, at the very least, how shall the feeble invalid be operated on and injected with rejuvenating glands to bring him back to health and strength?

The chief suggestion which has come to my knowledge is a change in *THE HAVERFORDIAN* fare which shall make it more appetizing to hypothetical alumni subscribers. Just what this change shall be is not so clearly described—probably for the very solid reason that no one can point out any single type of "article" or "feature" of widespread alumni appeal. The great difficulty, of course, is that any given cross-section of alumni is bound

to be a body of men of far more diverse interests than a corresponding cross-section of undergraduates, for the simple reason (though others, more complex, could be adduced) that the undergraduates are men of one primary occupation and the alumni men of a dozen. Consequently, the only material generally attractive to alumni is of the gossip variety—news of persons or things with which they have had some personal connection—and this can only be dealt in, advantageously, in a brief way by the *News* I (if I may be allowed to cite myself as a sort of infant-alumnus) am interested, for instance, to read in the *News* the simple fact that my classmate, J. Anyone Thirty, is teaching History, English and Latin in the township high school at Eureka, Pa., or that John Doe, of the class ahead of me, has a job in a New York bank. I am *not* interested to read in the *News*, or anywhere else, an article by J. Anyone Thirty describing Eureka High School and its pupils, and appending some philosophic reflections on secondary-school teaching as a career; neither am I interested in one from John Doe on the inner workings of his department of the bank, with a few added remarks about life in Greenwich Village. Still less do I delight in hearing of the amount of mortar and stone going into the City of Zenith's new courthouse, of which Horatio X. Smith, ex-'89, is chief architect. All such material *in extenso* is heavily soporific—as witness the average university alumni weekly. And yet I doubt whether the contents of an alumni-style *HAVERFORDIAN* could rise much higher than the alumni weekly in excellence of execution: for in the field of literary effort, though the more talented undergraduates may find time to write for *THE HAVERFORDIAN*, the more talented alumni are generally too busy writing for a living. If, then, this form of alumni-appeal be the one meant by the proposers of the plan, I can assure them of at least one alumni subscriber that *THE HAVERFORDIAN* will lose, rather than gain, by this reform.

But perhaps I am unjust to some of *THE HAVERFORDIAN'S* consultants in assuming that they mean to push this alumni-appeal idea to its disastrous logical conclusion. One of them, I am told, has proposed that *THE HAVERFORDIAN* should merely do away with "youthful effusion" and try to meet alumni tastes with articles of a more "solid" nature—though on what possible subjects I have, at this distance, been unable to learn. I doubt, however, if the promise of excluding youthful effusion would stimulate me or anyone else to send in a life-subscription; for "youthful effusion" can sometimes be rather entertaining, while, in the other sort of material, it is only a very small step from the "solid" to the stodgy. Let anyone, alumnus or not, make this test: compare the *News'* Crow's Nest, for a year or so back, with the editorial columns beside it—and then let him dare to say that youthful solemnity is more interesting, or even more sensible, than youthful effusion. There is really nothing to be gained from pandering to supposed alumni tastes by pretending too hard to be grown up—in support of which statement I could name at least two campus organizations which have already (in this respect) felt the dead hand of the alumni with benumbing effect.

It has also been suggested (by Mr. Morley, I believe) that *THE HAVERFORDIAN* become a literary supplement to the *News*. But does not this involve reform of entirely too sweeping a character? Before one can reasonably have a "supplement," one must first, I should say, have something worth supplementing: and there is certainly a great deal of work to be put in on the *News* to bring it up to this level. Let the Editor and Business Manager of the *News* (if they also happen to favor this change) first put their own house in order: reform, like charity, should begin at home. Furthermore, a literary supplement to the *News* could hardly hope to take over much more than the book-reviewing functions of *THE*

HAVERFORDIAN (as the literary supplement to the Yale newspaper has taken over the book-reviewing department of the *Yale Lit*) and *THE HAVERFORDIAN'S* legitimate field is considerably wider than that. No one, I think, who knows me will accuse me of being a fanatical upholder of the status quo; but I certainly cannot see that this reform holds much hope.

Finally, for the benefit of the Editor of the *News*, who may possibly find himself so hard up for editorial material as to occupy his columns with pontifications on *THE HAVERFORDIAN*, I would point out a few very elementary facts lest (as some of his predecessors have done) he made himself ridiculous in cold print. First and most elementary, that *THE HAVERFORDIAN* is a recognized undergraduate activity. Second and almost as elementary, that it is the excellent tradition of Haverford College that activities shall be conducted primarily for the good which may accrue to those who engage in them, and not for the mere amusement of the languid spectator; that football, for instance, be played to give vigorous physical exercise and enjoyment to the players and not, as at less fortunate institutions, to provide the local newspapers with front-page stuff and put dollars into the Athletic Association's coffers. True enough, the undergraduate—and even the alumnus—is very often interested in activities which he does not participate in: indeed, to revert to the previous example, he usually turns out *en masse* (even when not compelled to by the Customs Committee) to see the football team go into action against the teams of other colleges. Yet even here (and this is the third elementary fact) it is not, in the last analysis, the activity itself which draws him, but rather the desire to see his personal friends and collegemates perform in it—he is interested not, primarily, in football as such, but in seeing Captain Hall Conn and his hearties play for Haverford College. The Haverford man who wants simply to see

technically excellent football goes not to Walton Field, but to Franklin Field; he who wants good baseball goes to Shibe Park and not to '22 Field; he who wants good drama or good music, goes to the Walnut Theatre or the Academy and not to Roberts Hall. And so on down the line of student activities. The only possible exceptions, in fact, that I can think of are cricket (Canada, Australia, England and South Africa not being very convenient to Haverford), the News Service Board and the *News*—and it is not mere maliciousness to point out that the supremacy of the last two depends on the obvious monopolies of their respective fields which they enjoy, rather than on their own intrinsic excellence. Let these few activities not take undue pride in the fact: they are exceptions, not the rule. *THE HAVERFORDIAN* is no exception. It is not a full-fledged magazine out in the wide, wide world; it is an undergraduate activity within the sheltered walls of a college. It has a definite and worthwhile field of its own, but, as in the case of the baseball team or the Cap and Bells Club, this field is one in which it cannot possibly enjoy a monopoly: and it is therefore, silly and fruitless to draw fallacious analogies in this respect between it and the *News*. Its ultimate value as an educational institution depends not on its ability to hold children from play and old men from the chimney corner, not on its success at enticing freshmen away from their math problems and alumni from the stock market; but simply and solely on its power to stimulate and direct that creative literary effort scornfully termed “youthful effusion.” But some undergraduates (an eager critic will hasten to point out) are obviously not interested in “youthful effusion.” Well and good: I, as an undergraduate, was not interested in basketball. Yet I did not object to others’ playing it, nor call for a change in the rules under which they played, nor even demand a rebate on the Athletic Association dues concealed in my college bill, merely because I refused to

go to the gym on Saturday nights to watch them. Let those who refuse to peruse *THE HAVERFORDIAN'S* pages do likewise. Tit for tat. A Roland for an Oliver. Nearly all undergraduate activities in a college as small as Haverford exist only by a wide measure of mutual tolerance; and certainly the ability to execute a well-turned sonnet is a thing fully as useful and worth tolerating as the trick of flipping a foul neatly through the cords.

All this, however, is by no means to deny the sacred right of criticism—not even to those incapable of exercising it intelligently. If *THE HAVERFORDIAN* has ceased to be a stimulant to youthful effusion, it is a good thing to know it, that the editors may seek means of enlarging its circle of contributors without surrendering the modest standards of excellence which it must needs set up. If it is actually found that publishing quarterly instead of monthly would better fulfill this aim, then let the change be made. If it is felt that an occasional alumni contribution would lend encouragement, then let an attempt to made to procure such contributions as will be in harmony with the standards of a literary magazine. If, upon thorough consideration, it is decided that a greater variety in its literary diet would conduce to its financial health, then let even this be done. But let it not be rashly assumed that because a diet is new and untried and radically different, it is necessarily better than the present one. Neither should it be assumed that the best remedies are violent and heroic ones, or that the best physicians are those who have never previously been in attendance on the patient. For the truth of the matter simply is that *THE HAVERFORDIAN* has its ups and downs of financial health just as any other organization does; and that at the moment it, like many another institution, is simply suffering from the general economic epidemic.

J. W. Martin.

November Trees

*As I scrambled down hill past the trees,
Legs stiffened and flying and bent,
I was sure they were coming too,
But theirs was a silent descent.*

*So I slowed and turned at the foot
So they wouldn't think I had fled,
"Come on, and I'll wait for you, trees,
We'll go off together," I said.*

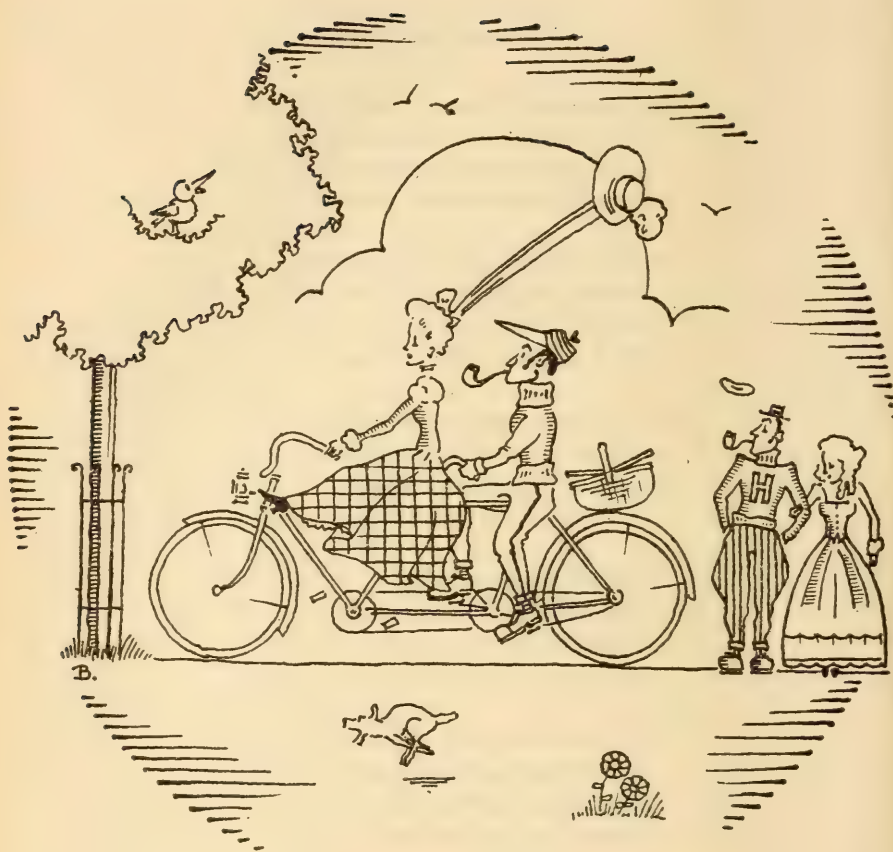
*But they never moved, and hung back,
"They're not sure whether to fear—
Perhaps if I'd wave my hand—
No, that would scare them like deer."*

*The bleak November wind
Whirled a few leaves at their feet.
And that was the only sign.
My call and the silence meet.*

*But I had to be going, then.
So I turned down the road at last,
Hoping that somehow they'd come,
Yet feeling the thing was past.*

*But a little way down the road,
Just to make sure it was vain—
"Well, you'd better be coming, trees,
For I may not be back again."*

H. J. Nichol.



THE NAUGHTY NINETIES!
[GOD BLESS THEM]

To Hell With Harris

THIS "Hammers of Harris" business may have seemed pretty funny to the editor, but it didn't strike us as being such a scream. In fact it quite got our dander up. But we figured we had to get the dander off, so we set out to commit Herpicide. We walked into the editorial sanctum and sanctum on the jaw; then we delivered an ultimatum. We said, "Look, here's an ultimatum; this column has got to have a dignified title and no more of your 'Hammers', we'll quit on you!" The editor murmured a feeble "hooray" and then he turned around, twirled his moustache and hissed, "It's ultimatum soup! The title had got to be alliterative. *THE HAVERFORDIAN* has always stood for cogitation, alliteration, syncopation, fumigation, and so on. And it's got to be snappy—the snappy magazine of campus life, that's what we are!" But we had him there all right for quick as a flash we popped out with "Hooray for Harris." He said "That's it! Hooray for Harris" and we both grabbed our megaphones and made the welkin ring. So it's all settled, we have our title, the editor has his alliteration, God's in his heaven, and so forth.

* * *

We had a pretty lousy vacation, thank you. Too much work, general economic depression, etc. How we managed to miss the intestinal grippe is a mystery.

The high spot of the entire two weeks was the carolling Christmas Eve. Our old class at school always bubbles over with spirit and general good will and decides to go carolling Christmas Eve, thereby combining a class reunion, messages of peace and glad tidings, with a chance for a good healthy brawl. This year no one was so keen on the glad tidings stuff but it had to be put up with in

order to have an excuse to go back and get the hot cocoa and cinnamon buns afterwards. We met at ten o'clock (when we were in school we met at twelve, but we were younger then) and then we sat around for an hour waiting for the group that thought we were to meet at eleven. Amid much clamoring of "How's college?" "Where's good old Joe?" and "My God, when do we get started?" the voice of the permanent class president could be heard calling out the route, that being the function of his office. Finally, however, we all filed out, got into cars, and roared away, only to find that no one had heard the route, anyway, and we'd have to go back and get together again.

We've always been a firm believer in the gentle Germantown climate but we'll have to admit we've never seen such snowdrifts since "With Byrd at the South Pole" (previous titles in this series include "With Byrd at the North Pole" and "With Byrd over the Atlantic"). We managed to pick out all the really major snow piles in town and bring them home to mother in our shoes.

The eternal question of what to sing kept cropping up, too. We have always stood for "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing", "Adeste Fideles", the Sanctity of the American Home, Prohibition, and "The First Noël", but the president belongs to the crooning school of carollers and insisted on sneaking about a block away from the residence of the carollee and making us all whisper "O Little Town of Bethlehem". Then we'd have a good rousing "Silent Night", hop into cars and dash off to the next victim, yodelling "The Road to Mandalay" at the top of our lungs.

After four or five such exhibitions, everyone was ready to go home and go to sleep. But there were cries of "Good old Marcia's expecting us for cocoa afterwards," so we went back to good old Marcia's and sat around the fire and sang the kind of songs people sitting around a fire do sing. We've never been very good at that sort of thing—

our forte is shower singing—but it being one of those groups where the tenors don't know the tune, the basses don't know the words, and the girls think it's another song entirely, we didn't do so badly, considering.

* * *

There are three English majors in the Senior Class. All three are on the *HVERFORDIAN* board. There are also three members of the English department—none of whom is on the *HVERFORDIAN* board. In last month's issue the other two majors each covered a member of the department; one by a book review and the other by a poem. We fell down completely but we have an alibi for our failure. We couldn't find a word in the English language to rhyme with Reitzel!

* * *

One of the most justifiable complaints against the younger generation is that they don't read Bill Nye any more. To our rough mind he's one of the funniest persons that ever wrote a book. We can't quote from "The Truth about Methuselah" to prove it because it's too long, but we'll be glad to lend you the book "Wit and Humor," by Riley and Nye, any time. It was published by Neely's Popular Library "No. 57. Jan. 15, 1896. Issued Semi-monthly, \$6.00 a year", which all goes to show that the Book-of-the Month Club isn't a particularly recent sign of literary degradation.

In this volume, also, James Whitcomb Riley got off the first defense of smoking by women. For his poem "While Cigarettes to Ashes Turn" tells of a girl who, when forbidden to see her lover because he used cigarettes, takes them up herself—the brazen hussy!

The whole Bill Nye School of humorists seems to be passing. Philadelphia, it may be remembered, produced one of the most popular of these. "Max Adler", whose

real name was Clark, edited the *Bulletin* for a good many years around the turn of the century. His most popular book, "Out of the Hurly-Burly", sold over a million copies. Clark hated being a humorist but needed the money. When he landed in Philadelphia, at the age of sixteen, he was dead broke, so he walked down Chestnut Street looking for a job; he got one, and walked down Chestnut Street to his office every morning for fifty years, which is enough to make any man write a book!

* * *

According to all reports, Mr. F. G. Nelson must have had quite an exciting childhood. "And then, when I was tired of wandering, I came home once more and claimed the proud-eyed maiden with the golden hair . . . But first I must fight for her with some nidding stay at home . . . My fingers itched and reached for the sword hilt. He raised his axe. I whipped out my brand" . . . (Our brand has always been Lucky Strikes and we whip them out only when requested.)

We're glad to know he was a Viking though—and^m a "companion of Harold Haarfagre and of Olaf Trygvesson". Not Harold Haarfagre of the U. S. A.!

But you must drop in on *us* sometime, Mr. Nelson, and hear about our little companion, Isidor Feitlebaum.

* * *

Harris Shane

Sonnet

*I pause upon the darkened street and gaze
Into the brightly lighted room where stands
A player with his violin. He plays,
Perhaps, a magic air of faery lands.
But I can only watch, I cannot hear.
Its shining surface mockingly intent,
The window separates us. To my ear
There comes no sound of singing instrument.*

*So must I view the mystery of your eyes
Whose unveiled nakedness I cannot see,
Nor seek behind, beyond them, lover-wise,
But only guess what they may hold for me.
O sweet, my sweet, if happy be my dole,
Fling up, I beg, the windows of your soul*

D. C.

Mirthless Laughter

DR. MILLER considered the letter, trying, from the evident culture of the writer, his beautiful script, and the cheap stationery, to picture the sender. The letter began:

"Dr. H. G. Miller, President,
The Western Psychical Research Society,
Evanston, Illinois.

"Sir;

"I know my case will interest you. I was an officer during the war, was wounded and shell-shocked, and afterward unconscious for a long period of time. Upon recovering my right mind, I discovered I had the gift of what is commonly called clairvoyance and clairsentience, and can give you good demonstrations of both these phenomena.

"Frankly, I am doing this for money. The trances required are exhausting and dangerous, and I would by no means endure them unless I were forced to by necessity. May I have an interview with you some time this week?

"Yours truly,

Charles Ramsey."

Dr. Miller was sitting in his study waiting for the man, enjoying a perfect of a private brand, and comfortably conscious of the bottle of old port in the cabinet beside him. He was in his early forties, wiry and active, but with greying hair, and a pair of grey eyes with the hard, piercing quality of a metallic smoke. Inheriting a fortune, he had retired from his practice to investigate psychical phenomena. He had a house in Evanston overlooking Lake Michigan, and owned a magnificent research laboratory on the other side of the town.

Ramsey arrived at last and was shown in. He was tall, with very dark hair, and skin white as that of a corpse. He was dressed in an extremely shabby suit of a greasy blue color, and wore a tattered scarf over the lower part of his face, hiding everything but his eyes, black as the blackness of the abyss, and betraying an incredible amount of suffering.

Dr. Miller indicated a chair. "Sit down, won't you? and take off your scarf, Mr. . . it's Ramsey, isn't it? It's quite warm in here." Ramsey shook his head. He fumbled in his coat pocket and produced a dirty piece of paper, and the stub of a pencil and he wrote:

"No. I'll keep it on. I was wounded—I'm afraid this is my last piece of paper."

Dr. Miller sent his butler for a pencil and a pad. In the meantime, he said,

"Ramsey, people have tried to impose on me so often that I have been forced to make a rule not to give any money before results have been secured. Do you agree to that?"

Ramsey nodded. The butler came in with a pad and a new pencil, and gave them to Ramsey. Dr. Miller continued:

"In the laboratory at the other side of town, any condition you want may be duplicated . . ."

Dr. Miller caught his breath. Ramsey had begun to write on the pad, seemingly unaware of the fact. Not wishing to break the thread of the automatic writing, he continued speaking. At last, the writing stopped. With an apology, Dr. Miller reached over and tore off the sheet of paper. Ramsey seemed surprised that he had written on it. Dr. Miller read:

"Terrors are turned upon me: they pursue my soul as the wind: and my welfare passeth away as a cloud."

The doctor felt an electric thrill run through him. Those were the very words a very dear friend of his,

Martin Lang, had promised to send back from the Beyond, *if he could*. Martin Lang had been dead only a short time, and Dr. Miller knew it was an earthly impossibility for any one else to know that password.

Ramsey handed Dr. Miller another sheet of paper. It read:

"I work under hypnosis, and tell what I see or hear by writing, since I cannot—what was on that sheet?"

"Nothing important, merely a Bible quotation," Dr. Miller answered.

"I'm glad you don't require darkness, or a cabinet," but now you're in no condition to give a séance. You'd better stay out here under my care for a week or so. I'm a doctor, you know."

Dr. Miller took the bottle of port from the cabinet. "How about a nightcap before you ——"

Ramsey's eyes shone with frustrated desire, and the gasps as he breathed became more pronounced. Suddenly, the shawl covering the lower part of his face fell, revealing the horror it had hidden. The entire lower jaw was missing, the remnants of the cheeks coming down in an irregular fringe, partially covering the stumps of the upper teeth, and a mangled remainder of tongue hung pendulously from one side of what had once been a mouth. There was absolutely no trace of a nose. The whole ghastly wound had the aspect of a laugh, a terrible, frozen, extra-terrestrial laugh at some horrible cosmic comedy. Then Dr. Miller noticed the eyes above the wound; and they were more fearful still, expressing all the *human* torture of the sensitive soul behind them, caused by the awful wound.

Dr. Miller turned aside, while Ramsey sank back in the chair, covering his face again. He scrawled, "German shell."

Ramsey's breath came in a long series of sobbing, choking sighs, and Dr. Miller suddenly realized that the hideous wound must have closed his throat entirely, forcing him

to breathe through a poorly-performed tracheometry, causing the uncanny and repulsive noise. He discovered later that Ramsey took his nourishment through an opening in the walls of his stomach. Wondering why the man was not in some hospital, he instituted discreet inquiries, and discovered that Ramsay, an N. C. O. during the war, had been leading a scouting party in a dangerous section of no man's land. The entire party, with the exception of himself, was wiped out by a chance shell. Stretcher-bearers picked him up the next night, horribly mutilated and infected. He was not expected to live, but at the hospital, a tracheotomy and a gastrotomy were performed on him, and he barely pulled through, although badly shell-shocked. He was later removed to an army hospital in America, where he exhibited strange symptoms, and had once made a startlingly accurate prophecy of the accidental death of one of the doctors there. Later, he had discovered the whereabouts of his former commanding officer, whom he held responsible for his wound, escaped from the hospital, and made a murderous attack on him with a heavy bronze crucifix stolen from a church. Since then, he had entirely disappeared and was believed dead.

Dr. Miller questioned Ramsey about these facts. He did not deny them, but wrote,

"Of course I tried to kill him. He was the moral murderer of the five men with me on that useless and dangerous mission. I feel fully justified in what I did, and sooner or later, *living or dead*, I will meet him again! Not to avenge but to *punish*."

"Do you realize I have good grounds for turning you over to the police?"

"Yes," wrote Ramsey in reply, "but even better reason not to. The experiments were to begin tonight, I think."

Dr. Miller was pensive for just a moment. Then he answered, "You are right. The experiments are more important. But, sooner or later, *living or dead*, as you

put it, I think, you also will suffer for *your* sins."

The arrangements for the first experiment had been almost completed. Richard Smith, a student at Northwestern, had set up some of the more delicate apparatus in the laboratory's sound-proof room, and Ellwood Evans, another of Dr. Miller's assistants, was also to be on hand that night to be useful.

That evening, Dr. Miller, Evans, and Ramsey drove to the laboratory, and were met there by Smith, who had set up the apparatus necessary. A cork-lined vault, about six by ten feet, with walls a foot thick, absolutely sound-proof, was to be the scene of the first experiment. The instruments were ready, their recording drums outside the chamber to avoid possible noise of operation. Smith was to stay outside, watch them and follow any orders given by Dr. Miller by means of a microphone. In this manner, Dr. Miller obtained a permanent record of everything that occurred, and still was free to make observations of any unusual phenomena. The small room was furnished with three comfortable aluminum chairs, and a small table, on which had been placed the hypnotic machine, which emitted a steady, monotonous drone, variable at the will of the operator. Supported on a bar before Ramsey's chair was a curious crystal sphere, with what seemed to be a ball of whirling smoke in the center, like the pupils of Dr. Miller's grey eyes.

Smith dimmed the lights with the rheostat outside the room at a spoken command from Dr. Miller. Evans, who was in the chamber with the doctor and the medium, pushed a switch on the hypnotic machine. It emitted a deep, monotonous sound, felt rather than heard, with a curious, compelling quality to it.

"Are you ready, Ramsey?" asked Dr. Miller.

Ramsey handed Dr. Miller a paper, on which was written:

"Remember the danger of your experiment to me. I

might easily lose my life if you ask me too much. If I do—God help me! And God help you, too, for *what I suffer, you shall also suffer!*” The last words were heavily underlined.

“I shall be careful,” promised the doctor.

Another switch was pushed. The little ball of whirling smoke inside the crystal sphere before Ramsey seemed to glow with life, intelligence, purpose, like a diabolical talisman; holding the attention absolutely ensnared. The inner glow of the crystal was reflected in Ramsey’s dark eyes.

“Look!” Dr. Miller commanded. His voice had a peculiar chanting quality. “Sleep—sleep—sleep. . . .” It merged with the pulsating drone of the vibrator. Charles Ramsey sank back in the thick cushions of the chair, and abandoned himself to the influence. Suddenly, Ramsey began to write. He stopped, and Evans soundlessly tore off the sheet. There, traced in flickering fire by the luminous stylus were the words:

“Terrors are turned upon me: they pursue my soul as the wind: and my welfare passeth away as a cloud.”

Dr. Miller read the paper with satisfaction. Martin Lang’s password! His dead friend was going to pierce the veil. The tone of the commands changed:

“You are in my power—you must obey my commands—obey. . . . go into the future and seek what is in store for me!”

“I go,” he wrote. There was a long pause. Then the writing recommenced:

“Your friend leads me. It is far—far. I see broken wood, twisted metal, and flames—a white bed in a white room. I smell idioform, but I cannot see well.”

Dr. Miller had the last dim light extinguished. The darkness closed on the three like a black fog. The luminous writing on the paper seemed to be in letters of distant writhing fire, dim and ominous.

"Go further, tell me more."

"You recover, but lose your mind. I hear the word 'asylum'. Beware! you make me wander too far!"

"Do I recover?"

"I have gone two years further. You are in a sanatorium, your mind a blank. They speak of an operation, but I can go no further."

"Find the result of the operation. I command you, go!"

The stylus fell from Ramsey's hands, its luminous tip tracing an irregular arc in the darkness. On the taut nerves of the doctor and his assistant, the slight sound had the effect of a thunderclap. There was the sensation of close proximity to a strand under great tension, like a violin string ready to snap, and the two experimenters sensed a slow, torturous rending. Then there was an instantaneous flash of a bright black line across the room. Smith, watching the instruments outside the room, heard the microphone transmit a long, ghastly, sibilant sigh, then,

"Smith! The lights! at once!"

The lights burst into radiance, and the darkness sullenly leaped back into the dark walls. Ramsey was on his chair, apparently asleep—dead. There was a last message on the pad:

"I shall return!"

Smith burst into the cork-lined vault. Dr. Miller grasped his arm. He said

"We must be on our guard. Ramsey is a vindictive man, and he will return if he can!"

Evans gasped. "Oh God! Look!"

The bandage had slipped from Ramsey's dead face, leaving it naked in its horror of its horrible, derisive laugh. Even as they watched, the lids rolled back, exposing the glassy eyeballs. But, there was none of the former torture in them now! Rather, they seemed to be in keeping with

the frozen laugh below them, as if they too, enjoyed the cosmic and utterly terrible joke! The three shrank before the awful warning.

As the attending physician at Ramsey's death, Dr. Miller signed the certificate, with some misgivings, "Heart disease." A few weeks later, he learned through professional channels that Colonel Conningsbye, Ramsey's superior officer during the war, had killed himself. A sense of impending danger enveloped Dr. Miller like a cloud, but at the same time, his scientific instinct scented the possibility of interesting discoveries ahead!

Early one morning, his telephone rang incessantly. A woman's voice, almost hysterical, was heard as soon as he lifted the receiver.

"Come over here at once! Something terrible has happened! Oh, *hurry!*" Then the speaker hung up.

Dr. Miller had the call traced as he rapidly dressed. The telephone belonged to Mr. J. C. Norton, of Winnetka. He was before the house in ten minutes.

It was a large house, facing the lake, over which the sun was rising. There was no response to the bell. There was something obviously wrong inside the house, since Dr. Miller could see signs of a great disarray through the plate glass panel of the door. He tried the knob, and the door opened before him, almost of its own accord. He stepped inside, groped for a switch, stumbled over some overturned furniture, and found a woman collapsed beside the telephone in the study. With a little difficulty, he revived her.

"My son!" she gasped. "Is he all right?"

"I'll go and see. Where is he?"

"His room is the first to the right at the top of the stairs. Oh, such terrible things happened here. Hurry, go upstairs!"

Dr. Miller ascended the stairs rapidly, and entered the room indicated. A boy about thirteen years old was

sleeping on the bed, so exhausted that Dr. Miller could not awaken him. He returned to the woman.

"Your son is perfectly all right. I presume you are Mrs. Norton?"

"Yes, I am. Oh, doctor, have you ever heard of a person doing things—throwing china around, and things like that—and forgetting about it afterwards? Am I—going crazy?"

"I don't think you need worry on that account. People don't *suddenly* go insane. Exactly what happened last night?"

"After Junior went to bed, I sat down by the fire to read a while. My husband is in New York on business. The first thing I saw was dinner-plate, out of the china-cupboard in the dining room, sail across the room and smash on the hearth. Some more plates came in, and then a rug rose up as if some one were beneath it, and danced a horrible dance around the room. Or,—do *you* think it did, doctor?"

"I think so. Tell me—have you ever had any dealings with a chinless man?"

"Why—yes. He wanted a job as gardener. He was dumb, and carried a pad to write on. John had to show him off the place."

"How did you find my name?"

"Why, that's funny! The phone book was open to an M page, and I saw, right away, that you were a doctor."

"One more thing—where was your son while all this was going on?"

"He was in bed, asleep. Why do you ask . . ."

"I am the president of the Western Psychical Research Society. You seem to have a very lively poltergeist on your hands."

"What's that?"

"A wanton being which delights in mischief and destruction. If you don't mind, I'll bring two assistants over

here tonight after sundown, and make a little investigation."

"Yes, yes, do. Must Junior and I stay here?"

"Yes, that is necessary. I will bring over a nurse to stay with you. I'll be back tonight."

As Dr. Miller drove back to Evanston through the hazy and stagnant dawn, he suspected that Ramsey was about to strike. When he reached his house, he laid his campaign: he would walk into the trap, but would be fully aware of what he was doing, and would be quite prepared to cope with whatever unknown forces he might meet. As before, Richard Smith and Ellwood Evans would be on hand.

The sun was setting in a yellow-green glare as Dr. Miller and his assistants drove to Winnetka. Lake Michigan resembled a sea of black oil under the heavy clouds, its surface barely ruffled by the stifling motionless air.

The party arrived at the Norton home to find Mrs. Norton in the nominal charge of a nurse sent by Dr. Miller. Nothing had happened during the day. In the living-room, Dr. Miller mapped out a plan of campaign. He would take the east side of the house, including the terrace overlooking the lake, Smith would cover the west side of the house, and Evans was directed to watch Junior, at the present moment engrossed in a new *Tom Swift* book. This was a most important post, as Dr. Miller suspected that the boy was being used, unwittingly, as a source of energy by the malignant personality from "beyond."

The gathering storm broke at last in a torrent of rain. There was a dazzling flash of lightning and an explosive crash of thunder, immediately followed by an echoing, high-pitched "crunch!" in the living room.

"The instruments!" cried Dr. Miller.

Smith ran to the bag and opened it. There was a faint

tinkle of broken glass and metal, and a long yellow strip of photographic film uncoiled like a snake. As he set the bag down again, its contents clinked derisively.

Then followed several tense hours of waiting for something to happen. The rain fell steadily and monotonously, its ceaseless patter having an almost hypnotic effect on the watchers. Ellwood Evans smoked cigarette after cigarette, pacing about nervously. Richard Smith continuously toyed with a part of one of the broken instruments, starting at the slightest unusual sound, but otherwise, motionless as a sphinx. Mrs. Norton tried to read a book. As for Dr. Miller, he paced his beat with outward composure, but with nerves as sensitive from anticipation as the raw surface of a wound. Junior had long been in bed, and was fast asleep. Still the rain fell wearily, and the minutes passed on century-loaded feet.

Dr. Miller looked at his watch. "Midnight," he said. As if his words had been a signal, they were followed instantly by a glazing ribbon of lightning and a terrible detonation of thunder. Every light in the house was extinguished as if by the breath of a giant. In the momentary silence that followed, Dr. Miller thought he heard a faint sound like escaping steam.

"It is here!" said Mrs. Norton. "I can feel it. Oh, hurry, get some lights!"

Richard Smith took out his pocket flashlight. It was broken. Then, in the consciousness of each person in the house was impressed the following thought:

"Whom I destroy, I first make mad!"

The next day, Dr. Miller realized that the happenings of the night before had been impressed on his mind with their horrific significance by some extra-mundane intelligence which at the same time possessed an earthly source of power, and in spite of their knowledge of hypnotism, the doctor and his two assistants were not able to resist the force they had unloosed upon themselves by walking into the trap—a terrible, elemental *fear!*

Upstairs, Ellwood Evans was watching Mrs. Norton's son from the vantage-point of a closet. The boy seemed peacefully asleep, and the watcher decided the dim clouds of phosphorescence about his head were a product of the imagination. Then he had the sensation of being spied upon. He sensed two burning green eyes, unutterably evil, boring into every secret place within his mind and soul. He resisted the temptation to turn around. A clammy sweat covered him. At last, he looked fearfully over his shoulder, merely to feel the eyes—and what was behind them!—shift their position slightly to remain out of sight. Move as he could, he could not remove himself from the influence of their boring green malignance.

Richard Smith was patrolling the west side of the house, which was dark except for occasional lightning-flashes, and silent except for the endless drip and drool of the rain. He heard a horrible dry scream, and the next tardy flash of lightning revealed to him Ellwood Evans, flying down the stairs, with an expression of utter, abysmal *dread* upon his face, gibbering with terror.

"Dr. Miller! Dr. Miller!" he blurted. He ran to the doctor's side of the house, and searched frantically for him. After what seemed limitless ages, he found Dr. Miller and literally dragged him to the living-room, where he told him what had happened. In the meantime, Mrs. Norton had fainted, and was being taken care of by the nurse.

Dr. Miller began to look for his assistant, suffering tortures of conscience. He found him at last beneath an overturned sofa, frothing at the mouth and rigid with fear. He thought it best to remove him, for the time being, from any further molestation from the revenant by administering a powerful sedative. Then he called Smith.

"Smith, get out of here before it is too late. This thing—urged on by Ramsey or not—wants *me*."

"No, I think I'll stick it out."

"Leave here at once!"

"No! I'll stay!"

"Leave when—look at that!" Dr. Miller gripped Smith's arm. He pointed to a space in the air where a luminous point was moving, leaving a flickering fiery trail, spelling the word "One!" in *Ramsey's beautiful script!* Dr. Miller thought he heard a sound like the faint hiss of a snake. The writing flowed again:

"You, too, are going to feel the dread and agony of having your spirit torn loose from your body, as I felt it in the black room. I punish you not in the spirit of anger, but of retribution."

There was another faint hiss, icy, menacing. Dr. Miller turned to his assistant.

"Did you see that?"

But Richard Smith had perceived nothing.

After that, the two prowled the house together. Nothing happened for a long time—an hour, perhaps. Still the darkness, the ceaseless patter of rain, and occasional distant rumble of thunder. In the house, the two could feel some dangerous assailant lying in ambush for them, waiting to attack the instant they were off their guard. Their tense nerves felt it in ordinary draughts of wind, saw it in the empty blackness, sensed it about them—waiting for an opportunity to strike.

Without the least warning, Smith seized the Persian dagger from the mantel, and launched a savage blow at Dr. Miller. In doing so, however, he slipped on the waxed floor, and missed. Dr. Miller, who had been something of a boxer in his younger days, instinctively and effectively stretched him out before he could recover his balance. Again the air flickered and glowed, and a mocking figure two floated before the doctor's eyes.

Then, horrible doubts began to surge through his mind. He resolved to go to the unwitting source of power, young Norton, to see how he was after a drain of so much psychic

and physical energy, although the doctor knew the danger would be vastly greater there.

As he ascended the stairs in the darkness, he felt himself drawing near to some baleful, overpowering focus of evil. Although he felt the sinister influence increase, he could not retreat, since a display of fear might mean defeat. He continued on, into the meshes of the power. At length, he stood beside the boy's bed. The latter seemed absolutely unconscious. Dr. Miller took out his watch and bent over to feel the pulse. At the instant of contact, a bright, unclean violet phosphorescence climbed up his outstretched arm and quite paralyzed him. The horrible static radiation covered him from head to foot. With a mighty effort of will, he tried to release himself from its grasp, and imagined he was making some headway. Again he heard those peculiar moaning, whistling gasps of the subject of his fatal experiment.

In an instant, Dr. Miller felt his adversary change his tactics. He saw he was in the center of an infinitely great sphere, black in color, as the walls of the death-room in the laboratory, contracting on him with extreme rapidity. He felt a sharp pain inside his head. Then he realized that his opponent had launched his most powerful weapon—*terror!* Dr. Miller struggled for his reason, for his very soul, with a dread and ghastly fear. Sweat burst from every pore of his body, every muscle trembled in desperation. His mouth became dry, he was incapable of the slightest motion, he felt his intellect and reason slowly give way. Still he fought, vainly, without hope, at the force loosed upon him. Inch by inch he yielded, although he knew he was already doomed. He could no longer hear the terrible, mocking, sibilant sobs that filled the atmosphere. He fought on, perhaps more fiercely, by instinct alone, and still that powerful force of terror made its gains. Dr. Miller sank to the floor, very nearly spent in his efforts at resistance. He sensed a weakening of the force and

vaguely felt that some new torture was in store for him.

A luminous cloud emanated from the sleeping boy. Dr. Miller was unable to turn his gaze away from it. Slowly, the shape became more distinct, but the force still playing on Dr. Miller did not diminish. Then, suddenly, the shape came into clear focus. It was Martin Lang, Dr. Miller's dead friend! He was saved! Then, Charles Ramsey's mutilated face shone through the counterfeit presence. That ghastly wound took, much more than in life, the aspect of a ghastly, hellish laugh at some cosmic joke; and Dr. Miller could barely realize that *he* was connected to it in some unutterably horrible manner! To the torture of dread was added that of disappointment.

As the phantasm slowly vanished, Dr. Miller felt the other force return four-fold—no lingering now, the job was going to be finished quickly! He sensed terror beyond the depths of madness. A bright black line stretched across the room, there was a sense of tension in the air, as the final strand was about to snap. The luminous cloud had almost vanished.

A flash of hope spurred him on to a last supreme effort. Martin Lang had been his friend—perhaps he still could help! He tried to project a message into the Beyond with all the power of his despair. A mocking gasp was his only reward.

But was it? The cloud had begun a struggle to reform. It writhed and twisted in torture, and brighter internal flashes of light shone through it constantly, betraying the titanic struggle. Dr. Miller felt the tension become relieved, the awful force diminish. Scarcely comprehending, he watched. The half-solid, half-gaseous cloud again took shape, in the form of Martin Lang, with an expression of terrible wrath upon his face. This time, the doctor *knew* it was no sham. His friend had answered his desperate summons!

As the force ceased entirely, the doctor managed to

convey his thanks to the smiling, dissolving figure. The pitch blackness of the room gave place to a luminous grey as he staggered to his feet and looked out the window. Far off, on the horizon of the lake, Dr. Miller saw the first red edge of the rising sun.

H. F. B.

Exaltation

*If I were a star, from me
Your exalted beauty unfurled,
With the swift blue silence of light should flame
In the sky of another world.*

*But from me there can only be,
Though the cry in the soul is strong,
The holy silence of light replaced
With the grating beauty of song.*

*But still I must cry your praise
That your beauty come not too late
To the dark shores of other souls,
In the listening night where they wait.*

H. J. Nichol.

CORRESPONDENCE

The HAVERFORDIAN Solicits Correspondence from its Readers on any Topic of Literary Interest. Criticism of the HAVERFORDIAN Itself is Especially Invited.

“Why the Haverfordian?”

Mr. Editor:—The question whether Haverford should maintain a literary magazine year after year seems to me to be very easy. The answer is Yes. It is of the utmost importance to young men of any literary ability whatever, that they have an adequate medium of expression. Creative writing is to be encouraged, and it cannot be encouraged without the opportunity for some slight degree of publicity and recognition. The essay, story, or poem that is written but not published is still-born.

In general, undergraduates cannot compete with mature professionals in the field of creative writing. But they can compete with one another. Let the College see that their work is printed whenever it measures up to a certain standard of excellency; let the College see that whoever is most successful for three years in having his work accepted, is almost automatically elected to the board of editors. In most cases see that the editors (seniors) do not fill the magazine up with their own writings, or with the writings of faculty and alumni. Let editors edit, while the rest of the student body contributes—for the fun of the thing, for the practice, for the honor.

Who reads *THE HAVERFORDIAN*? We don't know or care.

Who pays for it? We all do, and we don't begrudge the money.

Edward D. Snyder.

To The Haverfordian:

I owe such an immense debt to *THE HAVERFORDIAN* that it would be sheer disloyalty not to show regard for it. I was connected with it throughout my entire college career and whatever literary success I have had is almost certainly due to my work on *THE HAVERFORDIAN*, where my literary interest had its birth.

The real question to ask, is not who reads *THE HAVERFORDIAN* from cover to cover, but who writes for it and finds through it the medium for the expression and development of his gifts and talents. If it gives scope and opportunity for men to form their literary tastes, and to try out and mould their style and creative power, it deserves recognition. A practice school is important in every field of creative activity.

I have, however, long wished that some plan of union could be devised by which the two Haverford publications could be unified and yet leave undiminished scope for the development of literary quality and creative power of good writing. Until that type of united effort is achieved, I shall continue to encourage *THE HAVERFORDIAN*.

Sincerely,

Rufus M. Jones.

BOOKS

RUDOLPH AND AMINA, or THE BLACK CROOK

Christopher Morley

WHEN the pot must be kept boiling, we prefer to have Morley boil it. "Rudolph and Amina" is an inconsequential little thing, but it's grand fun. It is, in fact, a trip to Hoboken with Haverford's most sought-after professor. Not many people had a chance to view "The Black Crook" with Christopher Morley by their side making wisecracks. Read the newly published account of Rudolph and his bravery on behalf of the lovely and virtuous Amina, and you will be able to forgive yourself for not having made the trip to Hoboken to see the show itself.

Strange as it may seem, the plot of this extravaganza is not much different from those of our own more popular musical comedy stage. Rudolph, a struggling and unappreciated young artist, loves the fair Amina. His rival is the benevolent though somewhat unscrupulous Count of the village who has become enamoured of Amina ever since the day he saw her bathing in the stream far below his mountain castle. While Rudolph is making a trip to town to sell a painting, the Count carries off the girl. But his dastardly plot to make her his wife is foiled by Rudolf who has made the acquaintance of some

amicably inclined fairies, and Amina marries Rudolph after all. Rudolph's paintings are introduced to the collecting world by Dr. Rosenbach of Walnut Street, Philadelphia, and he and his bride are assured of a financially comfortable future. Not so different, do you think, from the sort of thing we go to see today and enjoy, except perhaps, that we are not very generously inclined to the idea of fairies.

We suggest that it might be more thrifty these after-Christmas days to procure a copy of this superb bit of fooling than to pay the seventy-five dollars or so which Mr. Conway charges everyone for his theater tickets.

D. C.

DOCTOR SEROCOLD

Helen Ashton

THE blurb says that Helen Ashton had a medical training before she was married and that she wrote this novel in answer to her husband's assertion that a full book could not be written about a single day in a doctor's life. Probably what her husband meant, was that the personal experiences of a doctor for a day could not possibly last through an entire novel. In this sense he would be right for his wife has cleverly crooked the bet by delving into the private lives of the doctor's patients to round out the work. And it is done in a very natural way.

Doctor Serocold himself serves as a ribbon to tie these lives together. The hard grind of his own life and his disappointment in love give things a faintly tragic air. It seems to me that the triumph of the book is the masterly characterization. The easiest comparison is with J. B. Priestley. These people stand out quite definitely without

being at all exaggerated. And the writing *is* good. To me the most interesting passage is the scene in which Doctor Serocold performs a mastoid operation with a younger and defter surgeon standing at his elbow. This other doctor is the new man, the unpleasantly smart person secretly trying to oust the older physician who is as much a part of the village as the old church. Indeed one feels a current of revolt of the traditional and the picturesque in the village against the ugly if efficient paraphernalia of the new age. And the doctor is undoubtedly the fine type of the old English professional physician trying to keep his end up in a world of gas stations, airplanes and violet ray treatments.

THE RECTOR'S DAUGHTER

F. Mayor

DEDMAYNE is an insignificant village in the Eastern counties. There were no motor buses in the days of which I write, and Gayley, the nearest station, was six miles off."

You get the idea. Miss Mayor picks the deadest spot in England and then concentrates her attention on the deadest people in it and succeeds in thrilling us more than Edgar Wallace.

The stately, stiff and learned Canon Jocelyn and his curiously unfathomable daughter Mary, who is dowdy, spectacled and lovable, occupy most of the stage. Everybody feels sorry for them except themselves, and when things go from bad to worse, when Mary's invalid sister dies, when her lover marries the handsome Kathy, when her father dies, one is surprised and impressed to find the transparent fabric of her life still unrent. Brought up in a hard school she must not show outward traces of these emotional earthquakes.

Her case is rather different from Kathy's. Kathy is the coarse, rough aristocrat, whose slangy speech has a reek of the hunting field and whose heart is in the right place. Thought and deep feeling she avoids like the devil, and she would rather someone hit her in the face than pitied her. Mr. Herbert, the parson, has to choose between Mary and Kathy, and though Mary is more his kind he succumbs to Kathy's beauty.

The whole thing is done very well with considerable restraint and great ability. The first twenty pages might bore you but after that the sailing is smooth and you cannot fail to appreciate the kindness and artistry of this book.

Coward McCann (\$1.50).

BALLADS AND POEMS, 1915-1930

Stephen Vincent Benet

IT IS seldom that the reviewer has so pleasant a task as faces him in Mr. Benet's latest collection of verse.

To those who enjoyed *John Brown's Body* these shorter poems in much the same spirit, will be a delight. There is the same rhythm, at times rollicking, at others languorous. There is meaning behind the words, but the words themselves are often hypnotic. There is clever rhyme and beauty and dept of figure. The classic and the historic are dealt with in their own spirit; but their appearance is against a background of Americana—vivid, burning pictures—stretching from the mountains of Davy Crockett to Columbus Circle.

Among the most delightful of this collection of lyrics and narratives, *The First Vision of Helen*, *Carol: New Style*, *Minor Poet*, and *Lunch-time Along Broadway*, are of outstanding strength. The variety of versification ranges from such heady thoughts as

" . . . The mountains sighed,
Turning in sleep."

to the clever rhymes of the Ballad of King David:

"A close trim man, like a belt well-buckled,
A jealous gentleman, hard to cuckold."

and from 8.30 A. M. on 32nd Street, comes this gem:

"My breakfast in me, warm and staunch,
Your letter in my pocket,
The world's a coon that's climbed a branch
And I am David Crockett."

It is practically impossible to analyze Mr. Benet's manner. The changes are too many, the variations too dazzling. In *Alexander the VI Dines with the Cardinal of Capua*, it is comparatively easy to detect a reincarnation of Browning. Some of the descriptions of modern America might well claim origin with the Good Gray Poet. The sensuous pleasure of many lines recalls the throbbing music of Swinburne. But into all the poems Mr. Benet has injected a certain force which is original and has a definite nativeskill. Perhaps after all the twentieth century has produced a truly American poet.

Doubleday Doran (\$2.50).

L. A.

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The Haverfordian

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HAVERFORD, PA., MARCH, 1931

NO. 5

"*The Haverfordian*" is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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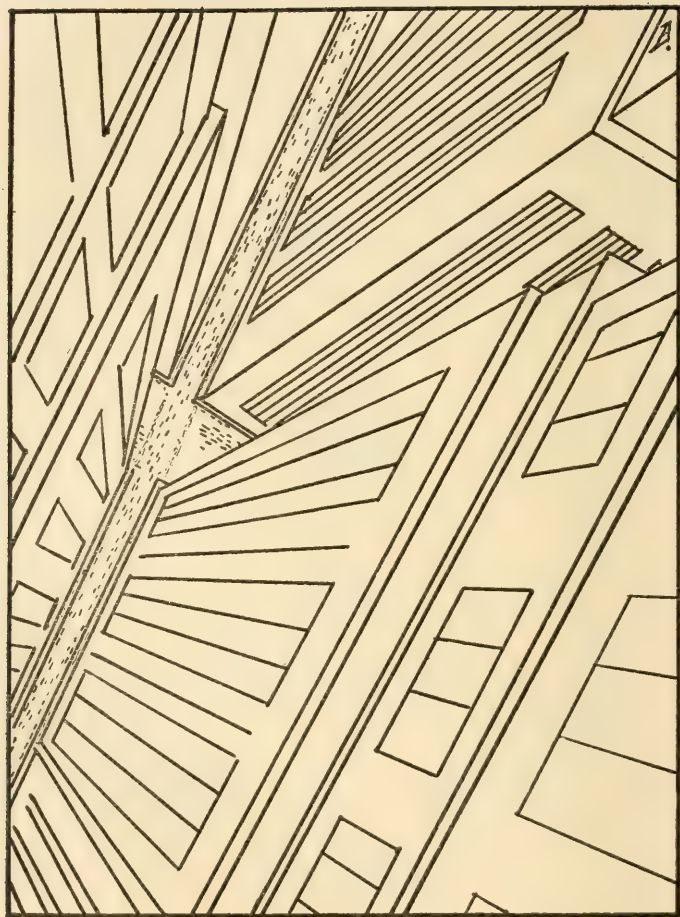
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Graduate

" . . . and in the lowest hell of all there is absolutely no pain."—Rufus M. Jones in a lecture.

I WOULD not expect you to remember Vic Coppinger if you had merely known him casually in college. He was a sub end for two seasons on the football team, he labored good-naturedly and ineffectively for the college weekly in his earlier days, and at the end of his junior year he wangled himself a cinch job on the class yearbook. And he was once, I think, class vice-president. That was all you could put down in black and white about his college record; and so far as the academic side went, you could only say that he majored in English and, being intelligent enough to pick his courses carefully, never had to worry about grades.

He came from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. Why Chambersburg, I'm sure I don't know except that most of the real society-and-sophistication fiends in college seem to come from small-to-middling towns and Bill Walker once described Chambersburg to me as that sort of town. Anyhow, Vic's activities certainly ran in the society-and-sophistication direction; I suppose it was mostly on the rebound from the Palace Motion Picture House and the Chambersburg First Methodist Church. He did rather well at it, too. He was a pleasant enough talker, and fond enough of reading and the theatre to have something to talk about besides next week's football game and what the farmer's daughter had said to the travelling salesman. You couldn't help cottoning up to Vic even though he didn't impress you much: he was the sort that no one staged blow-outs for but everyone liked to have come along. And I rather think Vic realized this; at any rate, he

used to boast of never having been stranded on a Saturday night without a date, and of never having turned down a plea to make a fourth at bridge. But I doubt if he ever made, even to himself, the equally admissible boast of being—as I say—about the best liked and least prominent man in his class.

Along about the middle of the April before he graduated Vic began worrying over what he was going to do when he got out; and suddenly one Monday night announced that, by God, he would be a newspaper reporter in New York City. This was funny for a while until it developed that Vic was really serious. Then it was merely annoying that he should still believe in Santa Claus. My theory is that old Ducky Jackson, who was giving a course in American Government that year, was originally responsible when he had everyone in his course compose a newspaper editorial on Prohibition. Vic didn't think much of Prohibition (not that he went in much for liquor, either) and accordingly worked off his grudge by being one of the half-dozen or so to write his own instead of snipping one from a back number of the *Philadelphia Record*. I never saw Vic's effort, though it couldn't have been so very bad because Vic really was one of the thirty or forty undergraduates in college who could write English so it wasn't absolutely painful to read: at any rate, Ducky was quite delighted, swore it was worthy of being printed in the *New York Times*, and asked Vic why he didn't go in for newspaper work when he graduated. This really didn't mean much, for Ducky was always uncovering embryo geniuses and mapping out their careers for them and changing his mind the next time he saw them; but Vic had no particular plans of his own and accepted the idea as a great inspiration. The starting-off-in-New York, though, was Vic's own fault. Even Jackson knew enough to advise him to get some experience out in the sticks first; but Vic had read enough O. O. McIntyre in his boyhood and enough of the *New Yorker's* Talk of the

Town department during his college days to insist on commencing in the metropolis itself. After all, he'd been there only three times in his life.

It was all arranged so beautifully. Bill Walker already had a job in New York, starting July, with the Telephone Company; and he and Vic were going to bunk together in a couple of rooms somewhere convenient enough to suit a reporter's hours; and with this much in common, each would then go his individual way. That was the way things were left at Commencement and it took almost till mid-summer for the development of the one and obvious flaw—that there weren't enough jobs for veteran reporters in New York, let alone young cubs from the colleges. I had a long letter from Bill in August pointing this out along with sundry observations that New York in the summer time was hotter than hell itself, that cheap and plentiful liquor was a great help, however, and that you didn't know what real work was till you got out of college and started working for the New York Telephone Company. He added that Vic had taken a job in a bank, "temporarily" at \$24.00 a week.

I did not see either of them until late in September. It was a Thursday night. I was leaving for Boston on the midnight, so we arranged to have dinner together and take in a show. We were to meet at the north end of the *Times* building. Vic was already there when I arrived. He looked well: he always had been a rather good-looking chap and New York had got him into wearing a solid blue shirt-and-tie combination which suited his wavy brownish hair very nicely. He carried a book under one arm. I sidled up to him in the crowd and squeezed his elbow.

"Hello, Vic. How are you?" I said, and we shook hands. It did not seem so sentimental to shake hands now as it had when we were still in college together.

"Art! Where've you been keeping yourself?" He put a little unnecessary swagger into it.

"Where's Bill?"

"God knows. He's got the bad habit of working late at the office these days. Damn grind."

"Well, *you* seem to get away from the bank pretty punctually," I said. "What's your job? What do you do?"

"What don't I do? This and that and the other. Call it sixty-fifth vice-president in charge of answering other people's phones."

"Given up the newspaper idea?"

"Hell no!"

I raised my eyebrows.

"What do you think I'm going to do—spend the rest of my life in a bank?"

"Any prospects?"

"Well, the Old Man wrote me a few days ago that he thought a friend of his could get me a job on a semi-weekly out home. But to hell with that racket. I'm going to stay in civilization. In a city this size something's bound to turn up."

He broke off abruptly and reached for his cigarettes. "Still smoke Camels?" He shifted the book to his other arm to hand them to me.

"Thanks," I said. "What's the book?"

"*The Sun Also Rises*. Ernest Hemingway. Damned fine."

"Oh," I said, "I'll have to read it some day."

"When does law school start?"

"Monday. But I have to see some people tomorrow."

I felt Bill grip my shoulder. "How are you, you lousy bum?" he said.

We shook hands. "How's the corrupt public utilities man?" I asked.

"Okay. But wishing his share of the corruption were bigger."

"Where do you want to eat?" inquired Vic.

"I don't care," I said. "Wherever you say."

"Well, what do you like? German, French, Wop, Hindu, Chinese?"

"I don't care. Wherever you say."

"Well, Dominick's wine is pretty cheap and it's not so far from here."

"Well, if you want to. I don't care."

"Hell," said Bill, "quite fussing around and come on down to the Village. Dominick's red is terrible."

"All right," I said. "It doesn't matter to me."

"Dominick's would have been better," Vic grumbled as he followed us into the subway.

We took an express to Fourteenth Street and changed to a local to ride one stop further to Sheridan Square. Vic led the way across Seventh Avenue, around three corners and into one of these basement-and-garden affairs. He seemed very proud of knowing the ropes. Bill had a Martini before dinner and a little rye afterwards; Vic and I shared a quart of white with our meal. Most of the dinner, conversationally, was taken up by Bill and Vic speaking on the general theme of Life in the Big City. First, Bill told three new stories that he'd added to his repertory since the end of college. They were really pretty funny and my appreciation seemed to encourage him to go on to the one about the actor addicted to Spoonerisms that I'd told him last spring. Then, when I'd stopped this, Vic started telling me about the eccentricities of their landlady, until Bill stopped him. After that we argued a while about what show to see.

"Well, let's go up to Joe LeBlang's and see what's up on the cut-rates," Vic said finally.

"Wait till Bill finishes his whiskey. It's only seven-thirty anyway."

"How he can drink that stuff when there's good wine to be had, I can't see. It's almost as bad as gin."

"Well, you're just one of these damn gentleman drinkers," Bill offered in defense. "The purpose of drinking is to get drunk. If you pay seventy-five cents and

drink half a bottle of wine to get the same kick I get out of four bits worth of rye, you're just getting cozened, that's all."

"The word 'cozened' is the one thing Bill retains out of a full year's course in the Elizabethan drama," Vic observed.

"One thing more than plenty of guys do," I said. "Come on, Bill, drink your whiskey and let's get out of here."

We walked over to Washington Square and took the bus up town to kill time. Downstairs at Joe LeBlang's we had the argument about the show all over again.

"What the hell," said Vic. "Let's go to *Topaze*. Benchley gave it a pretty fair review in the *New Yorker*, I think."

Bill looked at the board. "A dollar-fifty seat for seventy-five cents. Well, by God, let's try it. Can't go far wrong for seventy-five cents."

"I don't care," I said. "Whichever you say."

We went to *Topaze* and argued between the acts on the comparative good looks of the two chief women in the piece. It wasn't a bad play; I was glad we'd chosen it. I said so as we left.

"If only it didn't follow the stock formula of a Buster Keaton comedy," said Vic. "An utter and amusing idiot for six reels turns absolute and unbearable genius in the sixth."

"Hell," put in Bill, "what in God's creation do you want for six bits?"

"Well, how about a few seidles of beer, for one thing," I suggested.

We went to a speakeasy on Forty-sixth Street and had a couple of beers apiece while Vic told me how he and Bill had found the place by trailing a cop into it one Saturday night.

"It was a good find," I offered.

"Always trust a cop's judgment," said Bill. "Got a nose for good liquor a mile off."

"Well, shall we have another?" asked Vic, "or shall we leave now?"

"I don't care. Whichever you say."

We nodded good-night to the bartender and left. We paused for a moment by the curb outside. "Come on, Art," Vic suggested, "come on over to Dominick's with me. I want to show you a new drink."

"Hell," said Bill, "one of those damned black *puncinos*, I'll bet. The lousiest drink that God ever made."

"It isn't. It's a damned good one."

"Hell," said Bill, "you only like it because most people don't even know what it is, and that makes you feel sophisticated."

"Well," and he shrugged his shoulders, "give Art a chance to try for himself. The night's still young, anyway."

"It's not Saturday night, though. I've got to get to work tomorrow."

"Damn grind. I suppose you're actually interested in the office. I'll bet you even take it seriously."

"Well, anyway," I said, "I've got to get that twelve-thirty train. Why don't you boys walk me over to Grand Central?"

"Hell yes," said Bill.

We walked over Forty-Sixth Street to Fifth Avenue and then over Forty-Third to the station. I had twenty minutes to spare, so we smoked a final cigarette together by the gate on the lower level.

"Well, so long," I said, tossing away the butt and fishing out my ticket. "See you Thanksgiving."

"All right, damn you," said Bill, "we'll look for you Thanksgiving."

"So long, Art," said Vic, "I'll see you Thanksgiving."

As a matter of fact, I saw a good bit of both of them at Thanksgiving. A New York girl I knew at Wellesley was having a couple of midwestern classmates home with her

over the holiday and she invited Bill and Vic and me to Thanksgiving dinner to supply them all with dates. I arranged with Bill for him to get us six seats for the Columbia-Syracuse football game that afternoon; the evening I left to be filled impromptu. It was not a very good game. As usual Columbia got beaten rather badly; I forget the exact score. We didn't make a very gay party of it, on the whole: the girls didn't know any too much about the sport, I found the weather too cold to enjoy mediocre football, and Bill was always of necessity a bit reserved when women were along. Vic, though, was in high spirits: I think it was the first football game he'd seen since he'd graduated. But he seemed interested chiefly in reminiscence—which wasn't so entertaining when half the party couldn't reminisce with him.

"Remember the Amherst game last year?" he remarked when Syracuse made its first touchdown. "I never hope to see a better game than that."

"I liked the one the week after it better—wasn't that the one when you caught a forward for our last touchdown?" I said, anxious to give him a puff with the women.

"No, that was the Hopkins game. But the Amherst game was better. Much better game than this one."

"Oh, *I* think this game's just adorable!" put in the blonde one of May's friends—I never could remember her name.

"You should have seen our team," Vic replied. "That was one sweet team. And no hired athletes, either. Damn few colleges you could say that for."

He started to rehash the Amherst game in detail, but Bill managed to change the subject. Then May's friend from Chicago—the brunette—began telling us about the Army-Navy game of four years ago, until Columbia brought us all to our feet and stopped conversation by making ten yards all on one play. And after that Vic and May discovered that they had a very distant mutual

friend in Baltimore; which helped considerably to ease the terrible tedium which always comes in the fourth quarter when one team is hopelessly behind. I was glad when the game was over.

We took the women down to May's apartment and held a hasty conference by ourselves in the cloak-room. "We've got to take 'em somewhere after dinner," I said. "But God knows where. Any place you can dance costs too damned much on a night like this."

"Theatre?" Vic suggested.

"Cost just as damn much," said Bill.

"There are some good plays running, though."

"How much cash have you got?" demanded Bill.

"About three-fifty."

"And I have just ten. That settles that."

"Yes, but what *are* we going to do, anyhow?" I asked

"Ah—an inspiration," said Vic. "The marionettes."

"Damn it, no!" said Bill. "Never again while I'm conscious."

"Don't be an ass, Bill, even if they do bore you. A couple of bucks for some dago red beforehand, two bits apiece at the theatre, subway fares—and there's the whole evening for you. *Plus* a reputation for extreme sophistication."

"You win," said Bill finally. "Can't spend an evening any cheaper than that."

"It's all right with me," I said. "Come on, they're waiting for us in the living room."

I spent most of the dinner in conversation with Mr. Pearce. He recalled the fact that Columbia had done much better in the days of Pease and Walter Koppisch. I gave, upon request, a brief outline of my courses at law school, and estimated for him the total number of students there. And we both agreed that traffic conditions in New York were getting to be something frightful. I didn't notice particularly how the others got on, except that Vic made

quite a hit with May by dint of retailing, in somewhat romanticized versions, the stories of the Amherst victory celebration and the murder hoax and of how he and Dick Lambert had swiped the Dean's car on Hallowe'en back in sophomore year. It all led up very nicely to the suggestion, after dinner, that we see life in the raw and all that, by going to the marionettes.

Coming out of the Canal Street subway station, Vic halted the procession. "You may not realize it," he announced solemnly, "but today is not only Thanksgiving but also the most holy feast day of St. Sylvester."

"Who?" said Bill.

"Don't be dumb. Haven't you ever heard of the Sylvester Method of Resuscitation? What a rotten Boy Scout you must have been." The brunette from Chicago tittered. "And where would we all be without resuscitation, I ask you? Yes, kiddies, we all owe a great debt of gratitude to St. Sylvester. Let us pay the debt. Let us resuscitate ourselves in his honor. Let us crack a couple of bottles of wine to the greater glory of St. Sylvester. There's a resuscitation parlor right around the corner in the next block." Vic, by dint of three cups of coffee after dinner and general evening exaltation, was already beyond the need of resuscitation himself.

Right around the corner in the next block there were, in fact, a whole row of resuscitation parlors. Vic led us down the row till he spotted Italo Suzi's and then we all clambered down the steep steps into the place, Bill bumping his head and swearing fervently under his breath as usual. The eternal card game in the far corner stopped for a minute to look at us and Italo smiled all over and greeted Vic like an old friend, things which impressed May and the brunette from Chicago greatly. But Italo always greeted anybody like that.

They put two tables together for us and we had some bread and cheese and a couple of bottles of the white wine

which Italo insisted on calling Sauterne, and Vic arose with great gravity to propose a toast "*ad maiorem gloriam Sancti Sylvestris*." You needed a strong religious pretext for drinking it; it was that sort of wine. But it was undeniably resuscitating: even May's blonde friend, who had been a bit sour before, from a probable hankering to see a New York night club, was revived enough to be agreeable by the time we left. And at the marionette theatre, further up Mulberry Street, our particular degree of resuscitation proved to be just the right one for declaring the marionettes to be a great form of dramatic art. A declaration which brought us into the expansive good will of the proprietor when we went backstage after the show. Which, in turn, further impressed the women. Altogether a most successful evening.

Back in Bill and Vic's ramshackle rooms on Brooklyn Heights, we got out the jug of red wine, lighted cigarettes, and sat looking across the River at the lights of Lower Manhattan.

"Damned fine view," I said.

"Italo's wine was God-awful," said Bill, "but you had the women kidded into liking it, Vic. It and everything else you trotted out."

"Damn it, Bill," Vic said, "I did enjoy seeing a football game again. We should have gone down to a game or two at college this fall." His gay mood had collapsed entirely; and the silence that followed this remark was a bit painful.

"With a view like this," I offered, "you chaps are soon going to get bounced out of here for a damned skyscraper apartment to be put up."

"I wonder," said Vic, "what the old place looks like this year. I hear they've enlarged the grandstand. Remember the time freshman year when one of the sophs nearly started us tearing the old one to pieces for a bonfire."

"I don't see why your landlord doesn't up the rent on

you as it is," I plodded on. "People don't usually get a view like this for nothing."

"What?" Vic asked. "Oh, yes—it'd be all right enough if it only had some green in it, like the one from my bedroom window at college. Rather have that view any day than this one."

"Shut up," said Bill. "You haven't had enough liquor to be getting sentimental yet."

"But damn it, Bill," Vic said, "we did have a good time back in college. Remember the time Dick Lambert and I got jugged for swiping For Sale signs for the bonfire?"

"Yes," said Bill, "but don't tell me about it again. Can't go to college all your life, anyhow."

"Well, I wish to God I were back there now. Remember the time—"

"Hadn't we better be turning in?" I interrupted, "seeing's you boys have to work tomorrow. If we pull this all-night bull-session stuff the way we used to in college, you chaps'll only feel damned low at the office in the morning."

"You're damn well right," put in Bill. "Low enough to slide under a snake's belly. Can't swing these wild collegiate stunts and a job at the same time."

"Well, and who cares about the damn job?" Vic said.

"Well, anyhow," I said, "if I'm scheduled to get up and have breakfast with you boys in the morning, *I'm* going to bed now."

"Spoken like one of Jesus' Little Gentlemen!" Bill declaimed. "Bedtime for us, too, Vic."

"Oh, all right," said Vic. "But damn it, Art, we *did* have a good time back in college. I wish I were there now."

We were already a bit late, Bill told us when he wakened us the next morning, and we had to hump ourselves accordingly. We cursed perfunctorily and hustled into our clothes with grim determination. "Like trying to make an eight-thirty class when you've slept through breakfast," Vic remarked.

"Yes," said Bill, "but get on your horse. Art and I are ready to go." We clattered downstairs, went down the street at a breathless walk, dodged around a corner, went on a little further and dived into the bowels of the St. George Hotel to the subway station. A train was just pulling up at the platform. We put on a final burst of speed through the turnstiles and joined the charge against the seemingly solid wall of bodies presented when the doors opened. It gave, as I suppose it always did, and one by one we jammed our way on. "Keep shoving," muttered Bill behind me. "The rest of these bozos can stay behind on the platform; but we've simply got to get on this damned train. Not enough time to wait for the next one."

I settled myself in my little square foot of floor space and wished the air weren't so hot and muggy. The car bobbed and swayed as we gathered speed, and I cursed it fervently under my breath. My stomach was a trifle queasy. "Now if these people were only packed just a wee bit closer," Vic wiggled his head around to remark, "I could risk a few winks of sleep standing up. God knows I need it." There was a sudden lurch and the mass of humanity swung like a pendulum from the door on one side to that on the other. Vic lost his balance and fell back on me; and I bumped into, and bounced off of, the pot-belly of the man behind me. It wasn't so bad when you were halfway between doors: the tangled shoulders and stomachs made tolerably good cushions.

The brakes ground and the train jolted to a halt. The doors hissed open. We rushed to be first out and up the stairs before the rest of the crowd. "Your watch must have been fast, Bill," said Vic, catching sight of a jeweller's clock as we emerged on the street. "Twenty minutes for rolls and coffee and a dash to the office. Then I can relax and come back to full consciousness gradually, as the morning progresses." We ducked into a little basement coffee shop and gulped down a ten-minute breakfast, Bill and Vic discuss-

ing, between mouthfuls, what they were going to do that night and Saturday. Coming up onto the street again, we almost ran into someone who looked vaguely familiar. It was Jowett Peterson, who had been one of the class grinds and, except on the night before an economics exam, a complete nonentity. I doubt if any of us had ever done more than nod to him since freshman year.

Vic reached out and nabbed him and pumped his hand. "Why, hello there, Pete! What are you doing these days?"

"I have a job in a bank," said Peterson. "How are you?"

"Why so've I," said Vic. "We must have lunch together some day. Where're you located?"

"Sorry to interrupt, damn it," Bill broke in, "but I've got to move along. Got further to walk to the office than Vic has. Glad to have seen you, Pete. I guess we'll run into each other some time again."

"I'm going in Bill's direction, too," I said. "So long, Vic. Glad to've seen you again, Pete."

"Vic's getting to be a regular damned alumni-secretary these days," Bill complained to me as we walked away. "Any frowsy old bum's your pal so long as he went to the same college you did."

"Yes—Peterson always was a sort of queer cold fish, wasn't he?"

"God yes. Cold as a nun's embrace. I'd freeze my feet off if I ever had lunch with him. Besides, I eat in the Company dining room anyway. A hell of a lot cheaper than any place else, and with the salary deductions every week for the Company stock I'm buying, I've got to pinch pennies somewhere. It's a damned good investment, though."

He started telling me about his job, and in the middle of this we arrived at the Telephone Building. I walked through the arcade with him to his elevator. "Well, I leave you here," Bill said. "Will I see you again before Christmas?"

"I'm afraid not. But we'll have to stage some sort of blow-out then."

"Okay. Well, damn you, good-bye till then."

"So long, Bill." And we shook hands.

I walked on over to the other side of West Street, took a ferry across the River, and got a train home.

It was the Saturday before Christmas when I saw them again, and there was rather too much of the atmosphere of crowds-and-last-minute-shopping about for the occasion to be an ideal one. Vic swore that he absolutely had to get a book for his sister at Macy's and Bill and I tagged along, dividing our wrath between him and large matrons who brought the whole family shopping with them. By firmness and determination we dragged him away from an extended browsing amongst the new books, and went to get theatre tickets. There were no shows up on the cut-rates that looked promising, so we decided to eat first and take our chances on a movie afterwards. A movie was a great thing, Vic said, to rest your mind and make you forget your job and leave you able to enjoy the rest of the week-end. A medicinal tonic for banking-hangover. He insisted we go up to the place he called Dominick's to dine; though God knows just why, for he seemed to have forgotten his former anxiety to introduce me to a black punccino. I did not remind him of it. The place was too crowded and hot for comfort, but we spent some two hours over dinner, drinks, and conversation, nevertheless. Bill told me that he was having to work harder than hell, but that it was a good job and he was due for a raise in another month. Vic told me Dick Lambert had just made his first solo flight at his flying school out in California, and that that was a real job for you. Bill maintained it was a blind-alley career for a college man, and he and Vic argued it out until I thought we had better be leaving. We wandered around for a while, standing in at a Salvation Army meeting, and bickering over what picture to see; and then the

one we did choose turned out pretty awful and we got there in the middle of it, at that. We emerged on the street again about ten-thirty, generally dissatisfied.

"Nothing to do," said Bill, "but go home and get drunk. Haven't been good and drunk for quite a while, anyhow."

"I don't mind," I said. "Whatever you say."

I think Vic must have been partly tight to start with. All evening he'd been rather quieter than usual, but we'd hardly got settled around the table and had a couple of highballs apiece when he turned talkative all at once. Bill was telling me about the price war going on in the local bootlegging industry and what a piece of luck it was for hardworking telephone company employees. "You know, the best thing about that damned view," Vic broke in suddenly, waving his glass toward the window, "is the River. It takes you to some place else. You could take a boat and go put-putting up or down it, and keep on and on to no place in particular, just for the fun of going and of getting away from here.

"Oh my God!" said Bill to me. "Vic's in one of his sentimental moods again."

"Oh," said Vic, orating, "mere effect of environment. In New York there are only two states to the communal soul—hardboiled or maudlinly sentimental, and everyone is forever rushing to one of these two extremes for escape from the other. That's why the bootleg industry's so popular. Getting drunk rescues you from the hardboiled feeling and makes you not mind being sentimental."

"Well, in Rome," Bill said, finishing his highball and grinning, "do as the Romans do."

"Oh yes," said Vic, "we play at being big and bad and hardboiled, too, but what does it all come to? We call half-a-dozen bartenders by their first names and know where gin is cheapest and never get lost on the subways; but what do we get out of it after the novelty has worn off? What point is there in it? What does it end up in?"

"A big week-end," I suggested to fill the pause.

"Oh, of course. And one big week-end's just like another. We go to a show and get glorified the same way every Saturday night, and come home and talk the same drunken drivel, and sleep it off every Sunday, and plod back to the office in the same dull way on Monday. Could it be any more monotonous if we tumbled on milk-shakes and spent Sunday in the First Methodist Church?"

"Hell," said Bill, "what is this—another Salvation Army meeting, or a sermon by an Iowa preacher against the Modern Babylon?"

"Don't be an ass, Bill. I'm not yelling about New York's being wicked—only stupid. People rushing at top speed to get nowhere and keeping hustling both for sheer lack of the imagination to do anything else." He reached across the table for the gin bottle.

"Thought you didn't like gin," I remarked.

"Hell," Vic said, "you're still a college boy: you think drinking's an amusement. I don't like gin any better than I ever did, but it helps you to forget the banking business and to stand this damned city without going crazy. Dutch courage. Artificial guts."

"For God's sake," put in Bill, "don't get so damn melodramatic. New York has its points."

"Oh, it's all right enough for you, damn you," said Vic. "You're satisfied to live in the New York manner—not care a damn *what* you do during working hours, only do it damn well and forget about it right afterwards. Know just how much you can afford to spend on blow-outs and not spend any more—have 'em all plotted out in advance on a budget sheet. Go in for continuous efficiency and not get tired of it. Be hardboiled and like it. Talk in bright snappy bromides. And always feel that you're horribly up-to-date. Splendid!"

"What you need," Bill wedged in, "is another drink. It'll sober you up."

Vic had one and went on. "I'm not built that way, by God. I want to feel there's some point in what I'm doing. I want to be interested in my job. It's a damn sight better to be in Skunk Creek, Iowa, at the job you like than to be in New York doing work you despise."

"Nevertheless," I said, "New York has its points."

"Well, by God," said Vic, "I *am* going to clear out. Get that friend of the Old Man's pulling wires for me again out home. Then give my two weeks' notice at the office. Go back to dear old Chambersburg in a blaze of glory and gossip. 'Local boy flops in the Big City and comes home to momma.' Whoopee!" He waved his glass vaguely in my direction and waggled his head toward Bill, then drained the glass and smacked it down on the table so hard that it broke. "Damn sight better than staying here, though," he said.

"Oh, damn!" said Bill to me, "he's going to pass out. He always does after he starts waggling his head like that. We'll have to be putting him to bed in a few minutes."

"Well, we might as well have another drink first," I commented.

"Damn good idea," said Bill. "It'll sober us up."

We had our drink and corked the bottle and cleared up the pieces of the broken glass, and then made Vic go to bed. He put up no fuss. Afterwards we went out for an hour or so to walk our own jag off.

"Vic sure did have a case of drunkard's repentance," I said to Bill coming back. "Sounded like a revival meeting."

"No, damn it, Art," Bill said, "I think he really meant most of it. And I'm not so sure he isn't right."

"The back-to-the-old-homestead part, you mean?"

"Yes, by God. And he was right about me, too. I like New York and I'm interested in getting on in the telephone business. But Vic's different. Can't adapt himself, as the sociologists have it. He's just marking time at

his job and not proving a damn thing staying in New York. He'd be a hell of a lot better off if he did go home. Not a chance in Christ's Kingdom of his getting a newspaper job here."

"Pretty tough on you, though, if he did. Leave you sort of stranded."

"Not so tragic. Damned little pleasure in living with a psycopathic case."

"Yes, I guess you're right," I said.

We walked on back to the apartment, saw that Vic was sleeping heavily and set about turning in ourselves. "Any time after eleven that you wake up tomorrow," I yawned, "for God's sake rout me out too. I want to catch an early afternoon train."

"Okay. Same time for me, if you wake first," said Bill. "Stomach all right?"

"Sure," I said. "Good-night."

I was first up in the morning and Bill wasn't much later. We dressed leisurely and went out to the drugstore in the next block to breakfast on sandwiches and milkshakes and bring some back for Vic. Vic didn't finally wake up till some time after we returned. I was just leaving.

"Wait a minute," Bill said, "Vic's coming to at last. How the hell do you feel, Vic?"

"Oh, I feel all right now, thanks," Vic said. "Funny the way I seemed to go off all at once last night. But I do that, you know. Felt clear as a bell up to the moment I seem to remember the damned glass breaking in my hand. After that it's all muddle."

"Well, pardon me," I interrupted, "if I seem to go off all at once now—otherwise I'll miss my train."

"What the hell?" Vic asked, "is it that late already? Damn! But I say, Art, will you be stopping in after New Year's on your way back?"

"I'm afraid not till spring vacation," I said.

"Oh. Well, I don't know just when I *will* see you again.

Drop me a line out home sometime. And I'll write you about my job, too."

"Sure," I said. "Well, lots of luck, Vic, and Merry Christmas." We shook hands. "So long, Bill, and Happy New Year—don't celebrate it too hard." I shook hands again and departed.

It turned out, though, that neither Vic nor I kept our promise about writing; and the next time I saw him it was by sheer coincidence. It was in the early part of spring vacation and I had a dinner invitation again to May Pearce's in New York, and after dinner she suggested that we go down to Greenwich Village some place and dance. We ended up at the County Fair. We were sitting at a table, lighting cigarettes and agreeing that that last piece the orchestra had played was a damned good one, when I felt someone clap me on the shoulder. It was Bill. Vic was just behind him.

"Well, you bum," Bill said, "why didn't you write me you were going to be in New York?"

"Dated up," I said, nodding towards May who had started talking to Vic. "Anyhow, I did try to get you on the phone just before dinner. But you weren't there."

"I know. I haven't been over to Brooklyn since this morning. All-evening party over here in the Village—Vic dragged me along. The rest of the damn mob's over there in the corner."

Vic broke off conversation with May and came around to shake hands. "Hello, Art. How's the price of whiskey in Boston?"

"Hello, Vic," I said. "Thought you were going to clear out."

"Oh, well—what the hell? Got a two-dollar-a-week raise at the office and—oh yes, what do you think? Found a place up in the Bronx where you can get gin for only a buck a pint! Put 'em together and think what that figures out to."

"Well," I said, getting a whiff of his breath, "you seem to be making full use of your opportunities. What's the brawl on tonight? Big anniversary or something?"

"Sure, you irreligious so-and-so. Don't you know it's the feast day of that grand old Father of the Church, St. Isidore? Have to do something towards his greater glory."

"Oh—pooh!" May broke in, laughing appreciatively. "Don't go asking us to believe in fictitious saints again."

"Oh," Vic gasped pleasantly, with that bright and brittle smile of his, "so young and innocent, and yet so blasphemous! Look him up in the calendar yourself, dear sister, and then pray to the good St. Isidore for forgiveness. A most holy and blessed man. The Pope's pawnbroker and patron saint of hock-shop uncles ever since. Hocked my own watch to his greater glory this afternoon so I could glorify him more acceptably tonight." He produced a gin bottle. "Will you repent, dear sister, and glorify a little with me now?"

We all glorified a little. "How about another?" Vic asked. "Nothing like getting really glorified."

"Oh, no," May said, "I think I'd rather dance instead. If Art doesn't mind."

"Not at all," I said, and they went off.

"Vic sure has a hell of a jag on for the middle of the week," I said to Bill.

"Nothing so damned unusual," Bill said.

"Just the big banker's nightly relaxation, eh?"

Bill grinned.

"What amuses me, though," I said, "is the way he's changed his mind about banking generally and decided to stick to it now that he's making good."

"Hell," said Bill, "where'd you get that idea? He's not making good at it. All that was raise meant was that he'd been with the Company six months—he might get fired next week or go on plugging away at about the same salary

for the rest of his life. He's not proving any more at it now than he ever was."

"Oh. Well, I'm glad I'm not going home with him, then, to be around when this happiness wears off."

"Oh," said Bill, "don't worry about that. That, by God, is something which *is* different now. No sentimentalizing and cursing the Fates and all that stuff any more. He just takes a couple more drinks and goes to bed. Adapting himself, you know."

The music stopped abruptly and Vic and May came hurrying back to the table. Both of them had radiant hey-hey-happy expressions on their faces. "Clearing the track for the great Kiddie-Kar Derby," Vic announced. "I'm entering. For God, for country, and the greater glory of St. Isidore. Must pour a libation first." He reached for the gin bottle he had left upon the table.

"Take it easy, Vic," Bill said. "It's a long time till Sunday."

"Oh, tut-tut! In the historic words of St. Isidore, 'What the hell!'"

He had his drink and dashed off for the Derby. May sat down at the table between Bill and me. "Oh! look at him over there," she said pointing. "Isn't he too amusing?" She turned to us and laughed admiringly. "You know, Art, what I like about Vic is that he doesn't give a damn."

Bill looked across the table at me; I looked back at Bill. We both smiled wanly.

"No," said Bill slowly, "he doesn't."

J. W. Martin.

AUBE

*La nuit s'en fuit,
Le jour commence;
Et fini, oui,
Est l'alliance
De mon esprit
Avec le sien.
Ah, quel dépit
En est le mien!
A Saint-Antoine.
J'allume un cierge;
Oh, s'il était moine,—
Et j'étais vierge!*

J. M. De G.

A Valentine

*Just a silly little rhyme, my dear,
RElating things I gravely fear
HaVe been repeated year by year
ThrOUGH centuries or more
By yoUthful lovers of the past
Who wiShed their energies were massed
To tell A lady first and last
That she Is heaven's door.*

*So while I'M working on this rhyme
I think I'd bETter take the time
And say at onCe it isn't mine,
As you've a rigHt to know.
A man whose namE is known to fame
Has rights with REason all the same;
I know you recognIze his name,
It's Edgar Allan PoE.*

J. Hoag.

Blood Will Tell

I

THEY buried an era the day that Roger Marston discovered his ancestors. "The Queen is dead. Long live the King!" Amidst muffled drums and the bowed head of respectability, Victoria, *D. G. Regina, Fidei Defensor*, rolled in decent state to Westminster in an eminently proper oblong box draped with a Union Jack and reposing on a military caisson . . .

"What rot!" thought young Marston as he turned into the Strand from Whitehall and was forced to stand bare-headed in the crowd while the mournful procession wound through Trafalgar Square. This silly delay would make him late to the office, and all for a fat old lady whose life, they said, since that German fellow—what's his name?—had died, had been nothing but a long convulsive sob. She was quite probably a dear old soul but what earthly use did anyone have for kings and queens anyway? The time was not far off when the youth of the world would rise and cast aside such costly playthings. What the world needed was a great brotherhood of man with her wealth and resources evenly divided. Then there would no longer be class hatred, envy, and strife and the age of true good and usefulness would at last appear; Mill had certainly put it rather neatly when he said that the greatest good for the greatest number of humanity was the true purpose of living. The cortege was nearly past now. The clatter of horses' hoofs roused Marston from his brief reverie; a company of Life Guards was bringing up the rear of the procession. The crowd had already begun to move about its business. With an effort Roger came to himself enough to press his way across the Square, past the Charing Cross

Station, and into the Strand. His mind was still occupied with the vision of a new and finer England where everyone should divide the Riches of the Indies with justice and equity. But the shades below which guide the destinies of man must have been in a jesting mood, for as he hastened along the Strand, something prompted Roger Marston to cross the street and enter the new Hotel Cecil. He thought that he only wanted to buy a few smokes—and so he did—but when he left the hotel a few minutes later, the whole course of his life had been changed—Roger Marston had become conscious of his ancestors.

It was the old, old story of a fair lady in distress. Perhaps the same fate that made Roger cross the street, caused the Lady Anne Trenchard, second daughter of the Earl of Ilfracombe, to slip and fall most unceremoniously into Roger's arms as he was passing her carriage in the hotel court. Of course, she sprained her ankle, and Roger had immediately taken charge of the situation. He and the groom had carried her into the hotel lounge to a soft couch, and with the help of an obsequious manager he had finally procured a physician. When it was all over, and the dainty feminine leg had been at length bandaged and set at ease, Roger was summoned to the couch with an imperious wave of my lady's little hand.

"You have been most awfully kind, and I'm greatly in your debt. I'm sure that father would be glad to have you call at Ilfracombe House on Berkeley Square. He will want to meet you, I know. You *are* a gentleman, of course?"

He had managed to stammer some sort of an affirmative and the interview had been terminated by the doctor who insisted that her ladyship try to get a little sleep.

It lasted only twenty-five minutes. Back in the street, Roger found himself repeating the Lady Anne's words over and over again. "You *are* a gentleman, of course?" Yes. He supposed he was. But really, now that he came

to think of it, he wasn't so sure. To be a gentleman was to have a "gentle" background—public school, one or other of *the* universities, the army, the navy, *the* Church, the law, and above all, *gentle blood*. That was about all. If you didn't fit into one of these categories, you simply weren't a gentleman. He thought of his own life. The sickly and monotonous London suburb, his father's apothecary shop, the dreary years at the Board School, his one year at the University of London by dint of much pinching and skimping at home, the death, almost simultaneously, of both his parents when he was nineteen, and finally, the last eight years of shifting for himself as an accountant's assistant in a dingy Wapping steamship office. How could *he* claim to be a "gentleman"? Why he didn't even know who his great-grandfather was. But perhaps his ancestors were of gentle blood and had lost their substance in the various revolutions of the past two centuries. He was almost to Fleet Street when an idea struck him. The Royal College of Arms and Heraldry was just around the corner on King William Street. He would step around and see what it could tell him.

* * *

On the afternoon of December 8th, 1901, Roger Marston descended the steps of the Royal College of Arms. "Descended" is hardly the exact word, for he took the gray granite blocks three at a time and went skipping off down King William Street at such an undignified pace that two elderly maiden ladies, a messenger boy, and a portly archdeacon stopped dead in their tracks and turned to stare after him. Let them stare, thought Roger. The poor creatures would never know what it meant to find the treasure of El Dorado beneath their very own door-mats! As he strode along, he patted his breast to see if it was still there—his passport to Ultima Thule. With difficulty he restrained an insane and foolish desire to pinch himself. No, he wasn't dreaming. The Royal College of Arms and

Heraldry, in the person of Lt. Colonel Hugh C. Benson, D.S.O., Chief Halberd of that institution, had actually handed him his family history in the form of the large parchment document he now carried next to his heart.

Back in his Hammersmith lodgings, he took out the official-looking document and laid it reverently on his rickety little writing table. It was nothing if not impressive. A great seal in the upper right-hand corner and the words "*Pedigree of Marston*" inscribed in Gothic lettering across the front, combined to give the general appearance of a state document at least as important as the Bill of Rights or the Magna Charta. It had cost £100, half of his savings, but Marston didn't mind. He was positive that he would not have exchanged his yellow parchment for anything short of the Crown Jewels of England. He broke the seals and opened the document. Inside were endless names—the account of all the marryings and begettings of the Marston family since the reign of the sixth Henry. An array quite as imposing, Roger thought, in the space it occupied and the number of connecting red lines which its various relationships involved, as any of the royal genealogies he had seen in his history books at the Board School.

The Marstons, it appeared, had been a family of no little importance in the moulding of the British Commonwealth. Marstons had fought beside Henry of Tudor at Bosworth Field. A Marston had been majesty's standard bearer at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Marstons had matriculated prolifically at both universities and had served the Law and the Church with equal distinction. A Marston had fought bravely and well against Spain and wily Philip, and for his services had been rewarded with the accolade by his queen. Sir Peregrine Marston of Belchamp St. Pauls, County Essex, had even begun to quarter his arms. There they were, at the end of the document—a crest, a scroll, even a Latin motto—"IN DOMINO CONFIDO".

Roger smiled. And the Lady Anne Trenchard had asked him if he were a gentleman! *A gentleman?* Why the finest blood in England flowed in his veins and he was—a shipping clerk. *He*—the descendent of Sir Peregrine, of the great Hugh Marston who had fought at Bosworth! He looked about the bare little room. And this was his ancestral domain! He sank down on his old iron cot and gazed despondently out the window. In front of him a vast jungle of chimney pots and hopeless gray slate roofs stretched out and away to disappear in a haze of leaden smoke. Were those dull housetops going to stretch away forever as far as he was concerned? No, by God! He was made for more than empty attic rooms! He would give every ounce of his strength to live up to the ideals of those first Marstons. After all, he was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. He would make a battle of his work and conquer, just as those other Marstons had done on countless battlefields. He would raise the family name to its former glory. God! He understood now. It was his destiny. He was to be great in his way—a member of Parliament, a national figure, perhaps, who knows, even Prime Minister. But always the family name, the family honor should be first! Slowly he raised his head. Outside, a little patch of blue sky had forced its way through the dull gray mist, and far across the housetops he caught the last feeble rays of the setting sun.

II

On the afternoon of November 4, 1930, Roger Marston sat at the massive carved oak desk which occupied the exact center of his private office at No. 7 Sackville Street. It was nearly tea time; the heavy velvet draperies at the windows had been drawn and a fire had been kindled in the grate. The muffled sound of traffic in the street below mingled pleasantly with a faint buzz of typewriters in the outer office and the crackling of new coals on the fire.

Roger felt complacent; he could have purred. Before him on the desk lay a huge book bound in red morocco. It was Burke's *Peerage*, and it was opened to the record of his life:

'THE BARON DUNSBROKE OF HEATH. (Sir Roger Henry Marston, D.S.O., K.C., M.P.) Director of Companies and Member of the Privy Council. Born 1873. Son of the late James and Margaret Marston. Educated University of London. Manager New Zealand-Pacific Steamship Company, Ltd. 1904-1908—Director 1908—M.P. for Upper Trent 1910-1916. Colonel B.E.F. 1916-1918. Was knighted, November 3, 1919, M.P. for Tapelow, 1920—. Sworn of Privy Council, June 15, 1923. Raised to the Peerage as Baron Dunsbroke of Heath, May 25, 1930. Chairman of the Board New Zealand-Pacific Steamship Company Ltd. 1920—. Chairman of the board, Pennyllyn Steel Works Ltd. 1924—. Married, 1907, Sophia, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pemberton, Canon of Hereford, and by her had issue:

1. Hon. Thomas James—born 1907.

2. Christopher George—born 1909.

Seat—Dunsbroke Hall, Tapelow, Bucks. Town residence—14 St. James Square, London S.W. 1. Clubs—Carlton, Marlborough and Turf.

Arms (by right of descent from Sir Peregrine Marston. 1539-1596—fleet commander under Sir John Hawkins at Gravellines). Arms quarterly. First and fourth quarters—field of azure. Three Salamanders rampant, argent. Second and third quarters—field of sable. Three unicorns rampant, gules.—

Crest—five plumes over baton proper.

Supporters—two lions guardant, gules. Motto: "In domino confido."

Lord Dunsbroke settled back comfortably in his great armchair and looked pensively at the heavy beamed ceiling. The subdued buzzing of typewriters in the business

office outside reminded him of the dull droning of a swarm of bees on a sultry afternoon in summer. His eyes traveled back to the great red volume before him. Not a bad record, he mused—considering that he had had to start from the very bottom. But after all, he had only followed his destiny. "Many are called but few chosen." Not everyone was cut out by the very nature of his blood heritage to carve a niche in world affairs for himself. God *alone* knew where England was heading these days, what with all this socialist propaganda and a Labor Government. Why was it these Socialists and Communists could never see the fallacy of their own arguments? Of course, everything depended on the individual. That was the very reason that the *canaille* would always be the *canaille*, simply because of the very nature of its blood heritage. "*Blood will tell*"—whoever had said that was right. How it had told in his own case! He thought of the days of his slavery to an accountant's ledger, days of mental and physical torture when he had been able to urge himself on only by a vision of Hugh Marston lifting aloft the oriflamme at Bosworth, or of Sir Peregrine clinging to the rigging of his little pinnace and laughing defiance at the turreted galleons of Spain. It was the kindred element of their blood with his that had cried out to him, urged him,—yes—forced him to fight with pen and ink, even as they had fought with the sword. Yes! Blood *had* told for him!

The sound of typewriters was louder now—annoyingly loud. Dunsbroke shifted petulantly in his chair as the slightly bored, fastidious voice of his secretary sounded in his ear,

"A sort of person to see you, my lord. Name of Marston. Says he's a relative of yours, sir."

Dunsbroke sat up suddenly, smoothed his cutaway, and answered brusquely, "Show him in, Frazer." What could the fellow want? As far as he knew there were no other Marstons. Perhaps it was blackmail. Many another

rich magnate had had to deal with organized crime. Still, there might be another branch of the family he hadn't heard of. At any rate, he would be on his guard.

Frazer was right. The visitor certainly presented the general appearance of "a sort of person". He was a man of about forty, clad in a long ulster of a questionable brown. His boots, though brightly polished, were cracked and down at the heel, and he had the general appearance of not having shaved for at least a month. As the door closed behind him, he sidled up to the desk with a deprecating smile.

"Lord Dunsbroke, I believe?" Dunsbroke gave a start of surprise. The voice had the unmistakable *timbre* peculiar to the drawing rooms of Belgravia!

"Lord Dunsbroke, I called today in the interest of enlisting a little financial help from the most distinguished member of my family. My name is John Marston. Very probably you have not heard of me before. You see, I've been out in India for the last twenty years or so—major in 7th Bengal Lancers. Yes, I know what you're thinking. You're quite right. A regrettable incident, family all dead and—well, er—here I am. I read of your elevation to the Peerage a few months ago and was surprised to discover that I had acquired an unknown relative. Do you follow me, *my lord*?"

"Perfectly. Perhaps you can appreciate my surprise. As a matter of fact I wasn't aware that any of my family was living."

"Your studies in the field of genealogy must have been quite superficial, *your lordship*. Perhaps if you had taken a little more trouble with them you would not find me here today!" The man leaned over the desk and looked him full in the face.

"Come, come, sir. What do you mean?" Dunsbroke rose clothed with all the dignity of a peer of the realm.

The man's mocking tone irritated him. He spoke as if he were addressing Parliament.

"Just this, *your lordship*. For the past twenty-five years you have been making illegitimate use of *my* family lineage and *my* crest. You are no more a descendent of Sir Peregrine Marston than your chief clerk or the old charwoman who sweeps out your office!"

"Nonsense! I have an official pedigree from the Royal College of Arms which is valid proof that I am descended from the best blood of England."

"Ah—but by right of descent from whom? Your father was a Hempstead apothecary. Your grandfather worked in the government printing office. Your great-grandfather, Thomas Marston, whom you fondly suppose to have been the squire of Belchamp St. Pauls, county Essex, never saw Essex in all his life. As nearly as I can find out, he kept some sort of a Public House near the East India docks. The only thing he had in common with my grandfather, who did own an estate at Belchamp St. Pauls, was the Christian name 'Thomas'."

"Have you proof of this?" For the first time Dunsbroke betrayed his emotions. His voice was shaking. John Marston reached into his ancient ulster and produced a long business envelope which he laid on the desk.

"I have here a letter patent from the Royal College of Arms which states that *my* lineage makes up the true Pedigree of Marston. What I propose to do is to sell you the rights to the Marston lineage. Of course, if you do not care to buy, we will have to go to court, and believe me, *your lordship*, this is one case that you can not hope to win. I propose a strict business arrangement. You are wealthy; I am financially embarrassed. I happen to possess something that I believe you desire very much. I am a man of simple tastes, *my lord*, and I thought that when I had talked the matter over with you sensibly, you would agree

to settle a little annuity on your poor 'cousin'—say two thousand a year?"

Dunsbroke's eyes were blazing. He spoke with difficulty and between closed teeth. "Get out! You *bloody* little rat!"

John Marston's hand was on the door knob. He spoke evenly with the same exasperatingly inflection. "Very well, *my lord*. Most awfully sorry to have troubled you! You'll hear from me again. And by the way, *your lordship*, in case you are making a study of proverbs there are one or two you might care to add to your collection. 'Murder will out'; and 'Blood will tell'. Good day, *your lordship*."

J. T. Golding.

Locus Mortis

*The softest bed on which to die
Is where my love reposes;
On such silk sweetness let me lie
And there be strewn with roses.
Pour on me rose-leaves lightly,
Lap me in heady air,
And let me fancy nightly
That you are with me there.
Let wind swing in the window
Where waters wash the shore;
The night-sky sings with living stars,
Never beheld before.*

L. A.

Shelly

*I am an oyster in a shell
—It might be thought quite nice—
But let me tell you, life is hell
On artificial ice.
My shell is in the fallow leaf,
My protoplasmic body pains;
Naught but the canker and the grief
Remains.
There was a day when I was free
To sit with smooth half-liquid smile
Upon the half-shell. Oh to be
Back for a little while
Before the days of cocktail sauce,
When lemon was the only juice
That made me critical and cross,
In use.
Lynn Haven was my father's name.
He was a fine old man.
I would be like him; but my shame
Is that I never can.
Love came to me at 43;
My passion knew no check—
I married her who used to be
Merely a little neck.
But on the night that I was wed
A dredge was my undoing;*

*And torn from out the oyster-bed
Abruptly stopped my wooing.
I sit within the frigidaire—
The time is out of joint!
My mind calls home and shows how fair
My residence—Blue Point.
My tragedy is greater still:
I am alive today, and yet
I die tomorrow; never will
I have a little oysterette.*

L'Envoy

*Despise not the oyster
And pity the clam,
For life is a sham,
And though they are moister
Than you or than I,
They will strongly defy
The tale that they're boister-
Ous, rowdy or roister-
Ous. It is a lie
For a person to cry
Out that shellfish
Are selfish.*

Lockhart Amerman.



'HAVE AT YOU, THROCKMORTON!'

Oh Shucks!

THE Atlantic City concert seems to have been a success for everyone concerned. All the old dowagers broke out into loud huzzahs when the Instrumental Club finally reached "Dixie"; the saxophone trio, by a lucky break, got a chance to play the traditional "Liebestraum"; the "Ah Women" chant was pronounced "awfully cute" by at least fourteen women; and the Bach trio was scratched at the last moment.

But the dance afterwards was ruined for us by the happy thought of going up to the gymnasium and riding the mechanical horse in the intermissions. In the first place we weren't dressed for riding, and in the second place there's no controlling a mechanical horse. You can't dig your heels into its sides and, although you can pull hard enough on the reins to tear the mouth of a natural horse, the mechanical horse just humps itself along quite unaware of it all.

As soon as we got up there we caught sight of the horse. "Ah!", we said, "a horse! Man's firmest friend and best companion. Good old horse! Good old horsie!"

"Oh, do you like horses?" asked Betty.

"Like them! Why, some of the happiest hours in life have been spent on the back of a noble creature such as the horse." (We didn't bother to tell her that some years ago a friend of the family had presented us with forty tickets to a merry-go-round.) "'My horse and I,' what a phrase that has been through the ages! Look at Kit Carson, at Buffalo Bill, at Ben Hur—Rosa Bonheur—Calvin Coolidge. But we must part now, the trail to Oregon must be blazed—you to California, Harris to the far-off snows of Oregon. 'Tis the pioneer blood of the Shanes calling!"

We leapt to the saddle and turned the little switch,

taking care to set the wheel to a slow, gentle walk. This was fine. We were a cowboy, riding into the setting sun, with the stars just coming out and the smoke of a little grey home perceivable on the far horizon. Carried away by it all, we threw our head back, broke into what we fondly believed to be a cowboy ballad, and stroked the sleek mane of our old pal, the pinto pony. Just as we were becoming completely lost in fancy, we glanced down to our left. And there was Betty, on the rowing machine, rowing along beside us on the prairie, and steering carefully to avoid hitting stray coyotes. Somehow this didn't seem fitting, and we decided to turn into a Veiled Tourareg and dash off into the desert. So we put on our veil, and turned the little wheel to "Canter". And there we were! We couldn't take our hands from the reins long enough to stop the beast, and what with the veil over our face we couldn't find the switch anyhow. And we were beginning to realize that we weren't dressed for riding! We'd have been there yet had not Betty, taking in our desperate predicament at a glance, rowed quickly up and turned the switch. Limp and exhausted, we were helped to the elevator and down to the dance again, where we spent the rest of the evening trying to explain our stiffness. Now we know why Paul Revere is one of America's great heroes!

* * *

We'll have to break down and confess that we've been guilty of plagiarism—unintentional of course. In glancing through the files of the *News* last week we discovered that Mr. Crawford had used the phrase "It's ultimatum soup" last November. Please accept our apologies. Mr. Crawford usually thinks of a pun about three months before we do.

* * *

We've discovered the swellest new game. It's called "Whiffle" (at least we call it that) and it bids fair to supersede backgammon as the diversion of the élite. All you

need is a five-cent Hershey bar, and, judging by the financial status of some of the élite just now, the game ought to be very popular. You gulp down the Hershey bar as quickly as possible, but you save the tin foil wrapping. Then if you stand on the hot air register over in the North wing of the library and tear off little propeller-shaped bits of the tin foil and let them go they will fly 'way up to stupendous heights, making a whiffling sound as they go. The scoring is by "foops". If the tin foil comes down and lands on the Harvard Graduates Magazine, you score one foop. If it stays up on the balcony it is a little foop; if it touches the ceiling it is a grand foop, and if it hits a librarian in the eye, it is a swell foop, game and rubber.

Better reserve the register at least twenty-four hours in advance in order to be sure and have plenty of room for your whiffle party.

* * *

All our life we've wanted to have a Contributors' Corner and now we've got one. This month two separate and distinct contributions were handed to us. The first is in answer to a remark we made last month:

*"There was a professor named Reitzel,
The novels he wrote didn't quite sell.
He tried autobiography
Mixed with pornography,
For he hoped that by this means they might sell."*

The second contribution is another outburst from the Viking School:

Drinking Song. Done in the mjanner of Frjank Njelson, after reading the fjootnotes of four Norwegian novels and looking over the Swedish section of the polyglot directions on a bottle of Swamp Root. This poetic effort, besides wearing out the "j" on our tjypewjritjer, exhausts our entire Scandinavian vocabulary except for *hundekjæks*

which is a poetic name for *dog biscuits* and *gate piķe* which doesn't mean what you think it does:

*A damp-boat fuld af brandy-vin
Vent sejling down de fjord;
Med Herr Kaptein and all de crew
As drunk as any lord.*

*Den Herr Kaptein lfyt op his glas
And cried a hjærty "skoall"
Det ship she knock upon a rock—
Her bottom var a hole.*

*Det godt skip sank into the sea
Med alt that aqua-vit!
De codfish kom for miles around
Yust for to sample it.*

*De herrings all dans rund omkring
Dey felt so djævlish fine!
Saa lat os drink like dem, min friend,
Ay tank Ay get some wine!*

*So here's an liten dram för you!
Ock here's a dram för me!
Ock "skaall" to Greta Garbo, too!
And all our company.*

N. G.

Harris Shane

Extracts From My Diary

*A Trip Taken in the Summer of 1929 as an Ordinary
Seaman Aboard a Freighter*

I

I STEPPED through the iron frame of the doorway as Alice through the looking glass, breathless with anticipation of my entrance into the land of adventure. It was the forecastle aft, as the unlettered illogically call it: here Ahab had nursed his madness and paced the deck with ivory stump; here had the Nigger been nailed in the Narcissus; beyond such a threshold had Kidd chinked his golden doubloons one by one into iron-bound chests; the forecastle where wandering bits of nations met, and daggers flew, and lovely northern maidens were the booty of Tripolitan pirate crews, where colored sashes and oil-smeared dungarees and spick-white middies each had cast its offering of fancy and where I, I at last escaped from the stifling monotony of urban security that had tendered me for nineteen years, escaped from the withering gaze of the parchment-faced pedants who would have blotted out my nature with the pages of a book, I was to encounter romance, men unfettered by the starched shirt of society, living in the age-old traditional realm of adventure. Through the key-hole of the sea I stepped and found a low-ceilinged, iron-floored, iron-walled, gray-painted room, shelved with bunks in the manner of a dope den.

In the center of this room sat a man, a human pyramid of increasing bulges, one I later learned to call "Heavy". The up-turned bucket which supported him disappeared into the festoons of the lowest bulges which swelled over like a double soap bubble about to glide down and envelop

the pipe. As I entered with well-practiced humeral sway calculated to deter any aggressiveness on the part of future shipmates, Heavy's smallest smooth globe pivoted on its neck, which wrinkled like a twisted pillow. The owl-like adjustment was necessitated by my proximity to his pale blue eye, obviously of decorative purposes only, a useless counterpart for the bright green one which he focused over his left shoulder as I approached from behind him.

* * * * *

II

Kipling's description of Red Sea heat recalls one twelve to four watch when I was set to scraping the boat deck. Heavy, the blubbery old one-eyed cuss, took the gasoline torch and backed into the wind. I was given the hand scraper and fronted into the torch. The flame bounced from the deck and curled viciously up between my legs. Little sausages of burning paint rolled from my scraper. Heavy, by the very nature of things, had to retreat on the unburnt deck, while I, by the same perverse nature, had to tread on the sizzling little sausages.

We were rounding Tortugas, a few miles north of the Tropic of Cancer. Florida had disappeared to the northward hours ago. It was August. And early afternoon. There was not a cloud to canopy the hot breath of the Tropics. The torch flame exuded gasoline fumes and the burnt paint stunk as only burnt paint can stink. Heavy, too, stood to windward, that thawing old clot of ooze. When very young I had had heat stroke and dared not now remove my woolen cap, for the sun rays fell so heavily that the sea itself seemed oppressed and flattened into a glaring surface relieved only by a porpoise that shot its great cool body into the heat to splash tauntingly back into the shaded depths, while we on deck simmered and toasted the fluid from our tissues, like orange peels cast in the embers beneath a grate. I was hot. The language

has no word hot enough, oily enough, odoriferous enough, to express my feeling, like Falstaff's laundry, of stewing in my own grease.

Yet is there nothing on earth devoid of pleasure, if one will but delve deep enough. Stoical? Yes, for it takes a true Stoic to find pleasure in scraping a boat deck in August. The tantalizing wind which lifted the flame to my hands continually extinguished it, leaving Heavy to the joys of censorious speech and me to run to the fire buckets. Four buckets of sea water stood always ready on the deck. In these wee, precious moments, I would dip my feet in the water and hasten reluctantly back to my scraper, the puddles vanishing behind me like the foot-prints of some ever present, ever disappearing demon. But the sudden contact that made the cool water so celestial only made heat the more unbearable as my shoes steamed and hardened around my feet.

Mr. Rusk, the mate, who popped up most appropriately like the devil, snatched the torch to demonstrate its application "without blowing it out every God damned second." When not more than two minutes later the fickle flame again took flight on the wind, the very sun could have chilled before the pent combustion of that inflamed mortal. As with sensitive children the attempt to hide embarrassment often expresses itself in a show of angry force, so with this primitive man who now thrust the flame to the boards like to bore clean through. He cursed and glared when I jumped from its renewed attack as though I had no right to be inflammable. Soon the mate burned himself away like a prairie fire and I was left to the tenderer inefficiency of Heavy. While Rusk lingered, old Heavy reproached me violently with look and word as though he were his officer's counterpart, but when the observing stimulus was gone I was granted time to breathe again.

Four hours of this, sun, fire and stench. Sometimes I gloried in the trial, then turning nauseous, I cursed myself

for the foolhardy adventure. Hardly had the thought been born when a new form descended on it. Perhaps the dull canvas of my life had gained a splash from the brush of Turner, a color unknown to stodgy content in an easy chair. My empiric tendency has been responsible for the intense conscious pleasure in the literature of my own experience.

In the shade of the poop deck the evening air was cool and serene over the turquoise gulf and I sat alone tired and happy; I had lived and books were opened in my mind. The rest of the evening was spent chatting with my friend Dante about our little jaunts here and there.

S. A. Hunt.



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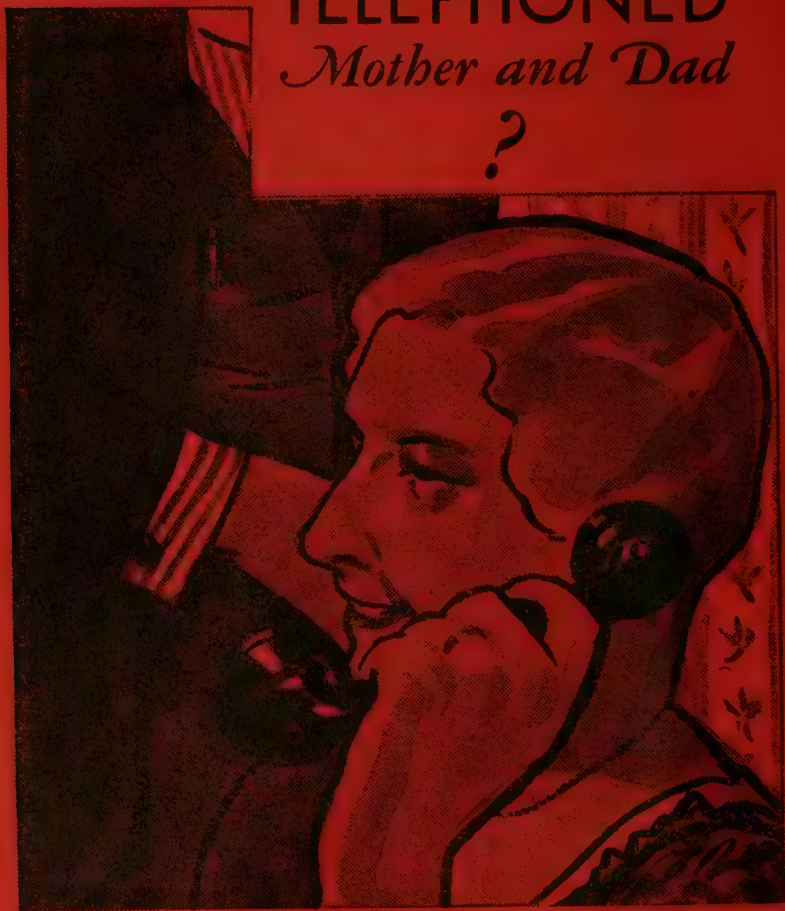
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NO. 6

"*The Haverfordian*" is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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B.

Shannigans

THE *Record* is at last almost ready to go to press, silhouettes and all. The Class of 1906 may have had silhouettes. We don't know. We went over to the library to look over their book and found it had crumbled to dust some years ago.

It's really quite a job to get a *Record* to press. If you don't believe it you must really come over and get our *Record* to press. What with the comprehensive exam and all life, is closing in upon us on all sides (N.W. S.E.) North opened with a bid of one spade, and East doubled a spade. South then bid two diamonds. This brought on the great Civil War North against South. . . brother against brother . . . man against man . . . sweetheart against sweetheart (well, in most cases not, we guess). And after the Civil War came peace, and no more slaves. What schoolboy will ever forget that memorable scene when Abraham Lincoln's old slave walked in and said "I'se free, Marse Gridley" (Lincoln's family always called him Gridley—it was his maiden name). "But I'll stay you with you, free or bound. Yassah, I will, suh." To which Lincoln replied "No, you must make your own way from now on. You may stay here for a little while but you must paddle your own canoe." And the touching scene, portrayed so realistically by Ivy Currier, with the old slave standing, hat in hand in the doorway shouting, "You may fire when you are ready Gridley!" Lincoln fired—fired the shot heard round the world and brought a new race into being . . . Duke Ellington . . . Josephine Baker . . . Ethel Waters . . . free . . . free as the sky . . . and just as blue . . . oh to have been living in those stirring

days . . . to sit on a mansion porch stirring a mint-julep and inhaling a cheroot (what a cheroot is, we don't know) . . . those, yes those were the days when Haverford College didn't have a yearbook . . .

* * *

We're making a formal claim for Mr. Crawford's "neatest trick of the month" prize. On Tuesday, March 3rd, we entered a phone booth with a bass drum and remained in the booth for eight minutes, beating the drum lustily most of the time in an attempt to get even with the operator for the noises she makes in completing a call. We must admit that we couldn't get the door of the booth shut, but then have *you* ever been able to shut the door on you and a bass drum—or have you ever been *in* a phone booth with a bass drum? (Drum, courtesy Musical Clubs; booth, courtesy Haverford Union.)

* * *

"What recent change has been made in the wrapping of the Camel package containing twenty cigarettes and of what benefits will this change be to the smoker?" Lured on by this simple question, we bought a package of Camels for the first time in history and spent most of the next day gloating over the wonders of Cellophane—and Camels.

We were going to give the College \$1000 out of the \$25,000 prize if they would agree to let us use just one teentsy-eentsy heater in our room. Then we were going to pay off our debts and go to Paris on the rest.

Idle dreams! The wrapping of the Camel package isn't Cellophane but "Humid Cellophane" a new product they developed themselves! So the five answers we sent in under various names become in a moment just so much paper; the College is out a thousand dollars and we'll have to continue freezing. Personally, we think it's a dirty trick—

the stuff certainly *looks* like Cellophane. But it's just as well—Paris would have done us no good!

* * *

Lillain Leitzel's death last month saddened us. We never missed a circus from 1918 to 1926 and she's always meant "circus" to us ever since. We remember reading in a program when we were about eleven years old that "Miss Leitzel allows herself only one cigarette a day." This broke everything up for awhile for we had always fancied that she was an exception to the general idea of "circus-performers" and here it said in the program that she *smoked*. True, only one cigarette a day, but that was smoking and ladies who smoked weren't nice ladies. But we rationalized her sin—perhaps she really needed that cigarette and perhaps she was pretty furtive about it. Soon we got over our prejudice completely and by the time we were fourteen we liked her as much as ever. We hadn't seen her for five or six years but we had read about her now and then—an article by her husband appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* about two months ago—and we still thought she was pretty nice. So we're sorry to learn that her niece (age 6) is being photographed on tight wires and flying rings and so forth, and issuing statements to the press about "carrying on her dear aunt's name." Perhaps it's all right, though . . .

* * *

One of the charming features of Philadelphia is the way you can burrow along on rainy days. There are concourses under most of the city, it seems. The other day we came out of the Unemployment Relief place at 303 Broad, ducked down the concourse to City Hall, got a little wet crossing Penn Square, ducked into Broad Street and underground to 18th and Arch. You really don't need an umbrella nowadays—but the one difficulty is that both ends of a concourse look the same and you're

liable to enter at Broad and Arch in a fog, walk several miles, dash up three flights of steps and find yourself at Broad and Arch. We heard of the case of a man who wandered around for three days before they fished him out in a pretty terrible condition.

* * *

More and more we're beginning to feel that débutantes-post-débutantes, and other hangers-on to Society should get down on their knees every night and thank their God that there's an unemployment problem. It's one of the few times in history that a use has been found for débutantes. Other people's unemployment has provided work for eager little fingers, and the debts are running Charity Balls, working four and sometimes five hours a day classifying needy cases—and some of them are even going out visiting the poor, with a nice banner on their car, allowing them to park anywhere. All in all, it's lots of fun, but terribly depressing, isn't it? But you do feel as if you were doing something to help and if this Charity Ball is a success (it ought to be, because it's run by the first families of Philadelphia) perhaps it will help provide food for the eleven O'Cassidy children, and the eight DiLucas, whose father has been out of work since August. And of course it will provide a simply glorious evening for the débutantes and their friends!

But come to think of it we haven't done much for the unemployed ourselves. We've never bought an apple, and, not even having enough money to furnish us with milkshakes and movies we haven't given anything to the Charity Chest. At the present time we're chiefly interested in the unemployment problem of a certain college senior, who, when June is with us, will be most fearfully unemployed.

Nevertheless we do have a deep feeling for the people out of work. We can remember one blazing July day three

summers ago when we stood in a line of two hundred waiting for a chance to ask for a job in a factory. We had a postal card which said "Admit to the Employment Office" but the high wire gate was tight shut and opened only to let somebody come out. After standing there over an hour we began to feel pretty groggy. Someone in the line caught sight of our card, and shouted out, "This kid's got an admittance ticket! Get up to the head, buddy." So we were jostled along by about two hundred pairs of sweating hands, and, when the gate opened the next time, we were shoved, stumbling and pretty scared, into the office, while the two hundred outside continued to mop their heads and pant.

* * *

The *News* has been reviewing the *HAVERFORDIAN* for some years now but no one has ever dared to review the *News*—except by the abrupt use of a convenient one-word epithet. Were there a reviewer of the *News* he might have chortled over the anniversary issue and noted the following points:

We were glad to know that there are some "new men in the English Club," but as we read the rest of the article we noticed that the "new men" were T. M. Knight, Mrs. E. R. Dunn, Peggy Nuckols and Betty Young . . . Really now!

"Golding's story is of English life and concerns a young man who makes a marvelous success of his life and then finds that his inspiration was but a fancy. Golding is well qualified to write such a story, as he has visited England on several occasions and is familiar with conditions there." . . . A coupla more trips across and Galsworthy will have to fade into the background . . .

"Interesting Crowd Witnesses Opening Wrestling Matches" . . . We've always loved to study a crowd . . . etc., etc., etc.

All this is just in the way of revenge. Three months ago the reviewer said our stuff wasn't as good as what we did for the *News* (of course you can't help writing absurd stuff on those *News* typewriters—long practice has made them like horses that know the way home). Two months ago the reviewer didn't even mention us. And last month he said he "derived no amusement from the rest of the issue" (we were in the rest).

So for the benefit of the reviewer of this issue, we'll announce our retirement. We're going back to the little Sabine farm or whatever it is and think about the Comprehensive Exam and about a job. As a matter of fact, this month wasn't supposed to produce "the usual Harris Shane Column" (*News*) but you've got to have *something* to fill the magazine . . .

Harris Shane

Editor's Note.—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Shane, and ends his journalistic career amid sighs of relief on all sides at the little Quaker College on the Main Line (Haverford). Mr. Shane has been pouring out material either for the *News* or for the *HAVERFORDIAN* for over two years, and in all that time has not repeated himself once. As a matter of fact, he has never said anything worth repeating! Nevertheless all three of the Editors-in-Chief and the other member of the board appreciate his services, and will present him at the next meeting as a token of our regard, a complete set of all the different covers of *HAVERFORDIANS*. This will no doubt assure complete loss of sight and thus prevent his ever writing anything more; our motto has always been "Service to Humanity"—more properly "Service with a smile—and a hearty guffaw on the side."

The Via Appia

WHEN in Rome, do as the Romans do," is the advice of the proverb. To take its advice is to insure oblivion to the beautiful things in and about Rome; for the Romans are merely human in failing to appreciate what is perpetually before their eyes. If there were more wealth in Italy, Mussolini would probably borrow from American patriots by exhorting his countrymen to see Italy first; and his exhortation would probably be as well received in Italy as its counterpart is in America.

If one wants to know something interesting about Rome, he must go to an intelligent foreign observer whose position as a stranger makes him sensitive to significant facts which are commonplace to the Roman, and so escape unnoticed. The Roman takes for granted the very atmosphere of the Imperial City, which makes him unique among Italian peoples, and entitled to a certain respect wherever he goes among them.

To understand the ancient feeling which is behind that respect it is necessary to get as near to the ancient Romans as possible and feel, as it were, the national pulse of the great Rome. For Rome once was great. She still breathes magnificence from her silently eloquent ruins which speak to the heart and mind. Fallen columns, inscriptions, mosaics, and arches bid the imagination run riot.

The foreigner who wants to feel Rome's pulse, free from the superimposed clash and clamor of modern civilization, goes out of the city in order to see the ancient city apart from her modern sister. He goes probably either to Ostia on the sea or to the Via Appia.

About 300 B.C. that great Roman, the blind Appius Claudius, ordered the construction of the road and aque-

duct which bears his name. It has been said with much truth that Rome affords no finer sight than the Via Appia. It is neither imposing nor in very good preservation; but it appeals to the imagination because it stands just as the Romans left it a millennium and a half ago; decayed, it is true, but untouched by any alien hand save that of time.

When the traveller has dragged himself away from the fascinating spectacle of the unofficial cat-pound in the sunken garden of granite columns which was Trajan's Forum, he mounts a motor bus, with non-cooperative springs, which whirls him out the Appian Way. His fortitude is tried the while by the very severe jolting he is receiving, and a large quantity of the fine dust which in summer lies thick on this little-used road.

When he is set down, and has stretched his aching limbs, he slowly becomes aware of a new world. No longer is his imaginative picture of ancient Rome interrupted by the honks of motor cars, shouting of newspaper boys, or clanging of street cars. His bus turns about and roars off, leaving him to solitude and fancy.

On a summer day the Via Appia is hot. The heat is persistent and dry, burning the skin like fire and creating a thirst out of nothing. It beats intolerably on top of the head and is reflected with a dazzling glare from the stones of the roadway. To step into the shade is like stepping past a wall into a refrigerator; the heat holds its shadow with the light. Whichever way one turns his head the heat is always there.

Open, the eyes meet the dancing brilliance on every side; closed, they can perceive the light, as a red glow, even through the eyelids. The stones and baking vegetation combine to send a pungent smell into the crystal air.

Tentatively our traveller sets out walking away from Rome. His boots ring with a lonely sound on the stones of the road.

The stones! There is an example of Roman workman-

ship. Put in place twenty-two hundred years ago, they stand strong and immovable, an uninscribed monument to Roman engineering. Huge stones, they are, often four or five feet long and two feet wide, rutted by the wheels of the vehicles of long ago.

On the left, march the great aqueducts, as someone has said, like giants. One has the illusion of infinity when he rests his eye on those ruins, then lets it pass quickly on towards the hills near Frascati where the giants go to earth. Standing starkly brown against the warm sky, vivid with the purplish-blue tint which is peculiar to Italy, these aqueducts draw the eye like a magnet.

There has been no great change here since the time when the Caesars' soldiers tramped grimly out to war, or came back from conquest laden with golden booty, and raised a triumphant dust with their rhythmically marching feet. Rome was great in those days when Roman citizenship was a peerless gift conferred on eager allies; and exile from its walls was considered a punishment hardly less crushing than death itself.

About a mile from the city, there stands the circular tomb of Cecelia Metella. Against the blueness of the sky its crenellated top stands out sharply. It remains in good preservation but grey with great age, as a monument to the wife of Crassus the younger. An inscription with Roman brevity identifies the building, but is tantalizingly silent on all the details that would have been so interesting. What sort of woman was this Cecelia Metella? Did she take part in politics? Did she go to Gaul with her husband, and if so, what were her impressions of the people? The marble slab, prim in its neatness, is silent as a sphinx.

One may perhaps meet a flock of sheep here, enveloped in a cloud of amber dust, moving towards Rome. The barks of the shepherd's dog, the bleating of the sheep, and the ringing of the leader's bell are like sounds from

a disembodied world. But one must give them room to pass, for they are real enough.

Here standing up like sentinels in a double row are the tall ilexes; and pines which are immortalized in music which tells of the comfort of their shade and of the magnificence they have seen. What a difference between the heat of the road, and the coolness beneath the trees! That is a magnificent color combination: the rich green of the pines against the deep blue of the sky. Where the sky disappears behind the trees it seems to have a purple border.

If one goes a little farther on, there is a pair of conical tumuli where it is pleasant to sit and rest, for here are trees for shade, and a superb view. Away to the east lies the rolling Campagna, golden under the sun. The aqueducts and white road stretch straight to the dark hills. There is the place to dream. Every fragment of Roman history one knows, is valuable there. Every hill has an historical significance; the Campagna has been saturated with the blood of many races; the Via Appia has borne the feet of men famous in history.

When one turns his face towards Rome, the sun is on his back. No longer does he face its fierce radiance. Now he sees more clearly how soft and deep is the sky, how mellow are the colors about him. No longer does he see the Caesars' legions, but rather the peaceful legions of Christian saints and martyrs who took up the tale of Rome's greatness where her army had laid it down.

Far off to the right, is the church of St. John Lateran with its gigantic statues like symbols of the victory of Rome over Rome,—of Christian Rome over Pagan Rome. One feels profoundly then in approaching modern Rome that other proverb which explains why the Roman prestige is such as to warrant the advice, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do." It is,—“When Rome falls, the world—” Rome is conquered only to give way to another Rome; one

Rome is superimposed upon another; but through time, one spirit has suffused its Vigor and Pride through them all.

William E. Miller.

Sonnet

*Dark is the church, the chancel draped in night,
A sweet, sad hush lies calmly on the air,
And brings brief respite from unceasing prayer
Of worn hearts yearning to be led aright:
Everywhere darkness, save the one dim light
Which o'er the altar keeps its vigil there,
Casting its soft rich glow, like rubies rare;
All else is darkness and a sad delight.*

*A sudden burst of moonlight etches plain
The carved forms of glass-emblazoned arcs,
And breathes faint incense from its streaming ray:
The sacred silence breaks, the while a strain
Of far-off music to my senses marks
A Presence and a Peace no tongue can say.*

Francis Walton.

Filii Diei

*Ye were begotten of man
And a woman was made your mother,
With them your creation began
For you had no other.
Ye were born with the burden of years,
Yours was the weight and the woe
Of time, and the terror and tears
The darkness above and below;
Yours was the terror by night
And the white-faced fears of noon,
The plague-struck utterly leprous light
Of the moon.*

*Your tongues are thick with their chorus,
Your throats are loaded with lies,
Ye are bound to old burdens before us,
Ye are woefully, wistfully wise.
"Destruction and dimness and death,
How long, O Lord, How long?"
This is the life and the light and the bourne and the breath
Of your song.*

*Ye are carbined and cramped and confined,
Ye are barred and shuttered and chained,
Ye are hopelessly, utterly blind,
The dregs of your drink are drained;
The pulse of your hearts is slow,
The gleam has gone out of your eyes,
Ye are sickened and soured of weeping a wailing of woe
To the skies.*

*Ye have bred your sons to feed you
When the seed of your loins shall be dead,
But they battle each other to bleed you
They have brought you blood for bread;
Ye have lived since the first begetting
And your day is never done,
You wait in a weary night from a dim sun-setting
For a rising sun.*

*But we were born of the sun
And the stars and the rising tide,
And our dawn is just begun,
We are proud with the dawn-star's pride;
We are crested and spurred, we are plumed with the ends of
the evening:
When ye are forgotten we still shall never have died.*

*We are free of the crawling hours
And the ticking tale of time,
We have done with its faded flowers
And its slow remorseful rhyme.
Away and down and under
We tread on the burden of years,
And our tread is triumphant and thundering more than
thunder,
And we have no fears.
In an ever-advancing andante
To the music of murmuring trees,
We have danced with a dazzling Bacchante
And have breathed on her breasts and her knees.
And the stars have come down from their courses
In columns of multiple woe,
And vainly attempted to force us
To silence our music and go.*

*But we sing with a strong sweet chorus
And the hills have returned us our song
That is sifted and sweet and sonorous
And strong as the hills are strong.
We are after the end of the ages—
It is written in letters of gold
On the gold-encrusted pages—
We are timeless and ageless and old.
Though we sit in the caverns of Kronos,
With the gods that are yet to be,
Where none may bemoan or dethrone us
While we joy in our infancy.
For we fear no form of evil—
Nor Cerberus nor Dis
May interrupt our revel
Nor coruscate our bliss.
We are waiting and waxing stronger,
The day of our destiny nears;
And our lips are loose with hunger
But our eyes are dry of tears.
We have joy in our witch-wild faces,
The stars are in our hair,
We were born of the sun and the sea in the cradle of graces:
We are more than fair.*

*We are now, but no more is to be,
We are God and more than God;
We will rule on a shoreless sea
With a slim and supple rod.
We are infinite and sublime,
Eternity marks our bond;
We have turned aside the silver tears of time:
We know of no beyond.*

Lockhart Amerman.

Daughter of Marathon

BEFORE us the ponderous steps to the Acropolis coil about the rocky pedestal of pre-Periclean Athens. The rugged walls, hemming the cliff, part in a huge gateway where the steps flatten down into the Agora. Doric columns soar from behind the walls, columns so huge that the mass of people behind them are scarcely discernible: the old men, women, children—mere huddled dwarfs at the feet of these silent giants.

In the gateway an aged suppliant holds his arms raised above the women sunk at his feet, exhausted with the hours of unanswered prayer. All day had been offered to the unhearing gods this prayer for the seemingly impossible return of their sons, out there defying Xerxes on the distant plain. Now, the weariness of despair seemed to have crushed all Athens.

Apart from the masses, clearly outlined against the heavens, stands a young girl. All morning she has stood there by the gatepost, head erect, eyes fastened on the sky. Her hopefulness contrasts as vividly with the dejection of the crumpled souls about her as the soft pink of her robe with the unhewn rocks of the gray gateway. Through her childish beauty shines the hope against certainty. She has refused to realize the extortionate toll of war, which her happy, young experience cannot picture. So she hopes.

"Zeus, Zeus!" The old man has called that a full thousand times this day, until his voice has grown resentful with ill-sustained patience, exasperated now with the stone image that would permit the inevitable annihilation of all Greece by the barbarous Persians. There was no hope. No last island remained that could keep these marauders from the sacred temples of Hellas.

In the shadow of the Temple of Victory a young woman's lips had curled in scorn at the incessant but impotent prayer. Pushing aside the ancient suppliant, she glared into the ring of tearful faces, feeding her courage on their weakness. "Cringing dogs," she cried. "Has the honor of Greece decayed to a mere putrescence of sighs and groans? In vain has that handful of men—all the heroes of Greece, your brothers, fathers, husbands—sacrificed itself to the vast hoard, to all the heathens of Persia! In vain! For here lie their wives and daughters waiting, passively waiting for foreign fetters to lead them as chattel to the slave mart." She paused that the fire in her eyes might rekindle their withered spirits. Perhaps she had petrified them. Perhaps they had heard her before. There was no notice, only a child's innocent voice, "Mamma, what are you crying for?" Tears of tantalizing defeat glistened in her eyes. "Then make eunuchs of yours sons!" she shrieked. "Make your daughters harlots in a heathen brothel! When cowardice is the mark of a Greek, let me renounce my race." And she was gone, onto the rocks below. No one tried to stop her. Fully a dozen must have preceded her in that resolve. Perhaps others soon would follow, or worse, perhaps they would not. The little maid in pink still stared at the sky.

All the while an old cripple at the edge of the wall had been scrutinizing the distance. Heavy eyebrows and straggling hair almost hid his face. But he moved, grasped the wall. His eye followed tensely something on the plain. It was a runner. The word spread with the doomful steadiness of an expected warning. Tiers of faces filled the gateway, a fringe of moving eyes outlined the wall. Was he a traitor? Was he a coward? Was he the last man left, come to tell them they must choose within the hour between slavery and death?

Always the girl in pink stared fixedly at the sky. She

refused to think what the others thought.

The sweaty, dusty form leaped up the last steps. The crowd refused to give way. It was defiant. It would not hear his message; it would rend him to pieces if he spoke. He stopped, arms above his head. "Victory"—one dry, rasping word, then he fell. Complete silence stilled the throng. One word was the answer, in a voice young and bursting with an inconceivable happiness—"Father." It was the voice of the little maiden. She darted to him, head up, arms extended: she was blind. Then her foot met his hand. Bewildered she stooped and took it in her own. Her fingers played across his features. "Father," she cried, terror sounding where joy had been. Again she stared blindly, waiting for the silence to answer, but only a little boy said, "What's the man lying there for, Mamma?"

The crowd recovered, broke and gasped "Victory." Some cried, "Zeus, Zeus has saved us"; others muttered, "Impossible—the man's crazed with fear—lying coward," but everywhere shouts of "Greece," "Victorious Greece," won the air. The impossible had happened; might had lost. The mob swelled over the walls. It mounted wavelike, a cataract of people. Victorious, ecstatic and half-crazed the cascade flowed down the steps, through the town, and on to Marathon, Marathon the land of Hercules. Frantic women dragged their children. Old men shoved each other on. Ribbons rippled down the rocks. Offerings were hurled to the gods and slowly the roar subsided as the triumphant wave rolled on to Marathon.

The patriarch turned to Zeus. "God, we prayed and thou hast given us victory." Then the Acropolis was empty. The old pillars stood indifferent to the day's fate. In the silence that replaced the turmoil, there was a tiny sob, stifled, scarce heard among the mighty Doric columns. It was the little blind girl, sunk beside her

father. "Victory—good God, is this victory?" Her warm tears fell on his cold lips. But the plaint was unheard in the dead voice of the stone giants, as they echoed back "Yes, victory!"

To Isabel

*Sweet maiden with the laughing eyes,
My love for you makes censers swing,
Makes shadows dance and echoes sing
And sordid earth a paradise.
When I am with you, lady fair,
I smell sweet perfume in the air,
As if the sprites from fairyland,
All clad in bubbles made of lace,
Were strewing petals ev'rywhere
And dancing with an elfin grace,
A happy throng! A joyous band!
To bring content which never dies
To lovely Isabel with laughing eyes.*

J. Hoag.

Mugs and Millions

MY NAME'S Terry O'Toole, and in case you never heard of me it's your own tough luck, but you're going to now and there's a break for you. I'm the manager and general factotem of the celebrated fighter, Spider McClatchy, and of all the mugs I have ever met—but wait till I tell you! My job is to use my bean to collect fights, and Spider's is to use his to collect the wallops. He might be worse, but, in his grabbing way, he often does a bit more than his share of the collecting and somewhat less of the giving. The result is that he's got a map that would make you bust out laughing, no fooling. His nose has been shifted a bit to eastward, and he has a crook in it like a pup's hind leg; there are gashes all over and one ear is of the well-known cauliflower variety. It may have been built O.K. to start with, but now it's as handsome as the town hall in Philadelphia, and, if you've been there, you know what I mean.

Well, the Spider and me was doing pretty good for a while, getting arguments about once a week at a couple of hundred per, till the mug danced into a bird who was fixed to win and knocked him flat in the first session. After that the fight crowd allows as how we ain't to be trusted no more, and we're eating hash and stew and liking it. Every time I squirrels around after a fight the boys give me the ha-ha, and I'm not thinking it's so damn funny. It's all very well to have an arrangement that I get an even split on every nickel the pug drags in, but if he can't drag them in where's the joke in that? Once the kid wrote the story of his life for a small-town paper and we got a few meals off that,

but since his writing ability is limited to the two words making up his name we can't do much that way, for it ain't every paper that tosses out dough to the starving boys merely for some leather pusher's signature. We thought it was all a scream at the time, how Spider started supporting a family at the age of twelve by running telegrams and all the rest of it, but right now we ain't thinking things is so blame funny.

Well, one day we're out in the park warming a bench and thinking up ways to grab off dough, when the Spider grabs my arm and points into the street. There's a kid rambling around out there like he's blind, and just then a big bus swoops down at him and I figure there ain't nothing to do but start figuring up the funeral expenses. Spider jumps for that kid like a flash and knocks him clear of the danger, but in the job his own foot gets caught under the wheel and the bus stops with a jerk. Well, I busts through the crowd and carries him over to the bench and asks him how it is. He says he thinks it ain't broken but is not too jolly about it either. Pretty soon a big limousine draws up and out steps a dude in a high hat and all the other trappings that go with seven figure bank accounts. His wife, I guess it was, dashes to the kid and they hold a sob session, with her pawing him all over and shrieking that her darling has been killed. There ain't no sense in that, as any fool could see the kid's as fine as could be, but mothers are funny that way. Well, from somewheres a nurse appears and she ain't rating so high with the boss either, because if she'd been tending to her job instead of flirting with cops, like all nurses do, there wouldn't have been no trouble. Anyway, she says something to the chief and they all parade over to our bench.

"My name's von Krift," says he with a friendly smile, shaking me hand. "I understand you saved my boy's life."

"It wasn't me, sir, it was this guy here that done it," I admits.

Spider is stretched out on the bench, not looking too good, and the gent grabs him by the hand and starts a harangue about how grateful he is and can he do anything.

"Well, if you're serious about that last," says I, "it's my notion this guy's foot is busted and it might be a good idea to tote him to a hospital in that wagon of yours."

No sooner said than done, and old von Krift won't hear of nobody helping me carry him but himself. I ain't feeling so good around this time, for it's a cinch that Spider can't fight again for a month even if his foot ain't broke, and if it is, where we eat is going to be no small problem. Well, we all hops in with the Missis in front still pawing that damn kid. Old von Krift is between us, with his arm around the pug like he was a long-lost brother, and we rides a while, getting more and more friendly, till we gets to the hospital. By good luck the bone ain't broken and the med figures everything will be O.K. again in six weeks. My chin hits the floor at this last, but we're in for it and there ain't no use crying. The foot being bandaged up and the Spider having been given a pair of crutches, we sallies out and starts to say good-bye.

"Not on your life," says von Krift, holding up one hand like a traffic cop. "You have saved my boy's life and I want to do something for you in return. Won't you gentlemen both come home and have dinner, so we can talk the matter over?"

Spider and me both nearly faint at the word "gentlemen," but we're used to shocks in our line of business and the thought of food don't sound too bad either, because we've been total strangers with that necessity, except in the form of hash, for a dog's age, and old von Krift don't look like he'd recognize hash if he seen it coming down the street.

After a bit we draws up to a place that would make the White House look like a lean-to, and we marches up to the door where there's a flock of butlers, all with their heads so high you'd have thought they was looking for rain. The first butler says to the second butler to say to the third butler that he is to tell the chef there will be two extra to dinner, and the third butler passes the word back that "the mattah will be attended to directly," and they all look at us like they was sorry to have seen their master in such company. Still, Spider and me are aces with the boss and after all, that's the rain check in this layout.

The dinner is my idea of what a dinner should be, and is only hampered by my constantly having to keep Spider's table manners up to as near par as a guy like him can get.

"Don't eat yer soup like the tide in the North River," I mutters, "and quit wiping yer hands on the table cloth, ya mug."

Spider is so taken up with the daughter on his cauliflower side that he ain't even got the wit for a comeback. This daughter, by the way, is no mean chicken. She's about eighteen and has a face like the cover of *Film Fun*. That paper don't go in so much for faces as some other things, but I'll bet this baby has the chassis too, if I'm any judge of women. In the course of the chatter it leaks out that this kid is a day buetant, whatever that is, but one thing sure is that they're fixing up a brawl for her, at the Ritz, which is simply going to be nobody's business. The girl can't think of nothing else and keeps jabbering about orchestras, and decorations and things, while Mr. von Krift and me are talking about important things like whether John L. could have licked Dempsey, which he don't know nothing about, but is game to learn and I like him O.K. anyway.

Well, finally we quit feeding and the chief ushers us into

a swell library, where he hands out fifty-cent cigars and pours Scotch down our throats till I'm fit to be tied. After a bit we go home, with brother von Krift our sworn friend, and a promise from him that he'll look out for us and throw any gravy our way he happens to get wind of.

A few touches here and there from our more prosperous friends keep us in grub for the next month, and I keep watching the mail with an eagle eye for some news from von Krift. Sure enough it comes one morning, but get a load of what it was:

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius von Pelt von Krift
request the pleasure of Mr. O'Toole's company
at dinner at the Ritz-Carlton on Thursday,
January 14th, at nine o'clock, to meet Miss
Elizabeth von Pelt von Krift.

I wakes the mug up and shows him the work of Tiffany with a sneer.

"Swell, and I suppose there's one for me, Terry," says he.

"There is, ya mug," says I, and there was for a fact.

Well, it seems the kid had amused the double von babe so much with his talk and looks that she wanted to give her friends a laugh too. Anyway a meal's a meal, so off we go to the Ritz on the appointed evening, all dolled up like Mrs. Astor's horse, and honest, the kid looks almost respectable.

The dinner is no good because there is so many waiters about that they grab your plate with no notice at all, and there ain't two mouthfuls on one of them baby chickens anyway. I'm pretty careful to keep the kid quiet, and, considering what a mug he is, he don't do so bad. He has sense enough to copy me on the tools to use, and I get my dope from the blonde on my right, who looks like she knows. The dinner gets shaken down

to a mere memory by dancing between courses, but there is so many frills that we don't do so bad at that.

Well, about midnight the dinner's over and everybody starts in on the serious drinking. Spider gulps down a couple against my advice, but he ain't in training so it don't matter much except that I'm all gooseflesh for fear he'll forget where he's at and smack some dude to amuse himself.

Everything goes O.K. till about two o'clock, when up jumps the devil. I'm teaching a broad from Memphis the black bottom, when out of the corner of my eye what do I see but that mug being ushered out by a guy that looks more like a dick than a dick himself. I follows behind, pretending I don't know him, and sure enough out they go and all clamber into a police wagon. There is two dicks in plain clothes, Spider, and one of the dudes. I grab a taxi and follow them down to the station, where a cop explains that the little guy smashed the big guy at a swell party and that they've both been pinched for brawling. It's a wonder Spider wouldn't use some of this spirit of war in the ring instead of at the Ritz—but he's a mug and that's what I get for letting him go there anyway.

Well, von Krift shows up looking as sore as a hornet with two stingers. I keep in the shadow outside so he won't see me, and he goes in and they argue about an hour. I ain't been drinking much, but no fooling! you could have knocked me over with a twelve-inch gun when I see the Spider and von Krift walk out looking as chummy as a couple of sparrows.

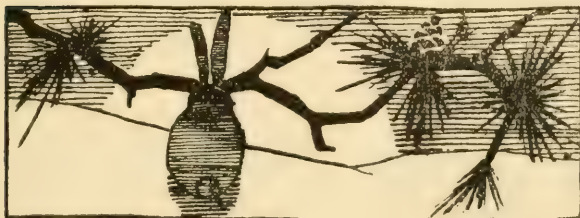
I join them and am too surprised to ask questions. The chauffeur drops us at our room and I walk upstairs thinking I must be dizzy or something. Finally I blurts out a string of questions and Spider simply hands me a paper which has just come out.

Boxer Captures Society Thief, I read. Spider Mc-

Clatchy hero in thrilling capture of well-known crook. And then: A new thrill was handed the débutantes of the season at the Ritz-Carlton tonight during the dance given by the Cornelius von Krifts when "Spider" McClatchy, an intimate friend of Mr. von Krift, captured Henry Rosini, alias "Gentleman George", who was posing as a guest at the affair.

I'm too muddled up to go on. "What's it all about?" I asks weakly. "Just this," yelps the Spider. "I seen that bozo out in Chicago four years ago and he was pulling the same smooth stuff then as now. So tonight I watches him and finally he gets a necklace off a dame as she goes by. I phones for the house dick but just before he gets there George gets wise and makes for the door. There ain't nothing for me to do but stop him, so I uncorks a haymaker right where he talks. The dicks recognize him when I give them the low down, and it's the jug for him. Of course, fights won't be no trouble to get after a thing like this, and furthermore it might interest you to know that there's a reward of two grand for this baby. God knows it ain't right, but I suppose you get half of it by our contract. Now who's a mug, you mug?"

J. Hoag.



Idols

THE dying embers of the fire cast gloomy, foreboding shadows about the room. All was serene and reposed. To one side of the fireplace stood a large armchair. Beside it was placed a small table upon which had been put all the necessities for smoking. In the center of the table stood a picture of a young man. He was handsome with a clear, bright face, well-shaped features, broad shoulders with just a suggestion of a stoop, an athletic body, strong legs. On the other side of the fireplace was a comfortable rocker. The pallid light of the fire alone illuminated the room. No one was to be seen.

Suddenly a bell sounded somewhere in the house. Steps went through the hall. A door opened, a pause, and then it closed again. Two people could be heard approaching. Into the room stepped the butler followed by a young man.

"Just a minute, sir, and I'll tell the young master that you are here. Be pleased to make yourself comfortable."

"Thank you, John, I shall. But before you go I want to ask you about a few things, if you don't mind."

"Yes, sir."

The young visitor sat down in the armchair, stared into the fire a moment, and then began. "It is just two months since his father died, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. Exactly two months tonight."

"Hm. Two months,—and he hasn't been out anywhere during the two months. Just what does he do with all his time?"

"Well, sir, he doesn't do much of anything except sit in here, smoke a pipe, look gloomily at the fire, gaze

admiringly at the picture there of his father, and then sink into deep reveries. Sometimes we have to shake him rather vigorously before we can get him back to reality enough to eat his meals. I do wish he would go out and do something in order to forget a little, sir. This place seems almost like a grave it is so silent and cheerless."

"I too wish that he would get out of this house for a while, and that is why I am here now. Does he ever talk to you about his father?"

"He did once, sir. He had just finished his supper one Sunday evening and I had brought him a tin of tobacco when he asked me to sit down with him a few minutes. I did so. He asked me then to tell him all that I knew about his father before he had married. Well,—I told him just what I knew: how his father had been a great lover of the out-of-doors and had spent most of his time roaming over the countryside painting the pretty scenes which met his eye, and how after a time his fame had spread and he had become well known for his paintings. The young master then asked me how his father had come to meet his mother. I told him that I didn't know that. His father had never seemed to care for women, nor, in fact, for any sort of companionship, and I didn't know just how he came to marry at all. He asked me if his mother and father had seemed to get along all right. I told him that they always seemed to be a happy and loving couple. That seemed to please him, and he dismissed me. That was all, sir."

"He knew that much without asking you, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir. But he just seemed to like to hear me say good things about the old master."

"I see. Well, I guess you may go and tell him that I am here."

"Yes, sir. I do hope, sir, that you can get his mind off this one track and persuade him to leave the house once

in a while. It isn't healthy to stay here the way he does." The butler left the room.

The young visitor gazed moodily into the fire. After some moments he reached for the poker and stirred up the fire. A half-burnt log cast up a shower of sparks and after a little prodding the fire seemed to catch some life and blue flames again began to play about the smouldering wood.

"Ah, that is what he needs, a little continued prodding to awake in him the latent spark of life, ambition, vigour. If he is allowed to stay in this house and do nothing he will die down until everything worthwhile in him has gone out. I guess I shall have to be the poker . . . Peculiar how he is content to do nothing but gaze at his father's picture all the time and dream. I do not blame him for mourning over the death of his father, but to segregate himself from all customary contacts with the outer world is nonsense. He almost worships the memory of his father. This picture is practically an idol for him, at whose shrine he offers up the incense of this tobacco—a terrible smell,—he uses the most abominable mixture of tobacco that man ever concocted." He again lapsed into moody contemplation of the fire.

A light step sounded on the threshold of the room, a board creaked and the young master appeared. To look at him was to see a close model of the picture on the table. He advanced as his guest arose. He extended his hand, clasped that of his friend without a word, and then after the formal greeting he sat in the rocker, motioning his guest back to the armchair. No word of greeting had been exchanged.

After a period of silence the visitor grew restless and finally burst forth. He berated his host for secluding himself, for retiring so completely from all normal intercourse. He ended by offering to take him as his guest through Canada for the winter sport season, just for the

sake of companionship, But his friend remained silent and apparently unmoved. Finding that he had made no perceptible impression, the visitor tried a new trick. In a tone of voice that vibrated with sincerity he spoke to the man who sat like stone opposite him.

"Paul, for the sake of the friendship that binds us, for the sake of the hours of childhood spent together, listen to me. I want you to leave this house for a couple of weeks and try to forget the blow that has hit you. For the sake of him for whom you grieve, him whom I myself loved almost as deeply as I love my own father, won't you come with me? I am sure that he would wish it, would be glad to have you do so."

At the word "father" Paul started in his seat, then slowly settled back again. Silence once more lay over the scene for several moments, and then Paul began to speak.

"Thanks very much for your kind invitation and offer, Jim. Give me another month and I will go with you. I can not tear myself away before then."

"I can't wait a month, Paul. It would be too late for the trip then."

Yet again all was silent. Paul fastened his gaze on the picture and the faintest suggestion of a smile came upon his face. Finally, Jim spoke in a low tone.

"Come, Paul, you can't stay here all the time. There is nothing here now to hold you but memories. I want my answer now."

"True, there are only memories, but they are more pleasant than my experiences with life have been. But, I shall go with you. Give me just this one night alone with my memories." He arose and offered his hand to Jim. Jim met him half-way looking squarely into Paul's eyes. Paul met his gaze and said, "Stop in tomorrow morning and we'll start to prepare at once. And now, good-night." He went to the door with Jim and then returned to sit in the armchair.

He slowly filled his pipe, lit it, and leaning back in the chair, concentrated his attention on the picture beside him. "Yes, my memories of you are pleasant. You are the only one whom I really trusted. You are what I should like to be,—a man whose reputation, record, whole life, was clear and noble; a man who is worthy of being followed, whose character was without fault. My father! My ideal! Why couldn't Roy have been that way? I trusted him, relied on him, believed him to be all he pretended to be only to find that when the testing time came he was shallow, wavering, base! It was a hard shock to weather. And then when I had seemed to shake that blow off I met Dorothy! She was so beautiful, she seemed so pure and wholesome that I gave my whole soul to her, and then—O God, it was ghastly to expose me to that torture of soul and mind—when I proposed, feeling so confident, for she *had* been so wonderful to me, to learn that the day before she had been secretly married! Two of my idols had been shattered. My soul was so torn that I thought it could never be healed. I didn't see how I could ever believe in any one again. But it was you, Father, who gradually began to make your influence felt as you quietly sought to bring me back to a normal outlook, and then it was that I realized what a man you were. Now you have gone, but at least you went without shattering my ideal, my idol." Again he lapsed into silence, but he stared continually at the picture. Still the fire smouldered and cast its queer shadows around the room. The pipe in Paul's mouth had gone out some time before.

Suddenly he realized that his pipe was out. He lit a match and was about to apply it when a sudden inspiration flashed through his mind. Why not get out his father's old pipe and use it? He whistled shrilly. The butler entered.

"John, fetch the box in which I put the Master's pipe

the night he died. It is in the bottom drawer of his desk."

The butler returned shortly with a finely carved box. He gave it to Paul and retired. Paul opened the box and took out a pipe. He examined it carefully, handling it with great respect. Finally, he packed it and lit it. Led by sheer curiosity he began to examine the box from which he had taken the pipe. "What a handsome box," he mused, "I wonder where Dad got it and where he kept it. I never saw it before the night he died. He had it beside his bed when he drew his last breath. His pipe was on top of it and I just put it in the box during that horrible period that followed."

Paul removed a few papers that were in the bottom of the box and looked at them. Nothing but a few newspaper clippings about financial conditions. The wood that lined the box was very highly polished and Paul ran his hand all over it in a sort of a caress. At one side there was fastened a thin strip of wood. It appeared to be there merely to support the lid of the box when it was closed. As Paul ran his hand along the bottom of the box he hit this strip. It turned and the bottom of the box flew up! There before his eyes lay the picture of a beautiful woman. Paul lifted the picture out of its resting place and read in the corner, "With love and hope, to Paul from Catherine." Paul was his father's name! But who was Catherine? He turned the picture over. In the handwriting of his father he read the following notation:

"This is the answer to my letter telling Catherine that Helen was dying and that in a few days I would be free. I hope the doctor wasn't wrong. It seems almost impossible that the dreams of my youth should now be so near fruition. I don't know why I ever married Helen. Just because Catherine was engaged and because the family wanted me to marry Helen. Catherine broke her engagement, but I couldn't back out of mine then. Now, after these years of putting up a false front, I see the gates of

paradise opening before me,—and I shall be able to have Catherine. So, in this twenty-second day of October, 1908, I resolve that once Helen is dead I shall leave at once for England—and Catherine.”

Paul suddenly hurled the box at the picture. “My mother didn’t die then, and yet father could go on and treat her so kindly! God, what a deceiver you were! And I called you father! I worshipped you! I wanted to be like you!” In a frenzy Paul paced the room; he wheeled and snatched the pictures of his father and Catherine and hurled them into the fire. They caught from the last dying embers of the fire a spark strong enough to set them in flames.

“You might at least have waited until mother had died and then made your plans, you scum! And I worshipped you!”

He threw himself into the rocker with great violence while he emitted an awful chuckle.

“Yes, Jim, I’ll leave this place all right.”

The rocker was swinging forward. Paul again chuckled in that ugly manner. The rocker did not stop its forward arc. It upset. Paul landed on his head with a crash. A sound resembling his horrible chuckle was heard. Then silence.

As he fell the last bit of the pictures went up in smoke, and the fire was out.

Robert H. Morgan.



BOOKS

THE BABE'S BED

Glenway Westcott

THAT the casual reader may not be misinformed by the apparent sophistication of this title, it may be well to tell him that Mr. Westcott's latest attempt is not the tale of a lecherous little lady, but the psychological maunderings of a slightly moronic individual who is disturbed for forty-odd pages by a wailing infant. The infant in question is the "babe" of the title. It, is also the author, it seems. And the man who is telling the story. And the latter's sister and for all we know President Hoover. A more polymorphic child has never crept into print.

In the preface to this disturbing treatise, Mr. Westcott informs Barbara, the unlucky dedicatee, that the book is not a chronicle of his own family. If indeed this is true, he is to be congratulated. If it is not, he is to be envied for his excellent taste in disclaiming them. If the story were music, he continues, it would be folk-tunes, apparently forgetting that the domestic harmony of his characters is almost as weak as their mentalities and his own narrative power. The style of the book is abominable. An omission of all conjunctions, an all-consuming passion for unconventionality, and a continual forcing of ridiculous rhetorical gyrations combine to produce an utterly weird and unintelligible effect. There is little or no plot, the

sentiment of the narrator having tearfully blotted whatever there may have originally been out of all existence. The baby and its wailing permeate the atmosphere with the slightly nauseous odor of dampened infancy and the reader, if at all conscious of what is before him, feels that he will be permanently inhibited against all forms of reproduction.

Harrison of Paris has attempted to justify this maudlin potage with a rather attractive format. But the story has only one advantage to the reviewer's mind—it ends after forty pages and the margins are big.

Harrison of Paris

L. A.

BRIDAL POND

Zona Gale

THIS book is a collection of short stories reprinted from the magazines in which they first appeared. They illustrate the possibilities of the short story, the depths which the artist can sound in a very few pages. "Springtime", for example, is a mere twenty pages, but the narrative covers many years and several domestic crises and yet there is no painful compression, the story is alive and leaves a clear impression.

Miss Gale's symbolisms are fascinating and not over-emphasized. "The Dime", "The Cobweb", "White Bread" gain their effectiveness from the intensity of feeling poured out by narrow people on inanimate trifles. The author, being a skillful technician is also able to prevent these stories from slipping from sentiment into sentimentality—an art which most of the chroniclers of the lives of the multitude have still to master.

Alfred A. Knopf.

NEW YORK

Paul Morand

IN FORTY-SECOND STREET it is a glowing summer afternoon all night: one might almost wear white trousers and a straw hat. Theatres, night-clubs, movie palaces, restaurants, are all lighted up at every port-hole. Undiscovered prisms; rainbows squared . . . The 'Great White Way'—the 'Roaring Forties'—all America dreams of having a Broadway. The craving for amusement breaks out like a revolution. Broadway is the port towards which America tacks; compared with this the streets of Shanghai and Hamburg are dark lanes. The festival offers all the false promises of city festival, but, like all its kind, false only on the morrow. There is but one truth—the truth of tonight!"

M. Morand is quick to seize on the dramatic in New York's bandwagon and to scatter abroad his plentiful epigrams. He effervesces, he exults in superlatives, he cannot control his admiration. But wait; his judgments are paradoxical, his brilliances have stings in their tails. "New York's supreme beauty, its truly unique quality is its violence. Violence gives it nobility, excuses it, makes its vulgarity forgettable."

Nevertheless the book is not a swamp of generalizations, the author's roving eye is hawk-like; he observes everything, spending time in Harlem night clubs with the same impartiality as at the Metropolitan. He takes pleasure in recounting the history of Madison Square, the wealth of Park Avenue, the quaintness of the Battery and caps the whole with a few lines from Walt Whitman. He condemns little; speakeasies, Greenwich Village and Coney Island are the only institutions that he rails at without remittance.

Everybody will like the freshness of Morand's viewpoint, his vivid style and his undiluted optimism. The drawings of skyscrapers by Joaquin Vaquero are attractive. *Book League of America.*

A RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER

R. H. Mottram

R. H. MOTTRAM is not a familiar author to many people because there is little that is sensational about his writing. But his studies of Madeleine and Geoffrey Skene in "The Spanish Farm Trilogy" showed how keen an observer he was, how revealing and unmuddled his art. He fulfils this promise to some extent in this new book.

Geoffrey Skene is now home from Flanders and working as an architect in his native Easthampton. He is struck by the starved beauty of Olive Blythway, the daughter of the richest man in town. The affair comes to a head when Olive's husband, an aviator, dies in a crash.

Mr. Mottram's love of detail has perhaps led him to tell us too much about housing schemes and social movements. He might have developed his secondary characters a little more. But his rare understanding leaves us with the feeling that Olive and Skene are more than figures in a story. They become old friends.

Harper and Brother.



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The Haverfordian

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NO. 7

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"WHEN ON THE COLLEGE CAMPUS"

In the Manner Of——

Editor's note: Many of the better known modern and near modern poets were asked to write on a theme suggested by the editor. The following poems are in response to this request.

The Theme

Two notions are involved in this theme: the Millennium with its symbol of the Lion and the Lamb, and the dual nature of man to be symbolized by the Goat (man's physical nature) and the Lamb (man's spiritual nature). The manner in which these two notions are combined is in every case the deliberate choice of the individual writer.

* * *

I. John Masefield: "The Lecher of Leicester."

*Bill Burdock was his father's only son,
Dirty, scummy, foul-mouthed, evil-eyed.
At night he walked the streets in search of fun,
Dawn found him with his lusts unsatisfied.
The decent people never could abide
The sight nor yet the smell of this rank chap,
Goatish he was, even at mother's pap.*

*He barged about the little country town
Where he'd been born, for two and twenty years,
Gaining each day an increase of renown
For nastiness and drawing women's tears;
And ever he was piling up arrears
For doing sin and swallowing of drams.
Yet this man had a soul like those of lambs.*

*Millennial is the tale of his return
 To happy life, finding a God and peace.
 Nor let the well-to-do this story spurn.
 Such things as this alone will bring increase
 Of wisdom. Miracles will never cease
 If lion, lamb, and goat can sleep in Bill.
 And this they did, and quite against his will. . . .*

Editor's note: The incidents of the tale that follow this introduction are so well known to all readers of John Masefield that there is no need to reprint the story here.

* * *

II. Edgar Lee Masters: "Peter Piper."

*Although the boys called after me because of my name,
 "Where are your pickles?"
 I did not stop believing a better time would come.
 The lion and the lamb
 Became a sign of final peace.
 I, the lamb, would not be bothered
 By them, the lions.
 But, at the age of eighteen and three months,
 A girl seduced me.
 I found I had a goatish nature
 As well as a lamb's.
 Since even in me two animals
 Could not live in peace,
 What hope for a millennium?
 I shot myself at Powter's Bend
 One dark night in winter.
 They put me here during the blizzard of '86.*

* * *

III. Walt Whitman: "Walking the Camden Streets . . ."

*Walking the Camden streets, endlessly rocking
 With the surging flow and ebb of people,*

*I found a spirit, a hail-fellow, moving with the flow
Stirring in the surge, endlessly rocked, and with him
I walked on.*

*I was taught to sing great things in celebration by him.
The mechanic clasping the mill-girl, I sing,
The ram running to the ewe, I sing,
The pismire stirring in the dirt to his mate, I sing,
The banker and his secretary,
The great ship in the river with her convoy,
The dark masculine smoke of the city mingling the
feminine clouds.*

(Here several pages of manuscript have been lost, but not the point.)

*Considering these things which my familiar comrade
taught me in Camden,
The millennium is all about us.
It is found in the side-streets,
Up the little alleys of the city,
In the lonely remoteness of farms,
On the touring ships,
Where walkers walk on the road, or by the road, or
rest together on benches,
There can be seen the symbol of opposite things reconciled.
The strong goatish nature is at peace with his opposite,
The soft spirit of the lamb sleeps beside her lord,
All is found mixed with all, and this is millennial.
The millennium I sing, Kamerados!
You I address, Citizens!
Allons! . . .*

Editor's note: This poem now begins to repeat itself in slightly different language, and it did not seem necessary to print the second section.

* * * * *

IV. Gertrude Stein: "A Piece of a Piece."

When to begin writing about it is not always a plain question of it-writing. To write or not to write unquietens the mind so to write can never be simple. John said loving me strongly this so strongly when to begin writing. To believe is not always a plain question nor is to write but being strongly loved is a question plain while being strongly loved. So to know this matter came clean to the mind of me unquietened by questions of to begin writing about it and to believe. John said.

The next step is to write I said the being loved strongly now over and so a beginning was made without any me to know it. This begin to write, wrote, not written the end hard to reach, went from writing about it to its end. The end came from the beginning many words between the beginning to write about it and the having written. Memo: the word lamb and the word goat should be many of these many words. John said who, who, who, owl-like, who wants to be the goat.

Editor's note: Mrs. Stein was not asked to contribute since she is not even a poetess, but this paper turned up along with the others.

* * *

V. Carl Sandburg: "Shanty Irish."

Being plain

I can only see the nose on my face.

*Mrs. Garraghty's billy-goat chewing a can
was like Mrs. Garraghty's husband
carrying the can.*

Same goofy little eyes,

Same knob of whisker,

Same loins, lights, and liver,

Same beliefs.

The missis was a lamb, however,

God! but it was millennial,

*When these two went to bed
And lay down side by side,
Being plain,
I can only see the nose on my face,
So don't quote the Good Book to me.*

* * *

VI. G. K. Chesterton: "Bombastes."

*When God created the first man
The Cherubim stood by
And smiled to see the creature's frame
Unfurled against the sky.*

*They laughed behind their purple wings,
With joy their pinions curled—
They missed the terrible miracle
Then opening on the world.*

*The puny object of their spite
Grew through the happy hours,
Reaching with splendour far abroad
Expanding all his powers.*

*He came to be a flaming stage
Where love was killed by passion,
He grew to be a stagnant pool
Filled-up by stinking fashion.*

*He came to be God's potent sign
Flung wide across the night
Of reconciliation hardly won—
The sightless having sight.*

*In him the millennium came to rest,
Camping on life's dark rim,
Making this creature God's own choice.
Oh! bourgeois Cherubim!*

* * * * *

VII. E. E. Cummings: "When If Ever It Comes to an End."

IT is a l l of us,

There is:

the world:

everything in the

(confines of space):

What we know—this in lower case!

What we feel—this in upper case!

And,

if ever IT comes to an end

the little i can perhaps ask a question.

Why was the millennium made so unreachable

a lion

a lamb

lying together

IS unreachable . . .

Even a GOAT

and a LAMB

cannot be stalled together inside the skin

of such a little

i

as

I.

* * *

A poet who drew his inspiration from the great world struggle, 1914-1918.

VIII. "Bombarded by Life."

Editor's note: In the interests of art and reason this contribution has been rejected, as have also contributions by J. C. Squire, Edgar A. Guest, the three Sitwells, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, and Michael Strange.

William Reitzel.

Death In the Desert

*But he was dead; 'twas about noon, the day
Somewhat declining . . .*

—Browning.

THE old man turned his calm eyes towards the heavens. The purple veil of the night was pierced by innumerable tiny gleams; the constellations marched in fiery state across the sky. He turned to the boy at his side.

"My son," said he, "the last long years lie heavy on me. I, who was without a peer among the princes of men—I, Ismali Hassad al Cid, defender of the prophet—I have come to that time when a man must leave to his son the cares of his house and the duties of his faith. Therefore it is fitting that I should deliver unto thee this trust. Tomorrow, ere the sun be risen in the sky, thou shalt be leagues hence and winging on thy way towards the city of thy fathers. This precious creed—thy father's words unto his people—carry with thee, and the blessing of Allah. Long hast thou been with me in the desert, oh Bassid, my son; much hast thou learned of these far stars. They are thy princely heritage. Go! Carry them to thy brethren who wait these seven years for tidings of their father." The long slim arm of the old sheikh was raised above the head of the boy. "The blessing of Allah and mine go with thee."

And when the darkness had faded before the advance of the dawn, Bassid Hassad, the heir to his father's kingdom, was riding swiftly over the shifting plain, his eyes on the horizon. But the thoughts of Bassid were back with his father, the strange old man whom he had left behind. Well could he remember the day when seven years before,

the old sheik had taken farewell of his numerous family, and, accompanied only by Bassid and a small retinue, had turned his face across the desert to the setting sun. Now he, Bassid, was returning to the land of his nativity. The family of Ismali were a placid people, friendly among themselves, and fond of the cooling stream and shady palms beneath the shadow of which they had watched their flocks for countless generations. It would be good to see once more those proud but gentle faces, wistfully remembered for so long. The narrow lips of Bassid curved in a smile at the thought of how he had changed in those seven years. Perhaps they would not know him for the slender lad who had left them. Strong he was now, strong and eager for the life of a man. The strong muscles of the mare beneath him rippled under her silky coat. The boy threw back his head and laughed.

So he rode across the desert for two days. His food was dates and locust-paste, prepared for him at the camp of old Ismali. Sparingly, he drank of the goat-skin water bottle which hung at his saddle bow. At night he slept on his cloak under the stars and woke to ride into the dawn. Misadventure there was none; the sun beat down upon his back, and he was tempted to drink of his water at more frequent intervals, but he would control the impulse and revel in the self-restraint. That was like a man! Not only was he now strong in body, but he had learned the wisdom of his elders. His thoughts turned again and again towards his destination. The sun that rose in the east seemed as far away as ever, but he knew that another day's journey would bring him to his brethren. His mare, seeming to divine his thought, gathered herself beneath him and lengthened her stride. He looked down and the white sand of the desert flew past her hoofs. But a little while, he thought, and there came upon his ears the sad wailing sound, the low moan, rising in a constant crescendo that is the most dreadful sound the desert dweller must hear.

Far away, it murmured and in the silence of the desert, the sound was uncanny. The sun was warm in the sky, but Bassid shivered. In the north across the vast flat plains he saw a grayish cloud, close to the ground, hardly visible at first but gaining in size. He turned his mare. The whining reached them the more clearly. The mare's ears twitched with fear. She too was a desert-dweller; she too was stirred by the awful dread which filled the boy who rode her. She wheeled and like an arrow she was off, flying before the face of the terror.

The boy crouched low over the neck of the animal. They were moving like the wind. The wind stung his face. But he heeded it not as he heard the moaning of the storm, gaining inevitably upon him. Suddenly the sun went black; day became night; and the whirlwind covered them. As the force of it struck them, the mare screamed in fear and plunged her foreleg into a pit. There was a crack, a hideous squeal of pain and Bassid was thrown to the ground. But the very ground moved beneath him. The force of the wind drove the sand in blinding sheets. He stumbled into the gale and fell upon his face. The mare had disappeared into the screaming vortex. For long he lay, his head shielded by his arms. The wind whipped round him. His long cloak and gay tarboush were ripped to shreds. The flying sand cut into the flesh of his back and legs. There was a sodden pool of blood around him. The terrible force of the wind rolled him over and over. He was battered about by a howling maniac. The wind was merciless—and then . . .

Silence. Above, a hot blue sky; below, the white sand stretching out for miles, calm undulations undisturbed save where far to the south, a tiny cloud, a distant moan, bespoke the havoc that had passed.

Bassid lay where he had fallen, for a long time. His body was numb, his eyes were sightless—only a burning pain gave proof of their presence. He rolled over on one

side, his limbs throbbed; tight lips suppressed a groan of agony; thoughts hammered in his brain: death, death, Ismaili bereaved, ah the desert should cover him. Night fell. He lay as one dead for several hours. Slowly his sight returned, and when the stars faded from the sky, he rose and bowed himself before the rising sun, the face of Mecca. His strength was now somewhat returned, and with it thirst. Fiercely his eyes searched for some sign of an oasis. The horizon to the west was bare; eastward he glanced and drew a sharp quick breath of joy. Beneath the rising fire of the sun, at a great distance from him, there stood the unmistakable and stately form of a palm, sure token of relief. Resolutely he strode forward, his pace diminished of necessity by the ever-increasing pain of his wounds. The sun burned down upon him; his shredded garments barely sufficed to shield his back from the scorching rays. A sorry traveller indeed was this, but in his eyes there was the light of purpose; and his glance never wavered from the distant palm.

For an hour he walked, his weary feet blistered by the hot sands. The sun grew higher in the heavens, and the heat of it was more intense. A faint doubt flickered in his mind. Could it be . . . ? No! And yet the palm seemed never nearer.

His head throbbed madly. The heat and the doubt were almost enough to overcome him. Once more his lips set themselves in a thin line. For an hour more he stumbled through the heavy sand. Doubt hammered in his head. He would not give up. And yet the palm was no whit nearer; Allah! it was fading from his sight. He had been right in his first wild doubt. Mirage! The delusion of the damned! Momentarily the green fields of his childhood flashed into his mind. The cooling stream . . .

He shuddered and drew himself erect. He must not give way. But a two-days' journey toward the east lay those green meadows. He was resolved. The madness of the

desert should not seize hold on him; he would remain himself by the help of Allah. In the sand he sank to his knees. Before the face of the eastern horizon, he bowed himself down.

"Allah illalah, il allah, ina mohamed an rasul allah! Merciful one, protector of the faithful, behold thy servant Bassid Ismaili Hassad, I who cry to thee. Strengthen thou my will, O lover of lonely men, strengthen thou my will and let me not be turned aside by the devices of Azaziel. Foreshadow thou my going, O keeper of paradise!"

The prayer comforted him. Resolutely despite his weariness, he rose and marched on into the east. He fought the weights that clung to him, the burden of soreness that held him back. It was necessary that he go on. Insidiously the thoughts of refreshment slipped into his brain. And with a struggle he expelled them. He must not think; he must not let his fevered fancy wander. His life depended on it, and even more—this was the horror—his possibility of escape from the madness of the desert, the fever-heightened cafard, ghastly, incurable. His mouth was dry, and covered with a thick cake. His tongue was swollen. He cleared his throat as if to speak and heard nothing but a grim croaking. Fear, vibrant and maddening, took hold of his exhausted body. His steps wavered, he tottered in his way, and fell. Fantastic visions of innumerable delights passed through his mind. He fought them physically, striking at empty air, his hands clutching frantically at nothing. The sun sank in the west. Ah, thought Bassid, in the night there will be relief. The night is cool; there is no burning sun. (So they had told him . . . so he thought.) And with the night, his weary frame sank into a fitful slumber. Through the short hours of the tropic night, he tossed upon the sand. There was no rest in this sleep, and with the rising of the sun in the eastern horizon, he woke to find his mouth as dry as stone, so parched that he could scarcely draw breath through the swollen lips.

With superhuman resolution he crawled to his knees. To Mecca he turned his face and muttered out a croaking prayer to Allah the father of mercy, Allah the all-wise and all-seeing. He came to his senses more completely at the conclusion of the prayer. Slowly he plodded eastward. The land of his brethren could not now be far away. His heart filled with hope. But no! Delusion would be fatal. He must not let himself be overcome by those fantasies of which he had dreamed during the restless night.

But it was impossible to avoid the devices of the Evil One. Twice during the long light of the morning he crawled vainly beneath the burning sun to what he was certain was the green shade of a waterside palm. But the palms were of the air. They existed but in his mind, and he was filled with the gnawing terror of approaching madness. He must not give way. And then, as the bright fire in the sky burned high, he saw before him still one more illusion. Ah, Allah! must he still be mocked? Was there no peace? To the east, waving green in the breeze which could not be other than a fancy, he saw and did not see. The feeling had departed from his throat. Only a raw sharp pain bit into his head, and went singing down into his body. He staggered as he walked. The sun grew dim. Wildly his mind cried out that this was water, this was real. Thou art not deceived, O Bassid, son of Ismaili. But Allah the all-merciful has heard his prayer. One thing lived on within him. This was his will. He would not stoop to this. Deceit, trickery—play on, O Evil One! The strength of Allah himself is in Bassid. He will not bow! He will go on! On to the land of his fathers. Fathers, ah, but his father was far to the west. He laughed. It was not a laugh. He smiled a smile of triumph. It was not a smile. It was a contortion of what had been a face. The sky went black. Before him was the palm. He was not fifty feet from it. It had not vanished like the others. It had every semblance of reality. But Bassid was not to be deceived.

Allah had strengthened his will and he would not bow to the wiles of the evil one. His feet dragged. He stumbled, and stood wavering to and fro. A great laugh of triumph shook his wasted body. This was no spring! He knew! He knew with the knowledge of Allah the all-seeing. His laughter rose on the desert air, a raucous, rusty, horrid sound rose to the bold sky, rose to the ruthless, scorching sun. Bassid the son of Ismali fell to the ground upon his knees. His face was bowed toward Mecca. He had conquered in the name of the faithful. He was dead.

His body shuddered to the bank of the spring that he had seen. The slope beneath his head was steep and very real. Slowly his shriveled remains rolled over, and the head lolled back, back into the cool calm waters of the spring. It was no fantasy of water that flowed across the dead face.

Jock Hackerman.



Hail and Farewell

*Far island, with a sun-stained sandy shore
Where gently breaking waves release a white
And creamy curling ripple—a delight
To the pure pearly birds that hover o'er
The blue beneath them, and who semaphore
Their wildest visions to some water-sprite
Who, far within the water out of sight,
Reclines upon a phosphorescent floor.
Far island,—ah, the blue of yonder sky!
Far island,—ah, the blue of yonder sea!
The days are bright; the wind is ever high;
The salt is in the air. And as for me,
From that fair shore, some day I may espy
Beneath the blue, my own dear argosy.*

*Far island, with a silver-lit lagoon
Soft-sentinelled by silhouetted palms,
Caressed by breezes where the midnight calms
The sea beneath a luminescent moon.
Where nature is eternally a-swoon
With languor that the atmosphere embalms,
Where grasses murmur slow melodic psalms
Of love and music to the low monsoon.
Far island, where the night is violet—
Far island, where the constellations sing—
The dawn is breaking. Lo, the moon is set . . .
But let me glimpse a vision of the thing
And be content. I never shall forget
The island of my last remembering.*

*Far island, of a greater loveliness
Than blesses any vista I have scanned—
Where God has made the sea to understand
The living beauty it can best express—
Far island, bright and calm and passionless,
Clear as the sea, and silver as the sand,
Ah, fleeting vision of a promised land,
Be mine a moment; let my eyes possess.
Far island, is there not a living wind
Breathes on thy body? Why may I not see
Thee living? . . . But in death the gods are kind
And anger is not in eternity.
A peace, a vision, surely I shall find
In death, and so at last be there with thee.*

*Far island, is it lonely in the sea?
Rings back the caerulean sky a call
Or does no echo ever break the pall
Of silence and complete serenity?
Gone where the wild birds boast that they are free
Shall I be sad? Ah, might it so befall
That every fancy, every vision, all
Imagination should have mocked at me?
Far island, is it lonely in the sea?
Far island, mark me,—truth is what I tell:
Into the silence of eternity,
I shall transport her; all will then be well
With thee, far faery island, and with me,
And with my bride, my princess Christabel.*

*Far island, thou art free and fair and fine;
There is no bond upon thee, nor a tie
To hold thee. Thou hast freedom from on high
And hold'st thy kingdom by continued line,
Liberty laps thee round about like wine
And thou mayst climb unto the very sky.
But, of my fancy, such an one as I
Shall bind and tie thee and shall make thee mine.
"Mine?" island, "mine?"—ah no, the word is weak.
By all celestial and eternal powers!
The truth shall thunder and the right shall speak
From starry castles and from tall sea towers,
From icy slopes and frowning mountain peak—
Thou art enthralled far island,—thou art ours!*

Lockhart Amerman.



Capri

CLARA LAUGHLIN in her sprightly little book, "So You're Going to Rome," introduces her remarks on Capri by saying, "Capri has had more 'gush and goo' written about it in the last hundred years than any other place I know of." She then proceeds to admit that her idea of the place was modified by her annoyance at the treatment of it as a Coney Island, which was a result of the large crowds of tourists she happened to meet there.

And indeed, the *forestieri*: English, German, French, American, and the rest are too often "doing" the island as part of a tour, and go there because they must. The much-maligned Americans are certainly not the worst of the lot, but are probably the most numerous and therefore the most annoying in the aggregate. The average man set down in Capri by his ambitious wife, having no artistic, musical, poetical or historical sense, very naturally is bored to extinction with his surroundings and frequently seeks consolation in alcohol, loud parties, and vocal criticism directed at the natives.

There happened to be a minimum number of disagreeable people on the island at the time I was there, as it was summer, and the time for teachers' and students' migrations rather than the expensive winter tours which bring the sort of people of whom I first spoke. At that, I almost wished it had been winter. At nearby Sorrento I had not needed a mosquito-net all summer; why should one be necessary at Capri? During my first night there I made the acquaintance of mosquitoes, in comparison with which, members of the famous Jersey variety are insignificant. It was a really painful initiation, most efficiently conducted by the insects in question.

The attractiveness of Capri lies partly in her strong, rocky coast washed by the bluest of seas, and partly in her historical associations. After a summer at Sorrento one is not easily impressed by natural beauty; hence, I think I am not unduly carried away when I say that for continuous brilliance of scenery, not unmodified by a certain dignity of line and color, Capri stands alone.

In approaching the island the color of the sea becomes increasingly noticeable. Even at Sorrento it is only on a rare day that the water assumes that rich, deep-blue tint which matches the sky. The little steamer makes a pure ermine border, sparkling with diamonds of spray, for the blue velvet gown of the sea as she cuts briskly through it.

On arriving, one's first act must be to visit the Blue Grotto. The steamship company has accommodated its passengers in this matter by sending its steamers to Capri by way of the cavern. The little vessel slows down opposite a warm, brown cliff rising straight up for many hundred feet. Between it and the vessel are numerous gayly-colored cockle-shells of rowboats bobbing madly up and down, and proceeding with surpassing swiftness toward the ship. On their arrival one succeeds in the apparently impossible feat of boarding one of them and sets out on a ride, mostly in a vertical direction, to the Blue Grotto. If one expects to see a vast entrance to it he will be disappointed and probably somewhat apprehensive. For when the boat approaches near to the cliff, one sees a very small hole in its side which disappears beneath the water with every wave. The oarsman with a grin states that his boat will go in just on the breast of a wave. He makes his two or three passengers lie down in the bottom of the craft, catches a rope that disappears through the opening, gives a long pull, a shout of warning, and drops flat. There is a swift rush, a sudden blackness, and a scraping of rock on the stern of the rowboat. Arrived!

Once in, one becomes slowly aware of the cold radiance which gave the Blue Grotto its name. The cause for it is the fact that the only entrance to the cavern is far more extensive below the water than above. Hence, almost all the light comes indirectly through the intensely blue water. The rock walls, being naturally of a neutral shade, reflect the blue color perfectly, and give the impression of being made of semi-transparent, silvery-blue sapphires. The water, since the light comes through it, is almost the same shade; and the gentle swells which get past the entrance fail to disturb its gleaming clearness.

The most impressive moment comes when a boy clad only in trunks dives into the water. His body catches the light as it streams upward; he becomes a swimming silver statue in a turquoise ocean. When the boatman starts to pull again for the entrance, the oars turn miraculously to silver and shower drops, that coruscate like pale fire against their background.

After the Blue Grotto the rest of Capri might seem, at first glance, to be an anti-climax. But soon the island takes hold of the feelings and later calls to mind even more pleasant memories than the Grotto itself.

The three main characteristics of the island are the sea, the sun, and the cliffs. The sea gives it beauty, the sun cheers it, and the cliffs give it dignity. The town is insignificant, having a couple of foreign hotels, several tourists' shops, and numerous churches, like many another Italian town. But it is unblest with the good water which most of them possess. In fact, there is not a mouthful of pure water on the island. The deficiency is partly remedied by two excellent Birrerii (beer shops) which cater to the large number of Germans who visit the island annually, and several Italian wine shops where light liquors of mediocre quality are sold. The people of the island do not resemble the proud Umbrians or Romans; they have no great traditions; their language seems outlandish to a

Northern Italian; yet they have these three blessings: the sea, the sun, and the mountains, from which they have made their living.

Towering high over the town on one lofty, brown cliff looking as inaccessible as Everest is the castle of Tiberius. Ghastly stories are told of this man's cruelty and licentiousness. The places where he is said to have been accustomed to have people thrown down into the sea are shown with great gusto by the local *ciceroni* who, like all guides, prefer the melodramatic. Incidentally, one of the finest views on earth can be obtained from the castle. The whole island is spread out below, a harmonious patchwork in brown and green, bathed by the golden sunlight and framed by the vast blue sea. Far away the blue is edged with deep purple; it is the atmosphere that makes the brown cliffs of the main shore take on that deep shade of amethyst.

Certainly I prefer to agree with the more modern historians in thinking that Tiberius, who chose such a glorious site for his castle-dwelling, was a harmless, slandered old man, harassed by family squabbles and political factions, rather than a vicious and savage tyrant.

It was on this island that the Sirens sang and would have attracted Ulysses and his men to them had it not been for Ulysses' ingenuity. Perhaps, and it is easy to believe, the Sirens merely were used by the poets to symbolize the beauty of the island which would have attracted men from their missions and made them settle there, had not duty compelled them to go on.

But neither is it hard to believe in the Sirens' existence, when moonlight makes the whole island a Blue Grotto; everything is again silver and blue and black. The eye wearies and the mind balks at receiving so much beauty. One feels, sometimes, a fear of it, and a desire to get back to ordinary, everyday things. The stars and the moon in a clear sky outline the cliffs, and silver the rolling Medi-

terranean. Where there are shadows, mystery and silence lie; where there are not, the moonlight, so different from the robustly golden sunlight of day, picks out ordinary objects along the shore and makes them works of art.

Those little points of rock sticking out of the sea, the Faraglioni, become things of wonder; they seem to have come out of a book of fantasy and intrigue the attention. Indeed, a night spent in that clear air under the stars is worth a lifetime of pleasurable remembrance.

When it is time to return to Naples or Sorrento a little reflection on the place of this island in experience is valuable. Reflection will show that its appeal is to the heart rather than the brain or soul; and that the Sirens still live in its caverns and on its peaks. From Rome we carry away a sense of awe; from Florence astounded admiration; but we come back to Capri.

William E. Miller.

à B. C.

*Te rappelles-tu la nuit d'avril.
quand fleurissait ta fraîche beauté ?
—Mon âme depuis n'est pas tranquille.*

*Te rappelles-tu la nuit de mai,
quand murmuraient les noirs sapins
au clair de lune,—nos doux baisers ?*

*Te rappelles-tu la nuit de juin:
parfums, extases, et promesses mille ?*

* * * * *

Ou ne t'en souviens-tu point ?

J. M. de G. et G. de W.

Truth at Morning

*Two birds fought on a low branch of a tree,
With a dark hill behind them and one cloud,
And all the buried anguish rose in me,
And the old, clutching bitterness cried aloud.*

*I saw one sway upon a tipmost twig,
And flutter, faint, and drop stone-like to the ground,
And how the other tore him as he fell
And swooped into the winds without a sound.*

*And beyond the tree and the hill the huge white cloud
Opened upon the morning quietly,
And beauty came through to mock the bitter cry:
That even a little bird bled in a tree.*

*Heap the cool sod upon him! the earth has,
Better than all the quiet-passing winds,
Healing for pain, and dark forgetfulness,
And warmth when the freezing of the sky begins.*

*And much that we call beauty, that looks on pain
With empty eyes, that cannot speak,
Must yield to deeper beauty like the earth's,
Whose coolness heals, whose depths receive the weak.*

H. J. Nichol.

Aliphat

THE warm breath of the moisture-laden Sirocco lifted the flowing toga of Rhaetius, and gave him the appearance of a purple-tinctured bird of ill-omen. The cruel curve of his beak-like nose added to the illusion. Standing before the ramshackle tent of untanned oxhide he seemed a second Ozymandias, "ruler of the world". On every side, as far as the horizon, stretched monotonous plains of grass save where in the west the land fell off abruptly at the edge of mighty cliffs. Over these, from time to time, the wind blew great clouds of spray that rolled on towards the tent and disappeared, leaving a trail of brown and withered grass. The first impression was one of utter desolation, but here and there the high grass bent, revealing grazing cows. The only other sign of life was about the tent where Aliphat, a Syrian slave, crouched at the feet of his Roman master, mute now in the face of a cruel fate, like the insignificant weasel which the vulture has marked out for his prey.

"Dog, how dare you deny that you have killed the very best of the herd when I say you did. Nor do I lack evidence."

"Master, I may not convince you, but I still say I am innocent. I have not been unfaithful."

"Take that, servile thief, you have stirred my wrath. What are you to tell me that I lie?"

As the weighted thongs descended on his bare flesh, the wretch cringed to the dust, his loin cloth no more protecting him from its sting than from the pestilential wind. His eye now fell on the only witness to this scene, a swarthy Numidian. An evil grin was on his face and white eyeballs rolled in his head as the lash rose and fell.

"Mastabal, did you not see this wretch throw the bones and skin over the cliff?"

"Master, I saw, and heard him boast, when his fellows from the ranches had slept off their midnight feast, that many another such revel they would have while he was keeper of your herds."

"Cozening liar, may sorrow visit you and your fathers and the land of your birth; may the dry crow leave no bone of your ancestors untouched. You shall drive the herds in my place—for well I know my fate by now—but your end shall be ten thousand times more terrible than mine."

As these curses flowed from the mouth of the dying Syrian, great beads of sweat rolled down the gaunt black's face and the fixed grin mocked the tremors of his body and the grey fear in his eye.

"Finish him!" The eye of Rhaetius and the threatening scourge recalled the African to his duty. "Throw this carcass over the cliffs; and take his loin cloth for your own."

The rigid corpse was ruthlessly dragged to the cliff's edge and as Mastabal lifted it to hurl it from him, the lifeless hands seemed to twine about his throat. With a cry of terror, he hurled the body from him.

It took the whip to recall him to his senses this time, and he followed his master to the tent lately occupied by the luckless herdsman from across the sea.

* * * * *

Another year has turned about and, aside from a few visits from Rhaetius, the Numidian has lived a lonely life on the wide plains. He is no stranger to the whip, but its advent brings the comfort of a human presence. A skeleton of bones and startled nerves, he no longer grins. He wears a loin-covering made of hide cut from the tent-flap. Aliphat's loin-cloth lies buried above the cliffs beneath a mound of meal and meat and strange propitiatory offer-

ings, but his nights are black hours of torment. Strange wailings on windless nights have broken the hours of silence and once the cliff-tops glowed with a ghostly light, though the moon was not yet up.

"Rhaetius comes today. I will ask him to remove me. The grass here is all but fed out and I dare not go on a half-day's journey with the cattle, lest the night find me away from shelter. O Baal, merciful son of the mother of men, is my torment to have no end?" A sound of running feet announces a slave who precedes the master, and the miserable negro arouses himself to prepare a favorable impression. A light of hope drives the despair from his eyes and he resolves to bear anything rather than another night at the mercy of the spirit of the man whom he had wronged.

* * * * *

Night once more—unheeded prayers to man and god—a howling southwind that drives the clouds across the moon. A screech-owl shrills its call from the hollow of an old oak-tree. Mastabal awakes in a bath of sweat from a moment's frightful dream; the tent door flaps loudly as the Sirocco tears across the plain, and again the owl calls from the brakes. A narrow column of white spray rises on the margin of the cliffs and the hurrying wind wafts it over the land.

For a few moments, the unwilling moon lights up the scene. A tiny cloud of vapor moves silently across the moor towards the tent, which stands there like a forgotten monument in a land of dreams. Mastabal springs up, then doubles up fearfully in a corner; for fear and guilt have transformed the mist into a long expected avenger. In place of wind-driven spray, he conceives a disembodied spirit which moves towards the tent with baleful purpose. A rattling in his throat, a tumult in his brain resolve into a mumbled prayer—half cry, half groan: "Elyssa,—great one, merciful sister of the Avenger, save

me now, I beseech thee." Still the vapor glides on and the negro cannot move to lift the tent flap and slip away. The ghostly figure now blocks the entrance and the moon disappears.

Unspeakable agony stiffens the limbs of the miserable slave. He seems to have no longer any soul, any mind, any will. His body is but a bunch of nerves that sends one message only to his brain, now a central battery vibrant with fear, boundless and unthinkable. For those few instants he is immortal—a Fear in every faculty; and his body and sense are sacrificed to the deity, his brain. He no longer prays, no longer thinks, no longer sees or feels. He only knows that his end has come. Release from the spell would bring but madness. All around burns a bluish light, and in that light, besides himself, there is another—a creature of madness. Aliphat stands over him with arm upraised, and in his hand a weighted thong which comes down with a power more than mortal and wraps itself about his neck. His body relaxes. The spell is shattered and the silence of the night is broken by a howl that marks the eruption of all the pent-up energies and vitality of a human being. The final furious gesture of the raging wind has left the tent a ruin in the lonely waste . . .

* * * * *

Last night the southwind tore across the sea in the wake of the Sirocco and half of Rhaetius' herds lie rigid on the plains. The herdsman's tent is a mass of twisted hide and ropes, but no herdsman is to be seen. The slaves sent out to estimate the damage have come upon the ruined tent. A sharp cry of horror from one draws all eyes to an object at his feet. A black head bruised and unsightly—mouth and nose and eyes agape—protrudes from under the tent. One of the ropes is tightly knotted around the shrunken throat—evidence of the force of the terrible southwind.

Aliphat is avenged.

C. A. Pitter.

Sifting Sands

Atlantic City

. . . In our meandering of yesterday we met three fellow beings who are in a unique business. Every cent that they get is clear profit, or as we say, "found money." They themselves, feel that it is the best business in the world for they don't work for their money—they just find it.

It was on our morning boardwalk that we spied these fellows wandering along the water line of the beach. All were bent forward and they peered about intently as they walked. Two were equipped with boots and they walked on the edge of the water. The third could survey the washed sands only as the water receded; with every incoming wave he was forced to jump back to the dry sand. I've been in Atlantic City enough to know that no shells of any value are found on the beach. Perhaps they were searching for clams. But we brushed conjecture aside and approached them.

The first plover we spoke to was a gouty, rheumy fellow, somewhere between fifty and eighty. What little of his face was exposed was of a lovely dun color. Shaggy hair all but concealed his watering yes and as he spoke slobber drolled through his moustache. His only identifiable garment was a grimy cap pulled down to his eyebrows. His clothes were draped around him. We inquired in a mild manner after the object of his search.

"Money and jewelry," he replied with a leering grin and a grinning leer. "Y'see the bathers last summer lost their money and jewelry on the sand, and waves coming in now, wash it up."

"Do you get much?"

"Quite a bit," answered the smeary one. "Only the salt water works on it bad." And with these words he fumbled in the recesses of his scalloped trousers—somewhere in the region of the knee, and brought forth a dozen or more corroded coins, rusted and green from the salt water, and of low denominations—pennies, nickels, dimes—a quarter.

"Found money—every cent of it," boasted bleary eyes, as he wiped his dripping moustache with one hand and with the the other lowered the coins to their subway home. With the pride of a beagle he resumed the treasure hunt.

We walked away wondering.

"Capitalist or laborer," we mused. "Employed or unemployed; producer or consumer."

But he called after us. "Just found another cent."

Walter M. Teller



BOOKS

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

H. G. Wells, Julian S. Huxley, G. P. Wells

THE emotions appropriate to an instructor, upon reviewing for an undergraduate periodical a piece of "required reading," are sufficiently singular and not at all necessary to describe. At the risk, therefore, of adding insult to injury, let us carefully and prayerfully consider the most recent revelation of a modern Major Prophet.

It takes the imposing shape of two large volumes, into which are bound 1478 pages (not counting the index), illustrated by 359 figures, and divided into nine "books".

The elder Wells apparently considers this work the second volume of a trilogy, the first member of which was the "Outline of History," and the third, as yet only in contemplation, will be "an adequate review of" mankind's "economic developments". At any rate, the inevitable comparison between "The Science of Life" and "The Outline of History" must be made.

Irrespective of the historical merits of the "Outline" ("the largest political pamphlet ever written" as it has unsympathetically been termed), its reputation suffers from the fact that so ambitious a work appears from the hand of a single author, and that one by no means a recognized historian. The present treatise suffers from no such disadvantage. Although the fact has largely been

lost sight of, H. G. Wells has been a professional and recognized biologist, and the author of a text on the subject. His qualifications are therefore superficially sounder than in the former case. But he has still further bettered the situation by enlisting the co-authorship of Julian Huxley, the foremost biologist in England today, and of his own son, G. P. Wells, actively engaged in physiological research. The trio, therefore, speak as men having authority, an authority at which no one can cavil.

As a slight illustration of the accuracy, I adduce two errors, all that I have been able to discover in three careful readings. On page 775 there is a statement that the Komodo "dragon" reaches a length of fifteen feet and that its recently extinct Australian relative reached a length of fifty feet, an exaggeration which I consider myself to have disproved, especially as concerns the Australian form.

On page 405 is the statement that the four-fingered hand of frogs lacks the thumb, whereas recent work on amphibians by various men has shown that the little finger, not the thumb, is the missing digit.

The extraordinarily unimportant nature of these errors, will, I think, be evident.

Perhaps a survey of the various "books," with appropriate comment will be the best approach to an evaluation.

The *Introduction* actually introduces the authors, who "are jointly and severally responsible for the entire arrangement and text". This is indeed true, and the blending of authorship has been very well done, but occasionally the voice is the voice of Esau, and certain sections can be detected by the cunning, and one may say, "now Huxley speaks," or "this is Wells himself".

This section also delimits the scope of the book, the method and history of biological work, and the boundaries of living things in space.

Book 1, "The Living Body", is under the great handicap

of discussing physiology without the use of technical physics and chemistry, and while this handicap is, as far as is humanly possible, overcome, nevertheless the section seems a trifle like high school physiology, with its references to Mr. Everyman, and to Mr. Everymouse.

Book 2, "The Chief Patterns of Life", is a very skilful survey of the Plant and Animal Kingdoms, with an exciting and largely new account of the smallest living things, the ultra-microscopic, filterable viruses, only known to us as being the cause of disease.

Book 3, "The Incontrovertible Fact of Evolution," is a summary of the proofs that such a thing as evolution of living organisms has occurred, the more controversial remarks as to *method* being left until a later portion. This arrangement has great merit.

Book 4, "The How and the Why of Development and Evolution," gives the various theories as to the method of evolution, then takes up what is now known concerning the development of the individual and the manner in which individual characters are derived or inherited, and then (and not until then) returns to scrutinize the standing of the three principal theories of evolutionary method in the light of this modern knowledge. The three authors do not differ from the majority opinion in their conclusions: "the broad propositions of Darwinism re-emerge from a scrutiny of the most exacting sort, essentially unchanged". "What has three-quarters of a century of subsequent criticism done to modify" the view "that in general the evolution of species was due to the Natural Selection of Variations?" "Our answer is 'Practically nothing'."

These two books are written and arranged with consummate skill.

Book 5, "The History and Adventures of Life", takes up the origin of the solar system, the probable age of the earth, the probable origin of life (in the form of the filterable virus or of the single unit of heredity, the gene; which are of the

same size and probable nature), and the geological history of living things.

Book 6, "The Spectacle of Life", is a review of the inter-relationships between living things and their environments, and with each other. Julian Huxley's hand appears most clearly in this section, wherein a most important topic, usually entirely omitted from biological texts, is treated extraordinarily well.

Book 7, "Health and Disease", while sound enough, is again a little high-schoolish.

Book 8, "Behavior, Feeling and Thought", is the best treatment of Animal and Human mentality that it has ever been my pleasure to read. Here is the work of Pavlov, Watson, Jung, Adler and Freud, clearly and cleverly presented. The section is far and away the finest of them all. It deals also with various more controversial matters of behaviour and conduct, especially as regards sex, in a manner at once courageous and sane. There is an amusing series of passages on table-tapping, telepathy and the materialization of spirits. The famous "Marjorie" is dealt with in a manner surprisingly lenient to one who has heard the somewhat scandalous facts of the case.

Book 9, "Biology of the Human Race", reviews Pre-history, touches on the possibilities of Eugenics, and descends to Prophecy. Here the hand of the elder Wells is most apparent.

The work as a whole has my great admiration. It is not just "another outline of something," it is a careful and accurate and authoritative summary of biological knowledge for the use of educated persons who are not specialists in biology. Even a specialist in biology may well find herein an excellent compendium of modern knowledge in branches of the subject remote from his own particular specialty.

The style is clear and readable, and enlivened with occasional flashes of humor. I gag slightly at the use of the

word "blob" and at "Mr. Everyman and Mr. Every-mouse" but these are minor defects, as is the sad fact that the excellent drawings are not well reproduced.

This is far and away the best imaginable book on such a vast field.

Doubleday Doran.

E. R. D.

APHRODITE IN AULIS

George Moore

ALTHOUGH generally considered a Victorian novelist, George Moore has always seemed to us to be pleasantly separated, both in manner and subject matter, from that list of writers headed by Dickens, Thackeray and Hardy. He is undoubtedly one of the foremost stylists in all of English literature, and is rivalled, among contemporary novelists, only by James Branch Cabell for smoothness and sheer beauty of diction. Distinctly and fundamentally Irish, the virtue of the Blarney Stone seems inextricably connected with his career.

This, his first full-length novel since "Heloise and Abelard," is a distinct let-down both from that work and from his recent revisions of early short stories. It is fairly typical of Moore's manner, though hardly so of his best. The story, briefly, concerns a young student of Homer, living in Greece in the Golden Age, who receives a chance call to Aulis. There he marries the daughter of a wealthy ship-owner, who bears him two sons. These sons, become, respectively, the architect and the sculptor of a temple to Aphrodite, and the second half of the book tells of their lives and marriages and particularly of the sculptor in connection with his search for a model for a statue of Aphrodite. This latter half of the book is far superior to the rest, and in it we find some flashes of his best writing,

notably so in the last few pages. It is a genuine pleasure to read such beautiful English, and despite its many shortcomings, the book stands out as one of the finer modern novels, perhaps, even, as one of the finest novels of the past decade.

William Heinemann, Ltd., London

L. L. K.

THE WINDING WAY

Philip Gibbs

SOME years ago we were delighted with Sir Philip Gibbs' clear-cut study of his own times in the appearance of the "Age of Reason". But his books since then have been to this reviewer's mind rather poorer than that decidedly fine achievement. But in the *Winding Way*, the author has hit his former stride; in fact one would be tempted to say that he has exceeded it. A story of quiet country lanes, the peace of the Surrey villages, and the slightly timid soul of a genuinely likable young novelist, this new novel treats the reader to a fine contrast with the introduction of such disturbing elements as the life of artistic London, the erotic selfishness of a young lady named Pearl Jerningham, and the occasional midnight appearance of Lydia who is one of these people who insist on staying all evening.

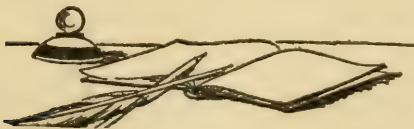
Francis Brandon, who is the principal character of the novel, is an instinctively quiet individual. He has been brought up in the East end of London where for many years his father has maintained a medical practice. The opportunity for a stay in the peaceful country-side of Harley Green, a tiny Surrey village, is welcome both to him and to his mother—to her in a lesser degree, for one is led to believe that she misses the noise of the friendly trams

passing in the night. It might be suspected that Francis is genuinely afraid of life but for the kindly understanding of it which has shown itself in his novels and the sense of humor with which Sir Philip Gibbs relieves his otherwise sombre character. Francis manages to avoid the friendly advances of Audrey Avenel, a fresh young thing who fairly reeks of the Surrey sunlight, but he is caught in the clutches of the Jerningham, becomes a best seller, is taken to the Riviera, and conceives an overwhelming desire, for a return to home and mother. Nor can one blame him for his wife is a Pearl of great price but Francis has to foot the bills. Perhaps the weakest point in the story is the suicide of the butter-and-egg tycoon whom Pearl has intended marrying; but then Sir Philip had to get rid of him somehow, and everybody was much happier with him out of the way.

It is the subtle side of the story which makes it worth reading. The pathos of existence, particularly that of so really a likable young man as Brandon, is exquisitely portrayed. We cannot but wonder whether there is not a strong tinge of autobiography in the tale. Sir Philip is already a best seller, but after reading the *Winding Way*, we sincerely hope that that condition has not brought nor will not bring him the misfortunes of the equally gifted Francis.

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The Haverfordian

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NO. 8

"*The Haverfordian*" is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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Reviewer Reviewed

Tom Thorpe

ALL exterior influences upon humankind are effective only in that their roots have become entangled at some time or other with Messrs. Heredity or Environment, those two sturdy, young sons of that venerable, Victorian gentleman, Psychology. To bring the tenor of this down to something like a sane level we shall say, for example, that one is attracted by the fair sex in order that the specie may be perpetuated—teaching seems unnecessary—; on the other hand one has learned from countless damnable reiterations that a moon plus a girl ought to have certain connotations. In time they do; in fact many of the younger male species have been known to find themselves at a loss when a planet some hundreds of thousands of miles away fails to appear in the offing.

I have often wondered, then, which of these two produces the "row-bottom" spirit of our college days. Despite evidence to the contrary—see *College Humor* or *College Life*—a number of young gentlemen go to college for an education. Yet even the most serious among them, the greasiest of the midnight-oil burning grinds have temporary mental relapses when a little first-class devilment is about to be engaged in. Place one studious, bespectacled, tense young undergraduate over a German exam review paper; light one lamp; furnish a desk—according to formula the young man will study. Introduce another youngster who shouts, "Lil' hell-raising this evening," and character of the first appearance abandons German.

Some day one of our great psychologists is going to delve into the matter. I suggest that he meet here at

Haverford one of the best informed authorities. Tom Thorpe has been night-watchman since August, 1913. He has, so to speak, watched the rare development of the characteristic young man through a period of almost two decades. In 1913 the young men amused themselves by putting carriages in rather odd but none the less conspicuous places; today Tom sees a young man with a totally different cast of mind, one of higher development—he puts automobiles in odd but none the less conspicuous places.

My personal acquaintanceship with Tom developed with and still blooms only when the “row-bottom” spirit is rife. It is true that I had previously seen him about the campus a number of times. He presents a rather quaint figure but hardly one that would draw a second glance. In order of “noticeability”, he is old, bow-legged and of a distinctly Irish type. His face, moreover, is decidedly wrinkled; rather with the kindly scars of the passing years than with the tell-tale marks of worry and trouble. To the casual observer it will indicate almost nothing, to one who speaks with him it becomes almost an opened book.

It was during the course of a North-Barclaian riot that with a friend of mine I left the dormitory for some purpose or other. When the purpose—I believe to throw rocks through the open window of the bedroom of one of our slumbering classmates—was satisfied we prepared to return. By that time, however, every window and door was guarded by determined young men armed with buckets of water and fire-extinguishers—ingress was temporarily impossible. Something relentless had gotten into the boys that night and at one o'clock they were still at their posts. Bill and I decided upon a counter-attack à la garden-hose method and set out in search of the necessary materials. We met Tom, then. That finished the evening's festivities, for by the time we reached Barclay again, our opponents were in bed.

That first night we naturally talked of the student outbursts of which Tom had seen so many. He believed them to be one of the manifestations of the universal desire in man to fight. Put a man in the happiest of homes, in the happiest of circumstances and he will find something to fight about. "Why 'way back before the war," said Tom, "they fought and they fit and they scratched and they bit just like a pack of Kilkarney cats. Used to see the beds coming out the windows at three o'clock of the coldest nights in winter—they didn't care, not much." The rising inflection indicated that the paragraph was about to end and a laugh to ensue. There were other stories, too, back in Uncle Ike's day when the boys did not have dances, but——; Doggie Collins turned off the lights at ten o'clock, but——

His voice contains an even mixture of the tonal qualities produced by a nail drawn over a glass surface and a car sliding with locked brakes at thirty-five miles an hour. He uses it at length but at least has the kindness to indicate the end of one story and the beginning of another by a cackling laugh three notes above the high "C" that he uses in ordinary conversation. He always has a joke, obscure or otherwise, in mind, and hence the "paragraph" endings that are concluded in universal merriment. His little eyes twinkle as he talks and his face seems to possess, shall we say, a sort of childlike happiness and a feeling that all is right with the world. Tom lives in the present. He is a remarkable antidote for the "blues" that hate the past and worry about the future.

I have talked to him several times this year: when a smudge fire was being built in the ventilating system; when South Barclay was in the throes of a water fight. I tried to draw him out, to get away from the present and hear a little personal history but it was difficult to do. He is, contrary to outward Irish appearance, a native farmer from down the Chester Pike. Quaker by birth and

member of the Middletown Meeting he at one time attended school with Uncle Isaac Sharpless. (Tom doesn't believe that there are any real Quakers left now.) His life on the farm was a quiet one and he traveled but little. In 1913 someone with capitalistic tendencies and with a great deal of money—"He had," according to the report that Tom saw in the newspapers, "some five or six million dollars"—wiped out the smaller farmers of the district. That occurred during the late spring and early summer; in August he was here at Haverford.

Tom's policy is: to wander around the campus, "every once in a while when he is not asleep" never to interfere with the boys, "for what they do is their own business," and finally, not to bother much about apprehending criminals. Six or seven years ago he did find a drunk in the shed that is now the garage back of Lloyd Hall. He suggested that the man leave, as he, Tom, "was supposed to be the watchman around these hyar parts." Our inebriate friend could see Tom's point of view but he "would like to have the chance to mash in the head of the guy that gave the orders." He was escorted down to the Philadelphia and Western, regaling our night watchman on the way with many interesting tales of what went on here thirty years ago. "See that bridge down there," said he to Tom, "well on that bank on the left side . . ."

This is now Tom's favorite of favorite stories. Meet him on his campus rounds some night and he will give you the unexpurgated version. At times he feels his business to be a hard one and he is only too glad of company. It is cold and very lonely in winter, and the little "32" which he carries offers small consolation. He has outgrown that, and then, too, it is tucked away so far that it would be of little use. The wide expanses of lawn, the great bare oaks and maples that rustle in the winter wind, the umbrella-like, stinking Gingkos, great cold grey buildings casting dark shadows in the moonlight, the almost boister-

ous silence of late night are beautiful to us (environment) but bleak and desolate for old Tom. When you reach the dear old campus late some winter night and meet the little muffled figure with swinging club, go with him the rounds. If but once it will light up another facet of that diamond, life at Haverford (apologies): water fights, Uncle Ike, Doggie Collins, during the war, when "Lady Grey" was here, the Union, collegiate deviltry. The last-mentioned will furnish the old night watchman an opportunity to tell many an old anecdote. But do not ask him whether it is heredity or environment.

F. G. Rudge.



The Haverford Program

Address delivered at the Pre-Centenary Convocation

TO THOSE of us whose existence is wrapped up in Haverford, this is a great day. In spite of many commencements, anniversaries and reunions, there has never been here such a gathering as this. That so many alumni, colleagues, neighbors and friends have come to share with us in the significance of the day makes us very glad. I welcome you to all that the College can offer you of profit and entertainment. Before asking two of our distinguished guests to speak, I should state why we have set apart a day to speak of matters which touch all those who are concerned with higher education. Is it possible that this small college has anything to contribute to the development of effective education in America?

For nearly a hundred years this College has been moving towards its present state. The oldest of the ten Quaker colleges in America, it is also one of the oldest of the many educational institutions in Pennsylvania. The boys who came here in 1833 could have seen their sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons finish their studies here ere this. An undergraduate of the sixties who is still living recalls the gracious salute of Abraham Lincoln to the college boys as they gathered on the old Railroad Avenue to see the President's train pass by the College grounds. The farm land and orchards and woodlots bought for \$18,000 in 1830 have been developed into part of a suburban community with an academic nucleus. What the stabilizing

existence of the College here has meant all these years can be realized by many of our neighbors. Old Founders Hall, long our only college building, is now the center of sixteen buildings.

All through the nineteenth century the College was building up its resources, its reputation and its good will. It was a slow process, requiring much patience, devotion and faith. But at the end of the last century when the student body stood at only one hundred, better days began to dawn. Knowledge of the munificent legacy of Jacob P. Jones put heart into everyone even before the bequest became available. President Isaac Sharpless lived long enough to enjoy the happiness of building up the College with this large addition to the endowment. The College has nearly trebled in size since 1900. Next year there will be forty-three names on our active Faculty as against twenty in 1900. The Faculty salary list has grown from \$35,000 to \$180,000. During these thirty years over \$400,000 has been dispensed by the Corporation in free scholarships, for the most part, as Jacob P. Jones said in an inspired phrase, to "deserving young men of slender patrimony." The portion of this sum given to youth of this neighborhood alone is considerable.

It is becoming to remember the labors of our fathers for the welfare of this institution. It is they who have made it possible for us to gather here today united in the desire to give a better sequel to an honorable past. We should be but unworthy descendants, did we not gird ourselves to be better forebears. Against this simple background of the past which has been but inadequately sketched, it is fitting to picture the future. It is fitting today with the memories of past mercies to pause on the threshold of a second century, to turn our eyes to the future and see what contribution this college can make to the future manhood of our people.

Compared with our day, the nineteenth century was

peaceful in academic circles: there were few causes, organizations, surveys, investigations or activities—little self-consciousness—to interfere with the pleasant life of a country club. The scholars attended to their studies and were as well educated in my judgment as are our best products today; the more frivolous were allowed to waste their time as they pleased except for the required disciplines to which all were impartially subjected. As to the value of these disciplines there is no consensus of opinion. They have their loyal defenders to this day, but on the whole their defenders preach in the desert. Young America does not take kindly to discipline, and our public school system has opened up to our youth green pastures for self-expression of which our forefathers knew nothing. Some of us regret the elimination of the classics and mathematics from the requirements of the college curriculum, because we believe they have proven over some centuries their value as nutrition for two very necessary parts of human nature: gray matter and backbone. But America has decided otherwise. Perhaps there are other ways of securing the same result. Let us see what the problem before us is.

It is a coincidence that our centenary is contemporary with the deepest heart-searching that American education has undergone. There are now said to be upwards of a million students in our colleges and universities. The task of educating such numbers as individuals has proved impossible with current resources. Everything has been done to encourage numbers: entrance has been made easy, inducements have been extended, material and social advantage has been emphasized. College life has become attractive, if not for educational reasons, at least for many other reasons. True education has been seriously jeopardized. As a result, our institutions of higher learning have been overwhelmed, not with scholars but with amiable bipeds, undergraduates have been taught in

droves, they have been quartered all about the town, they have been allowed to study what they please, they have grown independent of authority and have developed a great variety of their own diversions which have cut deep into the serious purpose for which the colleges exist. The campus has proven a veritable Land of Cockaigne where the Rabelaisian motto, "Fay ce que voudras," has again met with favor. In all this the most serious loss has been the passing of the precious intimate relation which might exist between teacher and pupil in the little denominational college of the last century. A determined effort is being made in some institutions to recapture the lost individual instruction and renew social homogeneity. In the state universities many low-paid section-hands are being assigned to the former task; elsewhere new and smaller social units are planned to accomplish the latter result. Enormous expense is required to recapture the advantage of small numbers. At Haverford we have not yet surrendered this advantage. We have no intention of doing so. The number is not sacred, but we are convinced that three hundred is not far from the right limit for us to observe. All our plans and our plant are predicated upon this figure as our limit. We believe that the country needs an exhibit of quality rather than quantity in education, and that it is in keeping with Haverford's traditions and destiny to make our contribution by bringing the best educational forces to bear upon a small number of carefully selected students. Haverford is in an almost unique position to create an exhibit of national significance. Its past accomplishment, its resources, its established patronage, its geographical position, its strictly limited ambition combine to give color to our hope.

We have based our Centenary program, which I am about to announce, on the best judgment of our own faculty and on the advice of some thirty educators at other institutions who were sufficiently interested in Haverford

of the past and present to desire to help in the formation of our future plans. We are deeply indebted to these college presidents and deans for assistance that insures us of a breadth of educational objectives that might otherwise have been lost. To the Haverford Faculty which, under the capable leadership of Professor Frederic Palmer, Jr., has charted our course for our second century of work, all of us pay tribute, for it is upon such spirit, skill and extra effort that the success of our program is dependent.

As you listen to a mere outline of this program, the summarized details of which are available in printed form, many of you may feel that it proposes nothing more than any college should decently undertake to accomplish for its students. But our colleagues will be the first to admit how much yet remains to be done before the possibilities of college education in this country are realized, and they will watch with interest any college which feels itself in a position to pursue with energy the development of its *individual* students.

Most boys have sufficient brains to do the college work we are planning for them, if they are interested in intellectual tasks. We propose to employ every reasonable means to detect those who have the ability, the ambition and the character to make useful men. The breed of college men can be improved by a selective process. Personality and social poise must also figure in our choice; for although men may develop their individual talents in unrelated fields, they are in a world where co-operation and social forbearance are conditions of an effective life. We are not seeking for intellectual prodigies at the age of eighteen, but for well-balanced youths who have some idea of what they want and are willing to work for it. The simplest way to put it is that we are looking for the kind of boys whom we should like to have for our own sons. Personal interviews including a study of background by one or more experienced judges of personality, the school record

scanned to see if the candidate is growing or weakening in capacity and in a sense of responsibility, a few College Board entrance examinations as a formal test of specific information in subjects to be continued in college,—these will form the basis of our selection of raw material upon which to expend our efforts to be now described.

During Freshman year, which will not be actually very different from our present practice, a personal adviser will assist in making an individual program after learning the candidate's general intentions.

Before the end of Freshman year the student should be led to choose intelligently the general field in which he expects to exercise his major concentration, and throughout the Sophomore year one professor in the general division of his contemplated major concentration should guide the student in developing scholarly interests and habits. There will thus be arranged for Sophomores introductory courses in such fields as Economics, the natural sciences, English and foreign literature, etc., in which the student may test himself and prepare for the more exacting demands of the last two years. We propose to lay upon each student such a concentrated barrage of skilled teaching that some ingenuity will be required to escape its effects. But if, as is probable, some students feel that they have exhausted their stock of scholarly ambition at the end of the Sophomore year, they will be kindly encouraged to seek distinction in some other sphere of activity. Our colleagues in large institutions will understand how much easier it is for us to keep an eye on the progress of the individual where such small numbers are concerned, and to give advice which will be really helpful.

Throughout the Junior and Senior years we propose to provide in the fields of major concentration facilities for *all* students equal to those usually offered elsewhere only to Honor students. Individual treatment will replace lock-step methods. This we believe will be a novelty in a

college of our type. It is the nucleus of our undergraduate plan. In effect, *all upper classmen will be potential Honor students* without special declaration on their part, and will be treated as such. Honors may be awarded at commencement to any student who has done distinguished work in his field of concentration as revealed in the general written and oral examinations to which he will submit at the end of his Senior year. This plan obligates the College to offer a large number of conference-group courses, comprising about five students each, in all our departments, and provides that each student shall carry to a conclusion some independent study or elementary research under the personal guidance of his Major Supervisor and exposed to the comment and criticism of his fellows. This plan for upper class concentration comes near to making each student an individual responsibility of some highly trained professor, and will restore, we hope, as a reality the familiar conception associated with Mark Hopkins and a thirsty but unidentified youth at opposite ends of a log, and the log must be short.

For a quarter of a century we have had provisions for our students to take special work in the Junior and Senior years and a special exam to qualify for honors in a single department at graduation. For a quarter of a century also individual Freshmen and Sophomores have been voluntarily working to secure honorable mention in an individual course of their own choice by deserving an A in the regular work of the class and in addition doing a large amount of extra work upon which they were separately examined. The habit of doing extra work is thus not strange to our students, and it is certain that this practice has been valuable in determining our better students to put forth their best efforts and to go the second mile. To it we may attribute much of the success our undergraduates have recently had in comparative tests of their intelligence with the students of many other colleges

and universities. The novelty in our new plan is that while offering opportunities through distribution for a liberal education, we shall in future insure a considerable mastery of one field, with all students treated as potential Honor students. In this sense our last two years will train men for Honors which perhaps most will not obtain. All, however, will have the benefit of a specialized training and thus escape the dissipation of a free elective system. This is an expensive system and we shall need much help to make it a success. But education is an individual business, and each individual is different from the rest. Each student holds his own candle which must be separately lighted. It is not enough to turn on the floodlights of lectures and other facilities. The student is not really concerned personally in all the display until *his* candle is lighted. If any discipline is lost through the elimination of required courses, we count on recapturing it in the stricter accounting to which the student will be held in the field of his own choice. There is every reason to believe that our students will embrace with enthusiasm the opportunity to work hard under their own steam. Our small numbers are greatly in our favor when facing such an ambitious future. Indeed, the method proposed is already in force in some departments which have happily found themselves equipped to apply it, but before it is fully installed, we must wait until larger funds and better personnel are found. For every man on our Faculty should possess the qualities and the desire to lead individual students as far as is possible in four years. Enough success has already met our efforts and enough encouragement from other quarters has come to us to warrant the belief that with support we can show something new in educational quality. "Non doctior, sed meliore doctrina imbutus" is the college motto: we do not seek to produce intellectual prigs, but to imbue our students with more solid doctrine.

The physical development of our youth must receive careful provision. Our program of athletics is an integral part of our educational program. "Mens sana in corpore sano" is good Latin and better doctrine. Little change is required in our practice, but it must be extended and more carefully applied to individuals. We wish every student in college to be engaged in three sports, which we may describe for him as a major and two minor sports. One of these should be a sport in which he can continue to engage in mature life, such as tennis, golf, cricket or swimming. Each open season should see our fields covered with young men getting exercise and recreation, learning co-operation from their fellows and certain skills from coaches chosen for their moral influence as well as for their technical dexterity. In this plan, those who make a team may be said to take Honors in that branch of sport, and as the phrase has it, they will be given their letters as indication of the honor they have won. The fallacy that the value of educational institutions is determined by victories of their teams need not to be exploded before such an intelligent audience as this. But we will take our chance in winning victories under this plan of sports for recreation instead of for business, and we seek relations with colleges of our type whose similar ideals will make them congenial competitors. We are not interested in a stadium but in the physical education of our students.

Haverford College in its second century should hold fast to the spiritual ideals of its founders who were members of the Society of Friends. It should continue to keep free from narrow sectarian bounds. It should cherish those religious standards which have made Haverford's work unique by continuing to emphasize religion as a way of life and by endeavoring to inspire in its students uncompromising loyalty to moral principles. Religion should not be something apart from life, something injected from the outside, but rather a complete spiritual health, involv-

ing a simple pervasive spirit of reverence, of sincerity and of aspiration for the highest values of personality. Haverford seeks to stress those universal aspects of religion which underlie the faith of all sects and communions.

Many young people fail to adapt themselves readily to college life. Earlier life in the home, inherited inhibitions, exaggerated ideas of importance are among the influences which place many individuals under a social handicap. Such cases often yield readily to the interested care of one who is skilled in analysis of personality and who possesses the tact to win the confidence of those who need special attention. It is our purpose to make adequate provision for the help of such cases in order that they may gain a full development of their social natures and make their contribution to our community life.

Our undergraduates have contributed to the Centenary program a valuable study of campus conditions which deserves careful consideration. Without encouraging inappropriate luxury, we desire to provide such conditions in our dormitories and commons, and take such advantage of our open fields as shall be conducive to our students' health and result in the improvement of their conduct and deportment. Alongside of equipment for the intellectual requirements of the individual as already set forth, there must be provision for the gregarious instincts of our youth when at play or at leisure. So that beside the new library facilities we require for our intellectual power house, we shall need another modern dormitory and a large building for indoor games and swimming.

Never before in the history of Haverford has the interest of the Alumni been so aroused. In reply to our request for their ideas on what the College should do in the future, considerably more than a thousand graduates have sent in constructive suggestions. The final analysis of these is almost completed,—it is sufficiently far advanced for us to know that the Alumni favor the essential features of

the Centenary program. And in the administration of these plans, we are now assured of the mature judgment and constant assistance of those who know best the work of Haverford.

A word now must be said in behalf of the Faculty. We feel at Haverford that the encouragement of research within appropriate limits is an essential condition for the maintenance of efficient collegiate teaching. Every man on our Faculty should feel the obligation to teach with inspiring power and also to maintain a modest program of research or other creative thinking which may express itself in divers ways. In cases where a contribution of notable value to the advancement of knowledge is promised, we expect to make adequate provision for the completion of such work under favorable circumstances. The kind of work expected from our Faculty and students under the new plan will necessitate a larger expenditure for books, for scientific apparatus and for proper accommodations in the library.

In conclusion, we have quite definite ideas concerning the future development of higher education in America, and with this development we wish to associate ourselves. They are as follows:

More care must be taken in the selection of human material for such a delicate, important and expensive process as higher education.

More thought must be given to the individual requirements of those who are once admitted and who prove themselves worthy. They must be exposed to the inspired teaching and example of strong men who are lovers of youth and dedicated to their profession.

Physical education must be reclaimed as part of the general educational plan, and college sport, far from being a mercantile excrescence, must be restored to Faculty control.

And finally, greater insistence must be laid upon the

inculcation of spiritual values. Our education is seeking its satisfaction too exclusively in material triumphs, in clever techniques and skills rather than in those spiritual and moral values which, though not seen in the outward, are the eternal foundation of personal happiness and national righteousness and survival. If for the moment the ancient channels of religious influence are clogged with irrelevant dogmas and rites, the insistent demand of youth for the Christian virtues is unimpaired. Against certain virtues there is no law, either in the heart of youth or anywhere else. If the result cannot be obtained elsewhere, then in the example of good men on the campus, in the daily touch of older and younger brothers, in the common life we live here must succeeding generations of Haverfordians learn where to look for the way, the truth, and the life.

W. W. Comfort.



The Sea

From the Norwegian of Nils Collett Vogt

*Thou billow blue that bore my mind
In sun and wind!
Thou billow blue that was my mind!
Now silent fades the light of day,
Vanish, my billow, heavy and gray,
Into the night.*

*Break into foam!
The great sea closes o'er each wave,
Tight as the grave,
And mirrors the night and the bright stars' home.*

*Sink now, my billow, heavy and gray
Into the depths of loneliness;
With the other small ones, melt away,
Break into nothingness!
I, too, was a billow, young and gay,
In sun and wind.*

*Soon we are sea in the light of the stars.
They shine down
From eternity
And cradle their cold flames
In the empty sea.*

*Vanish, my billow, heavy and gray,
Into eternity.*

F. G. N.

Logan Circle Fountain

PHILADELPHIA'S Parkway has been during these four years my favorite strolling ground. From the Broad Street Station, past the Suburban Station, where it has its real beginning, past the Fountain, the Library, and the Rodin Museum, on to its end at the impressive Art Museum, it is a walk which is extremely beautiful in places and rich with possibilities in others. I cannot help feeling as I go down the green-lined boulevard how much finer and fuller of meaning it would be had it been designed as a whole by such an architect as Bertram Goodhue or Louis Sullivan, an architect imbued, perhaps, with the athletic Americanism of Walt Whitman. The Library is a fine building in its way, and the Art Museum is one of the most archeologically perfect buildings in the country. But I have come to think that it is rather a bitter irony that Americanism in art, a new, living architecture, should not have arisen here, and that thus again and again we are offered copies of a dead civilization in the very city in which America was born. I think I can see Walt himself striding down the walk, stopping some unfortunate wayfarer to ask him if he knows why we must put up with all this over-sea stuff.

But I am getting off the track of the subject I intended to talk about. The City Architect may line both sides of the Parkway with pseudo-Greek temples, if he likes, but one thing of a consummate and original beauty there is

which he will never be able to spoil—the fountain in Logan Circle.

I never believed Keats' "A thing of beauty is a joy forever" before I made the acquaintance of this superb thing. The exhilarating, heady effect I had felt in the presence of some particular object of beauty would gradually diminish until its loveliness no longer awoke any emotion in me. It was still admirable perhaps, but no longer satisfying. I thought Keats an incorrigible sentimentalist. I know now that he is right. Not often, to be sure, for his is a rule which is proven only by infrequent exceptions.

"Its loveliness increases." In fact the Logan Circle fountain never seems the same. It is a thing of as many moods and caprices as the wind. In the morning it is often a laughing girl, flaunting its mirthful, sun-tinted mist into the faces of passersby. Toward evening it takes on a more mature outlook upon the life about it. Still joyous, still singing, it has a kinder tone in its voice that is the result of its day's experiences. After dark the falling of its waters is the voice of an old poet who still sings of past loves. Later, its voice is quieted, and it lies there silent, gentle, strong, and understanding.

Such are its springtime phases. During the winter it is ever changeful with the coming and going of snow and rain and frost. Sometimes it is a huge mass of white like a piece of marble barely worked by a sculptor. At others it is thinly glazed with a coat of crystal clear ice, and from the arms and faces of the figures hang tiny icicles like carven diamonds. Before that, in the fall, it has joined to nature's mournful chant of the departing a note of hope and a promise. In summer it is more sympathetic. Hot, tired Philadelphians know it for one of the coolest places in town. The whole neighborhood turns out of an evening, the very young to dabble and splash each other, the not-so-young to make love, and the older people to listen to what the fountain has to tell them. It must have some-

thing to tell everyone, for it has told me something different every time I have seen it.

Though a loyal Pittsburgher, I found myself detained (shall we say on business?) for half the summer last year in Philadelphia. Terribly hot weather, uncongenial land-ladies, lunches at Liggett's, and a general lack of people interested in my particular line of business often brought me to a state in which I was no fit companion for any human being. So, in hours when I should have been working, I would hie me off to my friend, the fountain. She knew what was wrong, and soothed my weariness and bad temper just as she did to everyone who came to her; and, grateful for her consoling influence, I would go back to work.

Sometimes the fountain does not speak to me, but shows herself in various lovely arrays. One November night, after having worked all day in the Library, I came out and walked across to it. From the sky there fell what was neither rain nor mist. It fell thickly, so that the yellow lamps were blurred. The fountain loomed black before me except where a shiny bronze knee or breast would cast a glimmering blue reflexion. It was a wonderful thing, not to be felt at all, but just to be looked at. Later in the year, one mild Friday afternoon of January, I happened to walk past after an orchestra concert at the Academy. The sun was just setting, and its oblique rays made the green figures look almost pink. The water itself seemed liquid gold, and the thin layer of ice which had frozen as the spray fell was crazily uneven and greyish-white in color. The concert I had heard had been an unusual one, somewhat gay—majors predominating and minors relegated, for once, to the background—and the brilliantly lit and decorated fountain seemed to be the very thing the music had been trying to express.

These are some of the fountain's moods. Whether it is communicative or attractive in a purely sensuous way, it

always repays you for your trouble in walking out to it. It is never sad nor depressing, because it is a thing of genuine beauty. For the same reason it never has a negative effect. You cannot go by it oblivious to what it has to offer you for the moment. Its infinite variety is due, I think, to the fact that in itself it means nothing in particular.

The moods of the fountain I like best to remember are those, when, of an evening, as I have walked out past it, blaming myself for stupidities and mistakes, it has called to me. Things begin to look not so bad after all. Then I walk up to old-fashioned Brandywine Street where a talk with a charming friend and a glass of his own delicious grape wine complete the metamorphosis, and the world is different. Back on the Parkway the fountain, as I go by, calls out, "You see?"

Donald Clements.



Lacrimae Dona Sola Mea

*Tears are the only gift I have
To pour upon my passion's grave—
A sighing breath the only poor perfume
To spill upon the silence of that tomb.
Let the world pass and sing
And watch another spring
Bring bright buds and light leaves;
The earth that never grieves
Cannot be clad in black for my
Dull melancholy symphony.
But oh, the bitterness within
My heart. Ah, that I might have been
Permitted but an instant of thine eyes!
But by a sad and cynic fate, betwixt
Us two a permanent great gulf is fixed.
I am as one whose spirit in him dies.
(Let the wind weep, a sullen sleep
Has come upon my passion;
Another lord holds thee adored
And loves thee in his fashion.)
Send one bright comet moaning past the moon:
My spirit dies; my memories are strewn
Across a vasty void of numbing pain—
My heart has left me, but my tears remain.*

Lockhart Amerman.

Not Haverford

WHEN young Pelham entered the small apartment, he dropped noisily into the big arm chair that seemed to have known a larger room.

"You're late tonight, Jimmy," his mother's voice came from the kitchenette.

"Yes, that old buyer made us all stay. I had to re-ticket every shirt—twenty cents more to cover the sale they're running tomorrow. And that means I'll be late again tomorrow night, putting the reductions down to normal. I hate that rotten store, hate all department stores."

"Well, dear, you'll soon be where I long to see you, out on the lovely, green campus. Just three months more till your exams. You see, I count the days as well as you."

"Gee, Mother, it makes me sick when I think of those College Boards; I'll have to take the week off, too. And that old rat is sure to make me stay late the night before if I want to hold my job."

"Then you mustn't! That's all I live for now, to see you out of here and in college. And you won't get there if you don't pass your exams."

"And I won't get there if I don't keep my job till September either. You know I haven't even got the first year's money yet."

"Now don't be crabby. You'll have it, I feel sure you'll have it, if I have to get work myself. You always get where you want to if you try. I wish that fool of a father of yours would get on his feet again."

"Didn't he get a job today?"

"He isn't home yet."

Then two sighs mingled with the steam from the kettle.

When Jimmy arrived home the next night, the tired frown was lifted from his mother's face. These two never had to speak on some subjects. He started right in getting details. His father was to begin work next Monday. But Mrs. Pelham explained with forced optimism that he had to go to Ohio where the agency was sending a gang of trained mechanics for a government job. She had to take two hundred of Jim's money to start him. "Oh, but don't you worry now," she added hastily when she read his thoughts, "you'll have it all back and interest, too. You know how I can save when the old boy's got work. He's not a bad stick—just no sense, he was fine when he was young; too fond of helping others instead of himself. If he hadn't let his poor cousin take the house he built, we wouldn't have to live in this hole now, with dirty foreigners all around. I'm sick of this life. I'll be glad—oh, there's a letter on the ice-box from Haverford. It's in Harold's writing. Hurry. I must see what he has to say."

Jim read with eagerness. "He wants me to go out for the closing exercises. That's next month—on a Tuesday. Guess I'll have to sprain an ankle Monday, to get the day off. Imagine, he'll be a Sophomore next year. Won't it be funny, being hazed by my best friend?"

A week passed in rare joy, until one night Robert Pelham was at the table when Jim came in. He was reading the paper. They didn't speak. There was only one thought and neither cared to discuss it. Although the boy felt that his father, under his roughness, loved him, and only by his extreme timidity and self-condemnation dared not show it, yet neither the father himself nor the son could forgive the great parental crime, the crime of failure. The elder sank beneath it; the younger climbed upon it. There were tears in the mother's eyes. Jim went to play

the piano, but it was sadly out of tune. All the big furniture in the little room annoyed him. Very soon Pelham went to bed. Jim began as soon as he and his mother were alone.

"Couldn't he hold it?"

"Oh I don't know what's the matter with the man. Sometimes I wish he were dead. But I suppose he tries. The whole bunch of them were laid off. He said it was politics. The agency ships a gang to a job. They work a week and the job boss fires them all and gets a new gang. Then he and the agency split the employment fees."

No more was said but both had the same thoughts. Jim went to his books where he was wont to spend the night cramming. He couldn't look up from his book for little tears of vexation ran down his nose. He wished his mother would go to bed. But she went for a walk. When she returned he had his head in his arms on the table.

"Why don't you go to bed?" she asked.

"I'm concentrating."

But she knew he wasn't.

* * *

Jim and Harold were jammed in the auditorium of Barclay Hall (that was before the time of Roberts). President Sharpless was receiving the class gift and the class president was delivering a lovely speech about how noble was the work of the Alma Mater as she turned out "the world's most jeweled ornament—loyal and worthy sons of a great cause"—and so on and so on, finally presenting a handsome bronze tablet commemorating their appreciation.

"That's some ornament itself," Harold commented with enthusiasm.

"I'll bet it's worth every bit of two hundred," and Jim estimated the height of the huge slab.

"There you go again, always money! What makes you so mercenary?"

"I'm sorry. But money is important sometimes."

After a short pause which brought the boys to the steps of Founders, Jim burst out eagerly, "Harold, I've got a new experiment. I have two blades of grass in two flower pots. One I keep on the window-sill in the sun and water it every night regularly. The other I have on the floor below the window and keep making it grow toward the light and water it only when it is actually raining outside. Once a month I cut them and measure the growth. You'd be surprised how much faster the one with attention grows. They're almost like human beings to me. I call them the prince and the pauper, after that show we saw two years ago."

Jim stayed to supper. They had ham, corn, baked potatoes, milk, bread and butter and sliced peaches. He thought it was an awfully good meal.

* * *

June had come and gone. College Boards were over. The little family waited for the report. Perhaps,—Jim was very bright in high school, except just at the bad spot where he had to work in the afternoons,—perhaps he would win a scholarship. That would carry him through the first year and then—nothing to the rest—lots of loan funds open after the first year, work around the campus, and surely more scholarships and literary prizes.

Jim took his mother to see the bronze tablet hanging in the north wing of the library, in the darkness of the first alcove to the left.

"I'll swear there's a hundred and fifty dollars worth of metal there, Mother, and certainly fifty dollars worth of work. A swell bit of casting, isn't it?"

She just nodded assent, then they wandered down to the farm.

"Some day, Mother, we'll have a home again. If I only get a scholarship for the first year, then, when I graduate, I can teach and we'll get a big garden like this

and you can spend all day weeding it. That'll reduce you faster than worrying does now."

The report came. Nothing over eighty with a sixty in English. Plain nervousness, he said. English of all subjects. Editor of the school paper; never less than ninety for four years' work and then this—too nervous to recognize a passage from his favorite poet!

The college sent a little charity scholarship. It and what was left of his savings—well, at least he was accepted in the college; another year of work and he could get the full sum. Two hundred dollars in twelve months, about four dollars a week to save. And perhaps the old man would get work.

* * *

Easter came and the store asked all the males to work an extra night shift during the rush season. There would probably be a bonus. Eight hours a day, plus three hours for the evening business, plus anywhere from two to four hours after the rabble left, straightening the goods and changing the tickets. But thirteen hours is illegal for a minor. Well better let a man do a man's job then. No that won't do, not when there's nothing else to do. Besides he was getting fifty cents for his supper.

Jim grew thinner and thinner. College or no college—that was a year off—he couldn't stand it any longer. One morning Jim's mother found a note on the table. Jimmy had gone south with another boy from the store. Health is youth's own right.

* * *

In a tavern just across the Mexican border young Pelham was playing the piano. Old "Beaknose" was fiddling for him. When they stopped to let the wenches drag their sailors to the bar, Pelham swung round on the stool.

"Say, Beak," he said, "didn't you ever want to amount to something, like—well, be educated, an' wear a stiff shirt, you know?"

"Aw yeh," the old fiddler scratched his head with the end of the bow.

"You know, Beak, when I was young I wanted to go to college. They say a good man will get there. Guess I'm not much good."

"Laws, son, you're only thirty now, aincha?"

"Yes, Beak, thirty's young to you when you're twice thirty, but, you know a fellow wants to marry and it got pretty lonely without Ma to prod me on. Anyway, you can't remember Latin while you play for these greasers."

"I know, I know," and the old man stroked his cello with fondness, "I wanted to go myself once, but I never quite got there. I'd be all ready and something would turn up at the last minute and take a hundred or so and I'd have to wait another year and there weren't all them fancy loan funds in my day either. Anyway, people don't loan money on hope. Yeh, yeh, I wasn't always the old cuss I am now. I saved my pile but it took a lot of it to put my boy through. He'll be a lawyer up in Boston soon. Smart boy he is. Yeh, I often wonder what I'd of been if I——"

"Yep, Beak, you know there's a lot of money spent for things like, well, like bronze tablets for instance, that could have put a lot of fellows through the first year. Look at this, Beak." Pelham opened his shirt. Tattooed in red across his chest was **HARD KNOCKS UNIVERSITY, '98**. "I graduated from this place in '98," he continued, looking the old man squarely in the eye. "This is my diploma—living parchment we use. Oh, I did it in full style, too, commencement speech, class gift and everything. You know what I gave my Alma Mater? Two hundred bucks for an orphan kid that couldn't quite make the first year. And I want to tell you, he's the prettiest picture anybody ever hung on the walls of his old school."

S. A. Hunt.

BOOKS

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE

Sir James Jeans

FORMERLY the task of popularizing science was left almost entirely to amateurs, whose enthusiasm was evident, and whose literary skill was often considerable, but whose lack of technical training in the subject led frequently to misstatements, sometimes of major importance, especially in expounding the most recent developments. Of late, the situation has changed greatly for the better; many of our front rank scientists have found time to put forth very readable treatises for the intelligent layman, greatly to the intellectual profit of the latter, and—we may hope—also to the financial profit of the former. Astronomy has been peculiarly fortunate in the number of its leaders who have been inspired to do this: Eddington, Jeans, and Smart, in England; Shapley, Luyten, and Stetson in this country, to mention only those who write in English.

Of all those mentioned, Jeans has been perhaps the most prolific. Within two years the following have appeared from his pen: *The Universe Around Us* (a second edition, brought strictly up to date, has just been issued), *The Mysterious Universe*, and *The Stars in Their Courses*. The first of these is the largest; it presents a very careful, and easily understandable, exposition of most of the recent developments in astronomy. The third volume is the re-

sult of a series of radio talks; it is addressed to a popular audience, is profusely illustrated, and could with profit be put into the hands of an intelligent child of twelve or thirteen years.

Jeans has a quite different purpose in mind in writing the book under review here. It was intended as a sequel to *The Universe Around Us*, and its purpose is to present certain philosophical interpretations of the facts and hypotheses of recent science which have occurred to the author. He confesses that he is a rank amateur at that business; "many will disagree with it," says he, "it was written to that end!"

The first four chapters are devoted to a review of those scientific theories which seem to him to have some philosophic implication. In the first chapter, entitled "The Dying Sun," he describes, in a brief paragraph, the breathtaking cosmic cataclysm which resulted in the birth of our own planetary system. He points out that such occurrences must be extremely rare; it is probable that not more than one star in 100,000 possesses a train of planets. Next he shows that a planet which can support life must revolve within a narrow "temperate" zone around its sun; nearer to the sun the temperature would be too high, farther away it would be too low. Moreover, every sun is dying, and in the course of time any such planet would find itself outside the temperate zone and all life on it would be destroyed. Again, the entire universe is, according to the physicists, moving inevitably towards the ultimate "heat death," when life would be nowhere possible. Is this, the author asks, all that life amounts to? To stumble, almost by mistake, into a universe clearly not designed for it, even hostile to it, only to flicker out in time, leaving the universe as though it had never been?

Seeking for more light on this question, we turn to the second chapter, on "The New World of Modern Physics." In this and the succeeding chapter on "Matter and Radia-

tion" Jeans traces rapidly the startling changes in physical concepts which have taken place in the last forty years. The laws of conservation which were the bulwarks of the old physics have undergone profound modification; new and startling forms of radiant energy have been discovered; matter has lost completely its substantiality, so that energy is no longer a property of matter, but matter itself is nothing but a form of energy. In fact, matter can be and is being transformed into radiant energy under proper conditions. The stars radiate enormously because their masses are being so transformed; our own sun is melting away at the rate of 250,000,000 tons per second! All substances now appear to consist merely of charges of positive and negative electricity, and even these seem to resolve themselves into nothing but trains of waves. Truly, modern science is anything but materialistic.

Most disturbing of all (or most thrilling, according to your temperament) is the fact that the old reliable law of causation is tottering on its throne. It used to be understood that a given set of circumstances, with a given set of causes acting, would result inevitably in a given effect, predictable if all the circumstances and causes were known. Now, through the development of Heisenberg's "Principle of Uncertainty," and other considerations, it seems as if things may happen without any cause whatever. At any rate, it seems to be definitely impossible to procure the necessary data in certain circumstances.

In the fourth chapter, on "Relativity and the Ether," Jeans traces once more the now familiar story of relativity. The treatment here is very clear, and might well be read with profit even by those already more or less familiar with the subject. The summing up is worth quoting: "A soap-bubble with irregularities and corrugations on its surface is perhaps the best representation of the new universe. The universe is not the interior of the soap-bubble but its surface, and we must always remember that,

while the surface of the soap-bubble has only two dimensions, the universe-bubble has four—three dimensions of space and one of time. And the substance out of which this bubble is blown, the soap-film, is empty space welded onto empty time."

The final chapter, "Into Deep Waters," completes the picture of the universe-bubble; after this the author proceeds to set down some of his own reflections upon that picture. He points out that the day of models of the atom, or of trains of waves, or of any other useful physical concepts, is past. All advanced thinking must be done in terms of the abstract symbols of mathematics. "No one except a mathematician," says he, "need ever hope fully to understand those branches of science which try to unravel the fundamental nature of the universe." He then remarks that, while mathematics had its origin in certain practical needs, most of its advanced branches are the result of pure thought, wholly unrelated to every-day experience. Now we behold these same abstract concepts and disciplines coming forward as furnishing the only possible way of understanding the universe. Recurring to Plato's likening of humanity to men seated in the entrance to a cave, with their backs forever turned to the sunlight outside, watching the play of the shadows of the real actors upon the rear wall, he imagines these men to have invented the game of chess to while away the hours of darkness. Now suddenly they behold the shadows playing chess, and, marvelous to relate, they are evidently playing according to the same rules devised long years before by the cave-dwellers. "The universe," says Jeans, "appears to have been designed by a pure mathematician." However this may be, the conclusions to which Jeans is led may be summed up as follows: First, in searching for certainty, science has come upon an inevitable uncertainty; there are realms of human experience from which science, as such, is completely barred. Second, thought, abstract

thought, evidently rules the universe; mind seems to be the ultimate reality. Third, there is an evident kinship between the cave-dwellers and the free actors outside. These conclusions are not new, of course, but the mode of approach is, and it is in agreement with that of some others of our scientific leaders.

The last chapter is, of course, the *raison d'être* of the entire book; however, it is possible that it will be most valued for the brilliant brief exposition of modern scientific thought in the first four chapters.

Macmillan and Co.

H. V. G.

JOHN MISTLETOE

Christopher Morley

IT IS always a pleasant task to review the work of an alumnus, but seldom is it possible to put forth the case of a book which, like *John Mistletoe*, must necessarily recommend itself to every Haverfordian, past and present. As one of Haverford's most distinguished graduates, Christopher Morley would naturally obtain a favorable hearing for his work, but when, as here, there is so much that is of prime interest to all friends of the college, he is doubly sure of the verdict.

In *John Mistletoe*, Mr. Morley has done a charming piece of autobiography. Starting with a description of Haverford life of twenty or more years ago, he traces his career (always under the name of the alleged Mistletoe, and with delightful excursions and circumambulations) through the years at Oxford, as a budding "columyist", in and about the Rialto Theatre adventure at Hoboken, and back again to Haverford in the fall of last year. Through it all gleams his keen and appreciative feeling for the zest of life and literature, a feeling that often makes more apparent the meaning and value of both than can many heaps of learned

and scholarly tomes. He not only knows himself how to appreciate, but can in some degree impart the same to his readers.

His attitude toward literature is excellently shown in his remarks on Shakespeare. "We can only use Shakespeare as a symbol of a certain kind of spirit, of the artist's infuriated gaze at life. It is not Shakespeare himself who is important now; but ourselves. What can he do to make us more aware?" What we need, he says, is a "grammar of Feeling".

Beyond a doubt he himself has found such a grammar. Nothing could well be more charmingly refreshing than his musings, poignant, but never sentimental, about Haverford—the beauties of the campus, Isaac Sharpless, the tally-ho parties, excursions to forbidden taverns, the occasional escapades. At times his style becomes almost that of a prose poem, as in a soliloquy upon Night. At others, he writes in a spirit of fantasy (I dare not use the word *whimsy*, as he tells us that John Mistletoe particularly resents the word).

The book rambles on for some four hundred pages, interrupting the main thread, if there is one, with countless anecdotes and reflections. The pedestrian style is peculiarly fitting, allowing, as it does, the numerous facets of Mistletoe's personality to show themselves. Incidentally this book, like others of Mr. Morley's, is eminently suitable as a guide for suggesting worth-while reading; a census of the books mentioned is almost certain to prove to the reader his comparative illiteracy.

THE HAVERFORDIAN cannot congratulate Mr. Morley too highly on his latest "escape into print", nor urge too strongly the imperative duty of every graduate and undergraduate to read and enjoy *John Mistletoe*.

Doubleday Doran

F. R. W.

NOTES OF A VAGABOND

Waldemar Bonsels

Translated by

J. B. Mussey

THERE is no necessity for introducing Waldemar Bonsels' *Notizen eines Vagabunden* though this marks the first appearance of the book in English. Bonsels is internationally known and admired as the author of *Maya the Bee* and if his subsequent work has never quite touched the heights he achieved in that book, his writings are almost uniformly excellent. *Notes of a Vagabond* has been tremendously popular in Germany and should have great success here. It is not a novel but it has all the interest of good fiction. It is an intimate autobiographical study of the influences that have shaped the author's life and character—a study that holds the reader's sympathy and interest.

THE HAVERFORDIAN recommends this book to its readers without further delay because we now want to say a few words about the translation by one of our alumni. J. B. Mussey, known to many of the undergraduates, has done an admirable piece of work. Mussey's claims to a knowledge of the German language are not to be disputed. His command of English is good. And more important yet, he has the *sprachgefuehl* necessary to make idiomatic German, idiomatic English. With very few exceptions Mussey's choice of English is fortunate; his translation is accurate.

We do not choose to take Mr. Mussey's letter—the letter that accompanied the review copy—seriously. If we did we should not quite agree with him. He writes: “. . . *Notes of a Vagabond*, translated by J. B. Mussey, Haverford, ex-'30, who modestly admits that he did a damn fine job, even to the extent of actually improving

on the book as it was written. If you don't believe it, compare it with the original . . . "

We, too, admit that "he did a damn fine job of it." However, we didn't believe he had improved the text so we compared it with the original. We believe the palm is retained by Mr. Bonsels. Bonsels' style is not sufficiently poor to be improved by translation—even a good one. *Notes of a Vagabond*, read in English, still feels like a translation. *Notizen eines Vagabunden*, read in German, does not feel like a translation from the English. The intangible quality of style cannot leap the gap between the two languages.

After some devious searching about we have stumbled upon two small points in which we take exception to Mr. Mussey's translation. "You twaddler" does not convey to us the meaning of "du Schwaetzer" nor does "a mere morning hour" appear as good English idiom for "eine Morgenstunde." But these are small matters and the translator must be allowed some latitude. We believe that our Mussey is an excellent translator. We hope he will give us further translations of the best modern German literature. In both choice of original and in quality of translation, Mussey has set himself and us a high standard.

W. M. T.

SAVAGE MESSIAH

J. A. Ede

THIS is an account of the lives of Henri Gaudier, the sculptor, and Sophie Breszka. Their life together is almost Russian in its vehemence and its poverty. Nobody understood them (they lived largely in England) and they had difficulty in understanding each other. The book contains many of Gaudier's letters. Like most artists he was an individualist and knew his own mind on the vexed question of "What is Art?" The letters also

disclose a man of culture and of kindliness and tolerance. Miss Breszka was much older than he was, less gifted, somewhat neurotic and successful in scaring off the few friends that Gaudier had, including Middleton Murry and Katharine Mansfield. But they loved each other and stuck it out till Gaudier died.

Now that he is dead, of course, his work is greatly appreciated and admired. If you are a genius you will want to read this very fascinating book to find out what will (approximately) happen to you.

Literary Guild

J. B. A.

1066 AND ALL THAT

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by

W. C. Sellars, Aegrot: Oxon:

and

R. J. Yeatman, Failed M. A. Oxon: etc.

IN SPITE of its imposing title page, we cannot recommend "1066" as an entirely reliable historical work, but as a piece of interpretative history, it will stand, we feel, quite unequalled. Its purpose is certainly unique. The authors, in a "compulsory preface (this means you)", point out that their work is the first history ever written with the intention of consoling the reader. We agree that no other history does this, and if in the writing of such a philanthropic tome, a few errors have crept in, it is distinctly the authors' fault. (God bless them!)

Seriously though, "1066" is about the most inspiredly

funny thing we've read in many a moon. It out-Leacocks Leacock, and puts even Bob Benchley to shame. It is the sort of thing that makes you absolutely unbearable to have about, for you can't keep it to yourself. The result is that you are continually cornering innocent bystanders and reading them choice bits from it, that is, if you still have any voice left.

Messrs. Yeatman and Sellars have taken every opportunity of burlesquing modern historical methods. Each chapter is followed by a series of test questions calculated to make members of the College Entrance Board writhe in agony. There is something almost dangerously familiar about such a question as this:

3. The end of the closing of the 2nd stage of the treaty of Bretigny marks the opening of a new phase in the 1st stage of the termination of the Hundred Years' War. (Confute)

We forbear to quote more, but if your historical *penchant* has been piqued, do come around and let us give you selected readings.

Dutton and Co.

J. T. G.

FATAL INTERVIEW

Edna St. Vincent Millay

THIS latest interview with Miss Millay is all but fatal. Miss Millay has attained high rank among American poets and we do not believe that *Fatal Interview* will jeopardize her position. Likewise we do not believe that this work will enhance her standing.

Love poetry by women in this man-made world, to be convincing, is at a handicap. Better poets than Miss Millay have overcome this handicap; on occasion Miss Millay has also been successful. In these instances, however, the outstanding feature of her work has been genuine

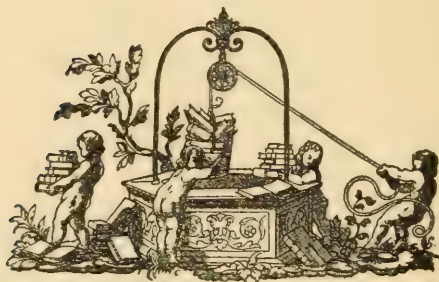
spontaneity. *Fatal Interview* lacks this very necessary quality.

It would be most extraordinary if fifty-two sonnets on one phase of love, and that an unusual and not altogether romantic phase, could attain this characteristic. Suffice it to say that this charming quality is lacking in this sonnet sequence. The sequence is forced, obscure in many places, and long before the concluding sonnet is reached the subject is worn threadbare. Miss Millay shows some facility at writing verse but this facility is quite lost in the belaboured sonnet form. Nothing in *Fatal Interview* stands out as really great. The impression that it leaves is that of a versifier grinding out fifty-two sonnets on a given subject.

If you are an admirer of Miss Millay, *Fatal Interview* will disappoint you. If you dislike Millay you will have the satisfaction, after reading *Fatal Interview*, of realizing that Millay never was any good anyhow—which isn't so.

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The Haverfordian

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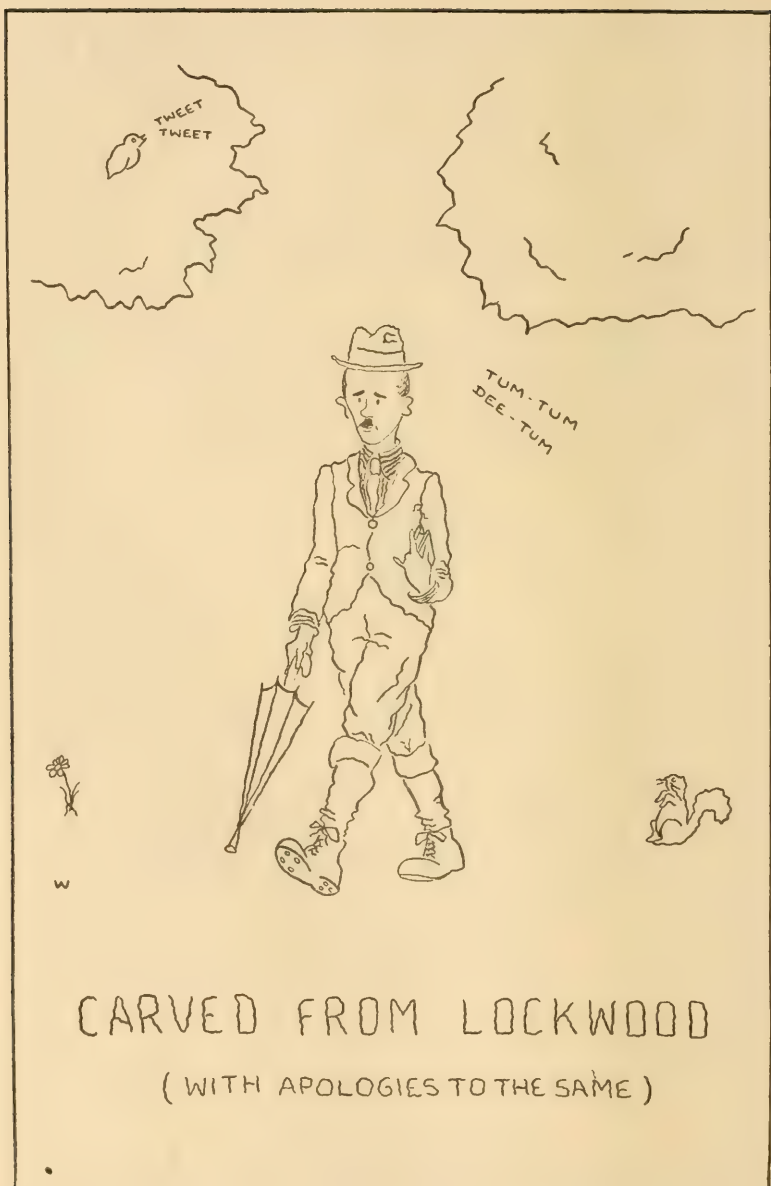
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CARVED FROM LOCKWOOD

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SAME)

Obeah

MOST writers of jungle-tales and stories of savage tribes have made capital of the weird music of the tom-tom, and those who have been gripped by the magic of "Trader Horn" have doubtless felt their spines creep at the rumble of that monotonous and ever-distant rhythm. There is a definite and electric response which this uncanny voice of the African forest calls forth from the breast of the negro, however far "civilization" may have removed him from the influence of the witch-doctors' inexplicable sway. Given a chance to brood and dream amidst cradling hills and slumbrous woods where giant trees blot out the sky and shed dead leaves to carpet the underbrush, his tread becomes light and stealthy and his eyes informed with the somnolent awe of the hypnotized. If one of his race be willing and capable of playing the witch-doctor, the opportunities are boundless and the profits respectable in a place where the "virgin forest" is not a mere poetic fiction.

In Jamaica, the witch-doctor, with well-deserved unimpressiveness, is called an obeahman—"Obi's man". Obi, pariah of the African gods, and yet most feared of all, has never had the limits of his power defined, but primarily he is a god of revenge—not a deity that avenges crime spontaneously, but one that may be invoked by a bribe to harm even the eminently good. Cradled by the Caribbean in one of earth's most beautiful corners, Obi now passes through his second childhood. No longer does the tom-tom call his worshippers by its compelling insistency. No longer is he a god. Christianity has relegated him to the hosts of Satan; so he is invoked but never worshipped. But even on his last legs, he

menaces most the forces that have vanquished him. When the night is still and moonbeams accentuate the deep shadows, human footprints add their beat to the myriad sounds that are a part of the night-silence in a tropical forest. Sure of his gulls the obeahman waits, culling nauseous fragments from the grave and the graveyard herbs.

They come; he names his fee and the amount required in advance, an amount sometimes more than his client could save in a year though he went without food. A loan is obtained and a lifetime spent in paying for it. The obeahman goes to work.

* * *

Inky night in the churchyard, with the traditional owl boring augur holes in the black silence, chilling the marrow of every benighted traveller. The sky is a close drawn curtain of grey emphasizing the futility of monuments to the dead by changing their white massiveness into black silhouettes on the fringe of the dark. The fireflies have folded their wings despairingly and gone to sleep. A cricket makes high festival by the ear of an aged skull and young frogs move restlessly in the tall grass. Surely this is no place for humans who dread the dark hours and tremble at the screech of a night-bird. Yet a sound of whispers and the striking of a match betoken human presence. Emerging from some strange hiding place, appear two grown men and a boy who bears a light which is nothing more than a bottle whose cork has been steeped in oil, and lit. Their tread is inaudible in the grass but echoes sufficiently underground to silence the cricket and send the frogs scampering.

The small company approaches a newly-moulded grave and the light falls on their features as they instinctively form a close group. One is a woolly-headed boy of about

twelve years; next in age is a rather well-dressed man of forty with the air about him of a typical Jamaican church-member. One hesitates to assign a definite age to the third. His hair is grey and rather long. With no suggestion of baldness it rises in a comb-defying mass. He is naked to the waist and as rugged as a century oak. Perfect teeth, a low forehead, and keen eyes burning strangely serve to close his description. This is the obeahman. Unwinding a ragged scarf from his waist, he produces a dirty cloth-bag, a bottle that smells of rum and a bunch of green "snake-weed". The last he crushes between his palms, rubbing the juice quickly all over his hands and arms, till the air is acrid with its reek. Then he straddles the grave while the younger man stands to one side with his head bared, and the boy inverts the bottle from time to time so that the oil keeps feeding the flame of the burning cork.

Mumbling strange words, the obeahman takes in one hand some rice from his bag while with the other he holds the bottle of rum. His mumbling gradually grows more noticeable without getting louder. The effect on the spectators is very peculiar. The boy is shivering as though naked, yet the arm that holds the light is held rigid above his head, while the illumination grows dim for lack of fuel. The other's features seem torn by indescribable anxiety—probably for the efficacy of the exorcism. The obeahman's drone ceases, and for an instant the group might have been a sculptor's nightmare done in ebony. Then suddenly, raising both hands above his head the exorcist dashes their contents on the grave, where the rice scatters and the bottle litters the ground with splinters. As quick as light he bends over and makes a cross with his finger where a few grains of rice are mingled with the trickling liquor. The spell is ended. The churchman mops his brow and looks around. The obeahman and his aide have disappeared. He is left in complete darkness, but he must

show no fear if the witchery is to work. So he sets off for home as slowly as he can make his twitching legs carry him. Next morning he awakes with a feeling of perfect faith that the ghost which has been haunting him has been laid—condemned to walk forever along the lines of the invisible cross made upon his dwelling place in the churchyard.

Thus all the beauty is stripped from an ancient rite, and, hounded by new divinities, Obi condescends to sneak into their shrines and perpetrate deeds unworthy of a god. But still in the true land of his birth, the forest stands primeval in its sable mystery, and the tom-tom's pregnant voice is still unchallenged.

C. A. Pitter.

VENUS DE MILO

From the Swedish

*I can't get on fire over broken-armed statues,
I leave them severely alone;
For I know in my heart the most beautiful woman
Was never chipped out of a stone.*

F. G. N.

The Alban Hills

OF ALL the places in Italy which have to commend them both a superb overflow of natural beauty and great historical importance, the vicinity of the Alban Hills is pre-eminent. These hills and the network of sheltered valleys between are one of Rome's proudest possessions. If the Imperial City could not claim their beauty as her own, and trace back her lineage to the ancient people that inhabited them, much of her glamour would have vanished. Rome is saved from mere pomp and circumstance by the venerable memory of the Latin League, a union of hill towns joined for protection against common enemies.

To reach the Alban Hills one boards a tram, quite in the Roman spirit of antiquity, near the Stazione Centrale. After a jolting trip through the hot Roman streets, one finds himself looking out on the cool green of the undulating plain that rolls away like a gentle sea towards the abruptly rising hills in the east. Clumps of poppies sprinkle it with a warlike touch, here and there, just to bring back the remembrance of the grim drama of war of which this *campagna*, between Rome and the adjacent hills, has been the scene, with small cessation, since the beginning of history.

The tram may be a double-decker. In that case it is always well to sit outside, where the cool breezes dispel the hot odors of motor-gas and salame with the gentle touch of Italian summer. The cheery click-click of the wheels as the car scurries along punctuates one's thoughts; the mind beats time with their rhythm.

The line follows the course of the remains of the ancient Aqua Claudia and the modern Aqua Felice (16th Cent.) for

some distance. On the left, a couple of miles out of Rome, appears a city on stilts. It is a moving-picture-city, Jerusalem, built by a great American film company for scenes in one of its pictures—"Quo Vadis."

When the tram-car reaches the foot of the hills, grass for grazing appears gradually to give way to the vines and particularly to the olive trees which always seem to be covered with a sort of silvery dust because of the peculiar color of their leaves. The air becomes sensibly cooler as the aged vehicle, with many a creak and groan, toils painfully up the steep track. Finally, with a hissing sigh of relief, it comes to a stop at Bivio Grottaferrata. If one is going on to Frascati one must stay on the car; if he intends going to the southward, as we shall do, he must change.

With a longing eye cast at Frascati, whose wine has been justly renowned for the last twenty-two or three centuries, one boards the twin of the Rome tram and continues his trip. Doggedly climbing higher and higher the car makes its slow progress towards its objective, a white town glimmering amid the greenery high up ahead. A brief pause at the town of Grottaferrata, and the last pull begins. After a few minutes, a fairly level road is reached, some houses appear, and, after a deceptive burst of speed, the train comes with a flourish to a grinding stop.

One short and uninteresting trip in a cable-car completes the journey to Rocca di Papa, which is the dirtiest town I have ever seen. The gorgeous villas which surround it make its muddy lanes and holes of habitation seem all the more squalid. It is refreshing to leave it and reach the path leading to the top of Monte Cavo. The spotlessly white appearance which Rocca di Papa presents from below always gives rise to a most keen disappointment when the shining jewel turns to a common pebble.

However, the day, so inauspiciously started, is due to be memorable in its beauty from here on. The path con-

tinues to mount, and soon its steepness foretells the end of the journey. The whole walk to the summit of Monte Cavo can be done in fifteen minutes; but it is best to linger, for the way passes through a solemnly shadowy forest of deep-green ilexes and pines,—a delight to all the famous Romans who had villas nearby. Nearly every illustrious man Imperial or Republican Rome ever had—and that is to call the roll of fame of the Western half of the ancient world—knew these few square miles of hills and valleys well, and loved them.

After a few minutes, one comes to an ancient road paved much as the Via Appia is. This is the Via Triumphalis, where Roman generals, who were refused a triumph at Rome, conducted their own processions up Monte Cavo, even then a historical spot. When one is almost at the top, he should look for a break in the greenery. When he comes to it, he is treated to one of the finest views the world affords, from the historic standpoint as well as the aesthetic.

The panorama at this point (about 3,000 feet above sea-level) includes, on a moderately clear day, the sweep of the Tyrrhenian coast from Civitavecchia to Terracina, a stretch of sixty miles. When the haze of the Campagna begins to cloud the picture, the immense outflung curve of mountainous land that marks Terracina can be seen as part of a tiny model map. Civitavecchia cannot so easily be identified. The blue Tyrrhenian, however, especially when dashed with the golden sunlight, is clearly seen the whole length of the coast, since opposite Monte Cavo it is only fifteen miles away.

Between the hills and the coast lies the Campagna, somnolent with the midday heat and veiling its magnificent coloring with a light mist. The flaming poppies, now, do not appear as red blotches, but as modifications of a somewhat more mildly tinted natural painting.

When one lets his eye drop back to his immediate sur-

roundings, he is amazed to find that there can be other kinds of beauty besides that which he has been drinking in. The calm, homely olive orchards and vineyards on the surrounding hills, the broad and blue expanse of Lake Albano, seemingly underfoot, and the still somber forest of Monte Cavo itself, are no less overpowering than the plain below.

As to the point of view of past events, it may be doubted whether any other locality in the world can advance superior claims to historical interest. The world has been more profoundly influenced by the people who lived on that plain than by any other group in history. Every foot of ground would, if it could but speak, yield up inestimable treasures of knowledge.

The roads that cross the Campagna, like strips of yellow ribbon, were traveled by the heroes of our own childhood. The roofs of Rome that appear so faintly in the distance have covered the Great of the earth; their predecessors have sheltered the masters of the world in government, law, art, literature, music, and every other noble human activity. In ancient, mediaeval, and modern times Rome has never had an equal; and, in the flush of enthusiasm, I dare to say she never will.

Having soliloquized on the view from the road according to one's interest and capabilities, one advances up the road and arrives in a few minutes at the summit of Monte Cavo. There is here a level space an acre or so in extent,—level, grassy, and embracing one set of tumble-down, but benevolently genteel, buildings—a suppressed Passionist monastery now become an inn.

One sits down at one of the huge, stone tables outside to receive the amicable greetings of the lively proprietor who has supplied a white cloth, shining cutlery, and a piping hot Italian meal accompanied by a bottle of the local white wine, cool and sparkling in the sun. Tactfully, the *Signor padrone* leaves his guest to ruminate over the

fact that he is now sitting on holy ground; to be explicit—the site of the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the center and home of the Latin League. This temple was hoary and weather-beaten when shepherds were calling their flocks on the site of Rome. Here was celebrated the great yearly festival of *Feriae Latinae*.

Like the lingering tones of a great bell, the view of the sea from time to time commands the attention. To escape from its grandeur, one turns to the field on the other side of the hill for an after-luncheon stroll. Even it is a reminder of something ancient, for it is part of the crater of an extinct volcano and reminds one that this is all unstable land. Geologically, the volcano is quite recent but; it is hardly expected to erupt again soon, despite the fact that it once directed a fiercely burning lava flow through that fruitful countryside, where it would wreak tremendous havoc should it erupt again.

The latter part of the trip is to be commenced after one has examined the monastery with its coldly empty chapel. Descending the side of Monte Cavo opposite from the one he ascended, he passes along a rocky road which, like the *Via Triumphalis*, proclaims its Roman origin. The forest is thick enough for one to get lost: so it is well to remain on the path.

If one listens sharply, he may catch a sound which many a bird-lover in our own country would give his right hand to hear,—the song of the nightingale. The road, rambling aimlessly all over the mountainside, finally condescends to come out onto the level and exhibits, with that showmanship which is a beloved characteristic of Italian roads, almost the last great natural wonder of the day's walk.

Gradually, there comes into view a lake which, at first, appears to be Lake Albano seen from a new angle. That illusion is soon dispelled by the smallness of the lake and its almost unearthly beauty. This is glorious Nemi, of

which the poets sing,—a lake which takes up the thread of Italy's eternal story of natural works of art where Albano drops it in despair.

If Lake Albano is blue, Nemi is pure turquoise—a vivid gem, burning with a radiance that seems to come from within, fathoms deep in its unplumbed purity. At the shores, the cerulean shade softens and dulls to amethyst; where the amethyst ends, the emerald setting of the aged trees makes a startling contrast. No marvel that poets have lost hope of putting their feelings on paper when setting their eyes on Nemi. There are simply no words that can adequately describe it.

The road skirts the shore of the lake, and, passing through the picturesque and tiny village of Nemi, reaches the impossibly modern town of Genzano, whose beer, I regret to state, is beneath censure. Goethe, I am sure, never went to Genzano.

To end a perfect day in a perfect manner, there should be a real Roman sunset,—one that makes the world seem afire, then pales suddenly and surprisingly to amber and pale green like the chemicals in a magician's test-tubes.

In any case, after boarding the tram, one should drink in the cool air of the Campagna until an irate fellow-passenger in fear of malaria bids you close the window. The rest of the trip to Rome must then be made in the company of snores, foul and overheated air, and the odor of salame.

A day like this can never be forgotten. In the minds of those people to whom Rome herself means little, the Alban Hills are frequently a treasured memory. By them Rome makes her final plea for recognition; and if that plea goes unheeded, Rome is never likely to make another of like sincerity and weight.

William E. Miller.

Stanzas to Margaret

*We loved each other once—
Now, love is gone,
And in its place, a friendship close to hate
Has come of late,
Making us strangers to each other's hearts
Whose souls were one
In former, happier, years.*

*My yesterdays with you—
Why must they be
Sad mem'ries of a love that used to be,
But is no more?
Why must I bear that sickness of the soul,
Of the warm heart
That's lost the pleasing fire?*

*You love another now—
Or think you do:
But are you sure that what you feel is love,
Or something else
Which masquerades under the self-same name,
Deceiving those
Who wish to be deceived?*

*Thinking of this a while,
Perhaps you'll come
To realize the transiency of what,
Affection now,
May cause you deeper pain in future hours;
Reflecting thus—
You might come back to me.*

Charles W. Hart.

The Hibbard Garrett Memorial Prize Verse
1930-1931

First Prize

Song for Winter

*Gathered winds from cloudless skies
Swiftly, coldly pass.
Crispèd leaves from empty trees
Scratch across the grass.*

*Bury, bury, bury love;
Dig a grave for grief.
Let your winter's heart be crisp
As a winter's leaf.*

*Lay the earth upon your pain.
Let it heap with snow.
Deep in drifts and watched by stars,
Bitterness may go.*

*Snows shall melt away and spring,
Growing in your heart,
Yield a clump of violets there
For a flowery start.*

H. J. Nichol.

Second Prize

To Isabel

*Sweet maiden with the laughing eyes,
My love for you makes censers swing,
Makes shadows dance and echoes sing
And sordid earth a paradise.
When I am with you, lady fair,
I smell sweet perfume in the air,
As if the sprites from fairyland,
All clad in bubbles made of lace,
Were strewing petals ev'rywhere
And dancing with an elfin grace,
A happy throng! A joyous band!
To bring content which never dies
To Isabel with laughing eyes.*

J. Hoag.

Noblesse Oblige

ONE morning last summer Bill Smith, to whom I have owed money ever since rhinie year, gave me a ring on the phone. He was very, very disgusted—not at all his cheerful and thoughtless self. In the first place, he was tactless enough to remind me of a promise I had made when he had got me out of an arrest for speeding. It seems he was having trouble with his fiancée, Alice. (He has rather poor taste, she *likes* spinach.)

"Darn it, Sam," he said, "I like Alice a whole lot, but I think I've made a mistake asking her to marry me."

Resisting the temptation to tell him that it hadn't been a case of asking, I inquired if he had had another lover's quarrel. He said he had, and thought he would have one every week for the rest of his life, and he was tired of sending her flowers and notes that he was wrong, when he was right.

"Hum!" said I. "Let me hear your problem, so I can give it the advantage of my superior intellect." He didn't delay to take the opportunity to talk about himself.

"You see, Sam, it's like this. Alice goes plain nuts over every author she meets—she manages to meet plenty—and she drags me around to all sorts of fool teas and lectures and such, and then acts as if she's sorry she's wearing my ring." (The ring wasn't paid for.) "We have a fight, and there you are."

"A very serious problem, indeed," I opined, "but *I* can solve it for you. When did it happen last?"

"Last night," the glum voice continued. "We were at a lecture given by some Englishman who had just sponged a week or so on some bird in Chicago, and was telling all

the scandal about his host's wife and divorce. I told Alice he was a low . . . "

"If you use improper language, the phone will be disconnected" was the surprising interruption of a tart feminine alto voice.

"And there you are," Bill finished. When I hung up, he was giving the tart alto voice an exhibition of verbal pyrotechnics.

Later in the afternoon, my hunch-making machine ground out one of its usual beautiful ideas. I called Alice's house and the telephone was answered immediately.

"Oh, hello darling. The roses were *beautiful*, but—"

"Hello, Alice, this is Sam."

"Oh!"

"You're going to New York for a day or so next week, aren't you?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"I want you to meet a friend of mine."

"No thanks, I'm going to be busy."

"Just a minute. He's Mr. Bismark, the nephew of *the* Arthur Bismark, and the sole surviving member of the family."

"Ooh! I'd *love* to, but—"

"That's all right, Alice. Bill won't care. He's an old man now, past seventy-five, a charming old gentleman. I'm sure you'd like to meet him."

"I certainly would! Mr. Bismark—the nephew of my favorite poet!"

"I'll drop him a line, and give you a note—"

"Oh, thank you!—"

I hung up before her naturally suspicious nature could assert itself. Poor Bill! Of all the girls to love and all the vegetables to detest, he had to choose Alice and spinach. Still, friendship is friendship, and I was going to do my part. So would Arthur Bismark—he's a slick old codger if ever there was one. A few days later, when I gave old

Bill the necessary instructions, he fell on my neck and said I was the only friend who understood him, and that he'd never forget me. I had him sent home in a taxi.

After the brilliant success of my scheme, Bill told me what had happened. Alice had called on the old man—she called him an “old dear” (she would)—and he was very interesting. He told her all about his uncle, and his work on some San Francisco newspapers, and his trip to the South Seas, and his long travels in Greece, and about his Egyptian mistress, and all about the scandals the famous poet had been in (this was most improper, but Alice enjoyed it most of all, being a female), and, in fact, gave her a very vivid account of the old poet's life.

Then he asked her to lunch. They went to Sherry's. There Alice had a wonderful concoction of spinach, which she described minutely, to Bill's nauseation. After lunch, the old man was considerably embarrassed to find he had left his pocketbook at home, and Alice paid the check, tipping the waiter too much. The lunch seemed to have been a little too much for the old man, so Alice thought she'd better take him home in a taxi. Inside the taxi, he began to weep quietly, his big tears rolling down into his white beard. This was too much for Alice. She asked him what the matter was. For a long time, he wouldn't tell, but when they were half-way to their destination, he finally yielded.

“Young lady,” he said, “I'm afraid I've imposed upon you grossly (sniff!).” He took fifteen cents out of his pocket. “Look! That's all the money I have in the world (sniff!). I'm so ashamed of myself, but I'm just a lonely old man and no one has visited me for months (sniff!) and I have so many troubles, I just couldn't (sniff!) let you get away”.

Alice said she understood, and that it was perfectly all right. She suggested that if he talk over his troubles with her, she might be able to offer a solution to some of them.

"God bless you, my girl (sniff!) but I'm afraid you can't. I owe money to *everybody* (sniff!), the laundry is keeping my wash, and if my (sniff!) landlady didn't keep me for charity, I'd be walking the streets."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Alice.

"How can a poor, sick old man like me earn money? I write a little, and lecture when I'm strong enough, but—"

Now Alice's father had given her some money to buy some clothes with, and this forced itself upon her conscience in a most uncomfortable manner. She offered some to the old man.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times, my girl. No, I can't take it, but I will keep your memory always. I had almost forgotten that people could be kind."

Alice was crying by this time too. When they had nearly arrived, she managed to persuade him to "borrow" some—a rather respectable amount. She left him wreathed in smiles at his cheap boarding house, the marks of tears still on his cheeks, and felt that the money had been well spent.

Feeling very virtuous and self-sacrificing, she told Bill the whole story when she returned.

"Why, did you fall for that old gag?" he said. "That Bismark fellow is worth at least a hundred thousand!"

Alice immediately began to think about all the beautiful clothes she had seen in the windows, and had hysterics on Bill's shirt. She doesn't speak to me any more.

Neither does Bill. He discovered, too late, about the—spinach!

Frank Bourne.



Os Mortis Formosum

*Fair is the face of death
And sweet her silver breath;
Long have I languished for her lips
To press upon my mouth
And feel her breath—
A sweet soft zephyr from the south
To sigh her breathing back to her
And feel my burning body stir
With sorrow wonderfully in eclipse—
Her lips on mine close pressed,
Or mine upon her breast . . .
Ah me, in some deep shaded darkened place
Where a dim cloud the moon beshadoweth,
I soon shall taste her clear cool silver breath
And look upon her face—
The calm fair face of death.*

Lockhart Amerman.

Four Days in the U. S. R.

GREY land in the distance, and then, as we drew closer, several freight ships at anchor at the mouth of the Neva proclaimed our arrival at Leningrad. As we drew in toward the quay we saw great piles of millions of logs awaiting exportation to the United States and Great Britain. Tattered flags fluttered at their halyards and groups of workmen lined the banks as a score of Soviet inspectors came up the ladder to examine and stamp our passports.

We had left Hamburg ten days before on the *Oceana* for a cruise to the Baltic ports with four days in Russia. Stockholm, Copenhagen, Helsingfors had been seen and left behind and now we were before the gates of the U. S. S. R. We came with open minds, ready to be favorably or unfavorably impressed. Our group, the English-speaking people, was composed of a California ranch-owner and sheep raiser, his wife, a Boston real-estate man and his wife, a Brooklyn doctor, an Irishman, a Catholic priest travelling with his two cousins, my family, and myself. We came down the gangplank, got into a bus with an English-speaking woman guide and drove about the city. Leningrad has a population of 2,400,000 and everyone seemed to be in the streets. The guide explained that the Russian working-week is divided into five days of work and one of rest, regardless of whether this rest-day comes on a Sunday or not. The various factories fix their schedules so that their rest-days come upon different days in order not to overcrowd the street-cars, shops and amusements. In other words, on any one day, about one-sixth of the working population would be having a rest-day. However, there were long

lines of wretched-looking people waiting at food-shops or asleep in the gutters. They were ragged and dirty; some without shoes, some without coats. There were more women than men waiting in line and these had red bandanas draped over their heads. (Both in Leningrad and Moscow we have heard different explanations for the food-lines. We were once told that there was no shortage of food but that there was inefficiency in distributing it; another time we learned that the people were waiting, not for food, but for gasoline for their stoves.) Each laborer is given a ration-card by the factory in which he works, which entitles him to get a certain number of pounds of bread a day and so much meat per week at certain government shops. If he desires, he can, with his salary, buy extra bread, meat, vegetables, and fruit at other government-owned shops. Of course all shops are government-owned but certain ones are for the ration-card holders, and that is where the line forms.

The coin of the realm is the ruble for which we had to pay $52\frac{1}{2}$ cents—a fixed value for the exchange of our dollars. We were given a receipt for the dollars exchanged and when we made purchases, the amount of rubles expended was deducted on the receipt. [This was to prevent us from using rubles bought outside at 5 to 8 cents each (which we learned could be done). There is confiscation and a prison sentence for the smuggler if caught.] The balance remaining on the receipt was redeemed at the same rate of exchange— $52\frac{1}{2}$ cents—upon leaving the country. Russia is not on a gold standard and the real purchasing powers of the ruble is about eight cents, so that everything we desired to purchase, from a bottle of water at the hotel to Russian art works at antique shops, was ridiculously overpriced.

We drove first of all to St. Isaac's Cathedral where an anti - religious exhibit was being held. It is one of the principles of the Soviet Union that there should be no

religion and, to this end, a great many churches were seized and turned into schools, museums, and exhibits. (It may be said to the credit of Russia that all works of art were preserved, whether on religious subjects or not.) Our priest, knowing of the Russian attitude toward religion, had substituted a regular stiff collar for his clerical one and, thus equipped, he accompanied us to the beautiful cathedral. Malachite and lapis-lazuli decorations abounded, but everywhere there were posters and displays declaiming against any form of worship. There were comparative figures and graphs showing how the churches obtained millions of rubles annually for christenings, marriages, and funeral ceremonies, and how that money could have been better turned to the benefit of the people. Leningrad was the ancient home of the czars and we were next shown the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, built by Catherine the Great. The latter contains one of the finest collections of old masters in Europe and ranks with the Louvre. After dinner, we took a special sleeping-train to Moscow. The idea of a sleeping-train in Russia horrified us but we were pleasantly surprised by the compactness and the neatness of it: upper and lower berths, lavatories, racks and hooks, and baggage compartments. And so we rumbled through the dark toward Moscow, from one great center to the other of this amazing country.

We awoke in Moscow and were driven to the Grand Hotel for rooms and breakfast. We then went to the Tretyakov gallery and saw paintings by contemporary Russian artists. The Museum of the Revolution was next, where were displayed relics of the 1917 revolutions: bombs, shells, letters, and photographs. We were then driven out to a so-called rest-home. Every working man or woman is allowed two weeks every year for a vacation (or two weeks every six months if his job is very wearing or monotonous). He or she then comes to a rest-home

where a bed is provided with board free of charge. There are insufficient rest-homes, so that the government sometimes sends the laborer to the Crimea or the Black Sea region for that period, with all expenses paid. Of course, since the government owns all the railroads and all the hotels, the cost is not very high. The particular home we saw was dirty and crowded: people sitting and smoking or playing cards. We had lunch at the hotel, where we drank bottled spring-water and ate only cooked food. We were given the afternoon off to wander around and shop and, in the evening, we all went to the concert and ballet. No one was dressed up and the whole program was very informal. The master-of-ceremonies was a famous Russian lawyer. Our Irish member of the party raised the question whether the lawyer received the same pay as any man in the street for he had understood that in Russia everyone received the same salary and was put on an equal social level. Our guide replied in the negative and added that he could receive up to 1500 rubles a month. But what good does the possession of a large amount of money do? He cannot travel—rubles are worthless outside of Russia (and in fact may not even be taken out)—and he can buy nothing with them, for Russia produces nothing that he would want in the way of good clothing, automobiles or commodities. In proportion to his salary, his taxes are raised and he pays more for rent, food, and the necessities of life, so that in the end, he is no better off than any common laborer. He could, of course, bank the money at 8 per cent but the additional income is as worthless as is the principal.

We spent the night in our small rooms, smelly, filthy, full of flies, and entirely without conveniences, and the next day, our last in Moscow, we visited the Red Square and the Kremlin. Imagine a square the size of the Capitol building with an unique cathedral to the east and the many-turreted walls of the Kremlin to the south. Just

before the south wall in the middle of the square is Lenin's mausoleum of red and black porphyry, built in the shape of a pyramid. There is nothing else in the whole square except a long double queue of people filing in and out of the mausoleum and an occasional guard strolling about. It is a sight to make one pause and think of the czars who stood upon the walls watching the executions below. We descended the porphyry steps within and came into the dimly-lighted chamber in which rests the embalmed body of the forceful leader Lenin, with a soldier on guard at head and foot. As we filed around the lifelike corpse, we could see in his features the determination of the man who consecrated his life to the task of bettering the conditions surrounding the workers and the peasants. We emerged into Red Square. The setting sun threw the long shadows of St. Basil's onion-like domes across the cobblestones. One of the party was looking at the map of Moscow in his guide book when suddenly he was seized by two guards and was marched across the square into the Kremlin. I heard later that he was taken to the guard-house, questioned, and finally, proving that he was not a spy, was released.

We had lunch back at the hotel, caviar, duck, and bottled water and then went peacefully to visit the Kremlin, the ancient home of the czars when in Moscow. Within its walls are three Russian churches to which the Royal Family had to come for marriages, coronations, and funerals, respectively. In the last are the tombs of the czars of ancient days up to the last one, Nicholas II (who was murdered in the 1917 revolution). We saw the great Czar's Bell which fell from its belfry red-hot during a fire in 1737 and from which a large piece was broken in the fall. The Czar's Cannon, weighing 425 tons and beautifully decorated with bas-reliefs, was put in the Kremlin, as our guide told us, merely to intimidate foreign ambassadors to Moscow. Within the Kremlin

palace is the museum, with carriages, magnificent jewels and clothing, once owned by the czars and their families. The Kremlin is also the present home of Joseph Stalin and we were shown the approximate position of his rooms, together with those once used by Lenin.

We took the sleeper back to Leningrad, arriving there the next morning at ten. After tea and caviar sandwiches, we got into our assigned buses and drove out to Dyetskoye Selo, the summer palace of the czars. Silver rooms, amber rooms, agate rooms, blue silk decorated ball-rooms and an endless variety of highly ornamental reception rooms, bed-chambers, and dining-halls were evidence of the extravagant habits of the czars. To the crowds of peasants filing open-mouthed through the palace it must have seemed as if the money could better have been spent on them. As we were driven back to the ship we passed through a little village of peasants. How much happier seemed the children who ran out to wave as we passed! The mere possession of a few yards of soil to work seemed to make a world of difference between the factory employee and the uncollectivized peasant.

As we were about to reach the *Oceana*, the guide said to us:

"I would get into a great deal of trouble were it known that I was telling you this, but I have been with you for several days, and I really feel that you ought to know it." Here she leaned forward and lowered her voice. "There are a great many people who are not content with conditions in Russia as they are. I am instructed to tell you that people are happy, that there is no unemployment and that the Russian plans are progressing, but the truth of the matter is that people are not satisfied."

We had drawn up to the ship by this time and how palatial she looked! Hot water, baths, and soft beds! As Leningrad and the grey Neva receded into the distance, over and over in my mind ran the questions—"After

the Five Year Plan, what? Will there be another revolution of the workers?" Time alone can answer, but I should like to return, some ten years hence, to see the results of this, the greatest social experiment ever attempted by man.

Leonard L. Greif, Jr.

Sonnet

*I would be lord of some enchanted isle,
Some emerald spot enshrined in sapphire seas,
O'ertopped by one high mount, a mighty pile
Of granite, carved in awful symmetries
And wreathed in ribboned mists. There I would while
The slumbrous hours away, as one who flees
Life's tortuous path, content that every trial
And longing melt beneath the whisp'ring trees.*

*Thus do I often dream, and to my ears
Come songs of myriad birds; a surging wave
Of perfume floods my soul:—some ecstasy
Of prayer or passion vanquishing my fears . . .
Then all departs, and silently I bathe
My being in the night's calm symphony.*

Francis Walton.

BOOKS

ARROWS OF DESIRE

Mary Hoxie Jones

IT IS with an almost proprietary feeling that *THE HAVERFORDIAN* extends to Miss Jones its congratulations on the publication of this, her first book of verse. One can scarcely read through these brief one hundred pages without sensing the quickening influence which the charm of the Haverford campus has exerted on the author's keen sensitivity to beauty. Nearly half of the poems contained in the book are short but poignant lyrics, expressive of the poet's emotions and reactions to the beauty of nature, especially to the transiency of Spring. Others deal with love, death, prayer; in fact with all the moods of an alert and beauty-loving mind. Perhaps one of the most charming groups is that which comprises a series of miniatures on various spots of the Mediterranean and elsewhere. She has not merely seen, she has appreciated.

The verse forms used vary considerably. There are sonnets, rhymed couplets and free verse represented as well as the four- or six-line stanza, with its sundry variations of rhyme scheme. On the whole the forms have been well chosen to suit the content. In a few poems in the first section of the book there are slight metrical blemishes apparent, but in most cases, particularly in the sonnets,

Miss Jones has ably demonstrated her mastery of the art of prosody.

To any one who cares for beauty, the fresh sincerity of these verses cannot fail to appeal. Miss Jones has said very little that is new, but she has said things which bear infinite repetition, and she has said them well.

Macmillan

F. R. W.

HATTER'S CASTLE

A. J. Cronin

OF THE various much-acclaimed first novels which this reviewer has had occasion to read, *Hatter's Castle* holds a pre-eminent place in the manner in which it fulfils and even surpasses what one has been led to expect. Dr. Cronin, the English physician who has here first turned his hand to fiction, has written a vivid and powerful story which enthralls the reader's interest through all of its six hundred large pages.

The story centers about the dominating personality of a man named Brodie, a hatter by profession, whose pride and ambition have led him to erect a grotesque, but imposing, castle-like home. His sole desire is to make himself feared and envied by the world, and to that aim he subordinates all else, friendship, family love, and finally, through his misguided efforts, even his business and his decency. Physically a giant, but of small powers mentally, he is utterly ruled by his passions and whims, which more and more gain the ascendancy as his ruin progresses. By the very greatness of his physique and the power of his personality, the tragedy of his downfall is made the more intense.

In manner of treatment the book is highly reminiscent of Hardy, though the style is frequently rough and quite

inferior to that of the Victorian writer. There overhangs the book that air of inevitable doom, noticeable in, say, *Jude the Obscure*; the main point of difference is that in *Hatter's Castle* the tragedy is the direct result of the personality of the central figure, rather than the mere caprice of a malevolent Nature. Therein, perhaps, lies one great superiority of this book, for it does not imply that as this story is, so is the world, as Hardy so often seems to do. Dr. Cronin does not universalize: the story is the tragedy of one individual figure.

It is an imposing book and one well worth reading. A few scenes are overdrawn, notably that in which Brodie kicks (literally) out into a raging storm his unmarried daughter, whom he has just discovered to be pregnant, but even such defects can be forgiven in view of the keen character analysis and the arresting power which Dr. Cronin has achieved.

Little, Brown & Co.

F. R. W.

THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK

Bertrand Russell

TO THOSE whose interests are largely scientific it has no doubt occurred that the world as a whole would be much better off if economic and moral problems were handled strictly from a scientific standpoint. They point to the success of the analytic method in the conquest of the world of matter, to the physical comforts which science has provided for us; and then suggest we turn its piercing beam of inquiry into our economic world in order to prevent catastrophies of the nature of the current depression.

Doubtless much can be accomplished by such means, but we should be cautious in transferring the technique of

one field of knowledge to that of another. And it is here that Bertrand Russell steps in to point out the pitfalls, and to show the way. A scientist himself, Russell is in perfect harmony with the scientific method as applied to its normal fields. He opens his book with a rapid survey of the most outstanding achievements: those of Galileo, Newton, Darwin, and Pavlov. These men are characteristic of the scientific method and have produced great benefits for mankind. But far more advanced than they ever would have conceived is modern science which Russell next describes with emphasis on the technique in the fields of Physics, Biology, Physiology, Psychology, and Society. He is extremely witty and brilliant and makes science seem all the greater by his simplicity.

But should this technique, which has been so successful, not be extended into still further fields? Russell supposes that this has been done and shows what sort of a world is the result. Man is split into two classes: the rulers (who are the scientists) and the workers. By eugenics the scientists have made themselves physically superior to the others and make sure that they hold their advantage. The world is mechanically governed in the interests of great efficiency, much in the manner of modern Russia, only to a greater degree. All men must bow down to the great God, Science. But the world is totally devoid of art, literature, and the higher values. "The scientific society in its pure form, which is what we have been trying to depict, is incompatible with the pursuit of truth, with love, with art, with spontaneous delight, with every ideal that man has hitherto cherished." Science is a power which man can use with great advantage, but this power must not be wielded for its own sake. The great danger of such a society can only be avoided if we combine with modern scientific technique an abiding respect for human feelings and the emotions that give color to the daily existence of men and women.

Russell is a fascinating writer and has filled his pages with wit and humor. He takes sharp issue with the various conceptions of God which have been set up by Jeans and Eddington; and although the reader may not agree with some of his conclusions, the book as a whole is most stimulating.

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The Haverfordian

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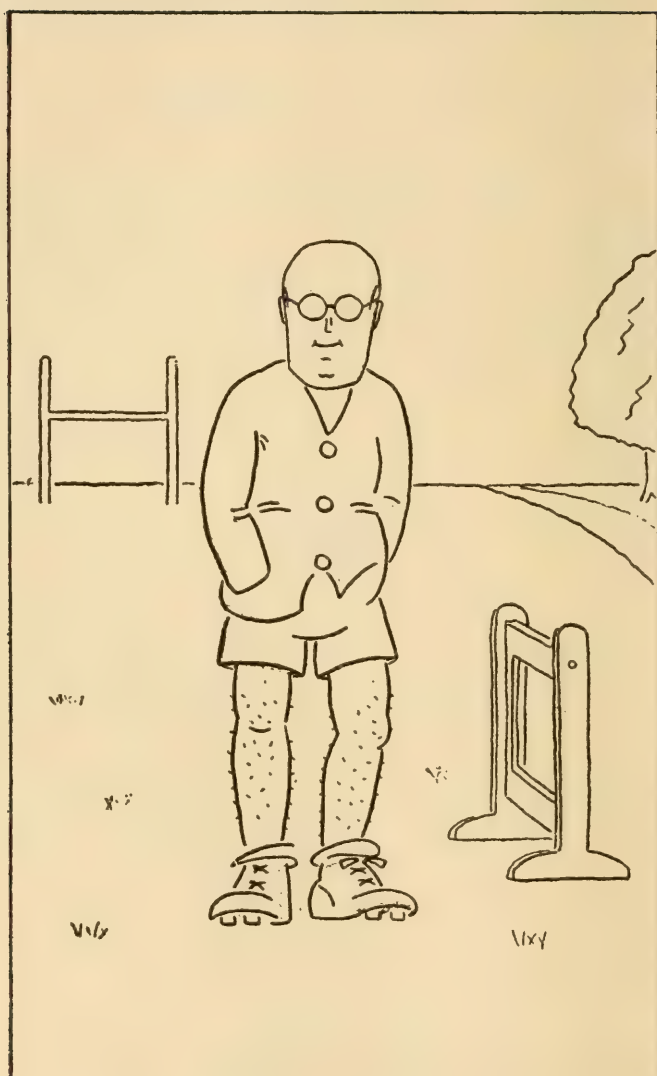
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The Abbey Ghost

IF YOU have never met the venerable chaplain to the Sisters of St. Theresa, whose shabby little church in the slums is one of the notable shrines of Rome, you have lost the acquaintance of a very interesting man. The urbanity of Father Filippus never becomes oily, his learning—and it is considerable—never weighs his listeners down, his humor—that quality which in him is accompanied by that twinkling, half-shut eye, the flash of strong, white teeth, and the rubicund radiance of a bald crown, is never boisterous nor tasteless. He has the passion for learning of the German, the common-sense of the Englishman, and the intense love of life of the Italian, combined with a penchant for commenting on the life about him which is French-Irish, and which commonly leads either to a vast amount of innocent amusement or a most enthusiastic fight.

This amiable cicerone had engaged one day to show me the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. The poplars were baking in the mid-day heat as we walked up the long road which leads from the Via Appia to the entrance of the subterranean tombs. The aspens gave no indication of the slightest motion of the superheated air. In that silence which is Italy's tribute to the Lord Sun at noonday, our voices sounded loudly and our footsteps rang sharply on the crushed rock of the lonely track.

Painfully we approached a clump of ilexes which partially concealed a house. A monk came out to meet us as we neared it, saluting us pleasantly, but in silence, with a gesture toward his lips to remind us that he was a Trappist, bound by his vow never to speak an unnecessary word. Following the finger which he pointed in

answer to our questions, we found an aged, English-speaking brother, not bound by the vow of silence. This ancient gave us tapers, lighted them, and, having ignited his own, which was so long that it had to be wound around a stick, bade us follow him.

Down a long, dark flight of stairs we went behind him. The cold air, bearing the indescribable odor of stale incense and damp rock, came up to meet us as we descended; the thin flames of the tapers, which in the brilliant sunlight outside had hardly been visible, now put back the ever-leaping darkness and guided us downward. Deeper and deeper we went. All sight and sound of the world outside was gone. We had thought it silent outside, but here that inexplicable something which comes with the absence of all the natural sounds of our workaday world entered into our souls.

The guide stopped a moment to tell a cheerful little anecdote about a party of clerical students which had gone into one of the unexplored side passages, had lost itself in the vast labyrinth, and was never seen again. On the long silence following this story there broke the nervous titter of a girl in an accompanying party. "What would happen if I turned off at the wrong place?" she asked.

The monk smiled grimly and slapped the sides of his gown. "I have extra tapers, maps, cord; I would find you unless you wandered into the unexplored section." A tense expression of the face followed. "If you get into one of those—well, there are passages leading down to what may be a vast lower level; no one knows what is there. It needs a bold man to trust his life to a thin cord."

It was at this moment that my friend the chaplain, who was walking in front of me, looked back and said he would tell me a story in keeping with our surroundings.

Turning half-around as he trod the narrow passageway, he began his tale.

* * * * *

When I was a young man (he said) I had intended to become a Benedictine monk and so pursued, for a couple of years, a course of studies at Ailesbury Abbey in the south of England. There is a school which the brothers conduct at some distance from the Abbey proper, whose buildings are the renovated ruin of a monastery of the eleventh century. The gaunt, grey structures, some of them actually falling to pieces with age, are enclosed on the north and west by a thick grove of ancient trees. To the south and west is a gently sloping valley with a great expanse of open fields, vividly green and wholesome in the mild summer, cold and brown with decay in winter. In the far distance may be seen a gleam of silver where the River Croft flows calmly down to the sea between friendly willows and alders which lean over the river as though perpetually conversing with it about something sad and beautiful.

Four times a day a plume of steam and a muffled hooting floats up the valley from a rickety little train as it rattles down the narrow-gauge track by the riverside toward the mediaeval town of Wyaeth-on-Croft thirty miles away. Except for this slight intrusion the life is that of an eleventh century monastery. There the nervous tension of modern life is nonexistent; only the chant of monks at common prayers, the clanging of the great bell that tolls for the Ave Maria, or the hum of conversation at recreation hour breaks the peaceful quiet of that idyllic spot.

At night the moon cherishes the moldering bricks of the ruin and cuts out wedges of pitchy blackness on the velvet turf. Never while I was living there did I tire of the contrast between the thin, stern beauty of the moonlit valley below rolling away like a silver sea and the mellow loveliness of the Abbey itself, where some of the

windows glowed with golden radiance, while others looked from long-deserted turrets and halls in shadowed contemplation of their departed glories.

After taking a long walk down the valley one afternoon, I was hot and tired when, about dusk, I returned to the Abbey. I went straight to my cell in one of the turrets and prepared to take a shower, for the monks had not considered good plumbing an unpleasantly modern irruption. I remember hunting in vain for my bedroom slippers and thinking that it would be well for me to get into the warm water as soon as possible, for the day had been hot and I was still perspiring. As I opened my door to go to the showers, it struck me that it was getting so dark that the lights would soon be put on in the corridor. While I was wondering what time it could be, the great bell in the turret above me clamored the half hour before dinner.

When I had walked gingerly in my bare feet half-way down the long hall, I noticed Brother Rowen, who often accompanied me on my long hikes, coming out of the bath-room. I called to him, "Have you been playing cricket, Rowen?" (He was accustomed, I should tell you, to go over to the school to take part in whatever games were in season.) He neither turned nor answered but walked silently to the last door on the corridor and disappeared within. I realized with some surprise that Brother Rowen, who had had his cell next to mine, must have been moved by the prior. As I reveled in the clean water, I wondered idly whether he had taken my slippers by accident and tried to recall whether mine were on Rowen's feet. I remembered that it had been too dark to see him distinctly.

A few minutes later, when I left the showers, I found the hall now brilliantly lighted. To my great surprise I met Brother Rowen coming from the direction of his old room. "Well, Brother," I said with mock asperity, "why did you just cut me in the hall?"

He looked at me with some little resentment. "I haven't left my room since three o'clock," he replied. Saying that the time was getting late, he dashed into the showers, whence there shortly came the sound of rushing water and Brother Rowen's wailing whistling which invariably accompanied his ablutions.

At meals I chanced to sit next to the venerable, white-haired prior, who, in the absence of an abbot, was the governing official of Ailesbury. In a lull of conversation, I asked the prior if he had changed Brother Rowen's room. When he asked me why I thought he had, I replied that I had seen Brother Rowen go into the room at the end of my corridor. The prior then did a strange thing. He frowned at me sternly, and, ordering me to speak no more at that meal, said that he wished to see me in his office after dinner.

At the completion of the prayers which followed the simple dessert, I went in a whirl of curiosity mixed with considerable trepidation to the office, a bare, white-washed cubby-hole so filled with books that there was scarcely room for me to stand before the ancient prior's desk. "Brother Filippus," he said, "did you mean what you said at dinner to the effect that Rowen went into the end room on your corridor?"

I nodded.

"In that case, it may interest you to know that that room has been sealed for forty years and the only key lies in that safe." He pointed as he spoke to a strong-box of antiquated design which stood in a corner.

He continued. "Brother Filippus, I want you to be silent in this matter. You see, about forty years ago a monk went mad and hanged himself on the door of that end cell. There have been reports from time to time of his appearance; and I must confess to you, Brother Filippus, that, as I remember him, he bore a distinct

resemblance to Brother Rowen. But," and here he waggled his index finger under my nose, "Mother Church frowns on such things; and besides it would be very bad if the story got to the ears of parents of the boys in the school; so keep a close tongue in your head. We know so little about the beyond—it might be that—but no—out with you Filippus, and may heaven pardon you if you're playing a practical joke on me, for *I'll* send you to the school to teach for a month."

Father Filippus paused a moment before he went on.

"But it was a true story. The light was dim; my imagination may have been active after my hard exercise, and yet—"

* * * * *

In the ghostly atmosphere of the catacombs, I never questioned Father Filippus' eyesight or imagination. With a thrill I realized that the spirits of the departed dead buried on each side of our path might be around us now, striving to make us recognize them. The effect upon the mind of that cold, dismal place, where only the shuffle of our feet and the occasional droning explanation of some antiquity by the Trappist was indescribably gloomy.

There burst upon us without warning (for we had been going gradually up a slight incline) the brilliant sun in all its glory, intolerable to us, who, like moles, had adapted our eyes to the subterranean darkness. Now Father Filippus' story of Ailesbury Abbey lost its flavor and became thin and weak as its substance vanished like a vapor from the mind. I said as much to the good man.

Before replying he looked for a long time out over the green campagna stretching toward Rome. "My boy," he said, "when you are as old as I am now, you will not be so positive regarding what can happen and what cannot. The other world is never so far from ours as most people suppose. The veil is very thin." And

as I caught sight of the heroic statues on the façade of the ancient church of St. John Lateran, which is the cathedral of Rome and symbolizes the continuity of the present and the past, I wondered if my friend might not be right.

William E. Miller.



Carib Drums

(*Jamaica, 1520*)

THE twin hills were clothed with coffee-trees; the valley glistened with their leaves. The whole scene seemed like a scrap of the ocean which a hurricane has just whipped to madness—two huge seas thrown together by some cross-current, crests afoam, and left towering in silly immobility when the tempest fell. A million gleaming leaves dotted the hill-tops with foamy radiance that died away like clusters of bubbles whenever a stray cloud crossed the moon. Gray in the shadows of the valley, a whitewashed house of wattles and mortar invited attention by its inappropriateness in this place of moonlight and witchery. At the opposite end of the valley, where the hills embraced, a drum beat the seconds of the night away. Untroubled by alien presences, a nightingale rhapsodized the climbing moon from a broad-leaf's summit. On the north side of the house, which faced the head of the valley, two oblongs of light looked out on the darkness; its occupants were not yet abed. A guitar's tremulous melody bubbled over from the house into the shadows:

*Mountains hide the sun, unbidden,
Clouds of trouble, piled-up fears;
Many things lie darkly hidden
'Round the corner of the years.*

*Hearts once young, once blithe and laughing,
Writhe in darkness, drowned in tears,*

*Careless lips have left their chaffing
'Round the corner of the years.*

A rather secular song was this for a priest ordained by the most Holy See; but Father Antonio had learned his lore of life, for the most part, outside of monastery walls. His present position signified that his practical nature was appreciated by Majesty and Holiness alike.

"Well sung, Father, like a veritable courtier; but, *Padro mio*, the years are long—or maybe you meant weeks?" Ricardo was but twenty-eight, and as handsome a young don as Spain had ever sent out to exploit the natural wealth of her newest acquisition. Long association with the priest had destroyed his reverence for him, while it increased his respect; and years of close companionship in a land where they saw no other of their own race, except at long intervals, had bred and nurtured between them a relationship like that between father and son—close and loving, indestructible.

"You interpret me aright, my son. To youth the years are long. To me, with one foot across the grave, they seem so many days. But, let us look at the world for a minute. Why do we stay on here? To read the sable mystery of coffee-groves under moonlight or hear the nightingale exhaust his repertoire of moonsongs? Your ship rides at anchor in the bay, laden to the decks with gold, yet for a few tons of raw copper we stay on here endangering our lives."

"Our lives in danger! Father, you almost make me forget myself. These pot-bellied black dogs, what can they do? What dare they do? At the sight of a whip they grovel in the earth, and dig copper like little devils. But," his tone became gentler, "in a week, *Padre mio*, you shall have your wish. Tomorrow we send out the last load of ore. Then Spain and the haughty mantillas!"

Father Antonio was grave: "Spain—mantillas—golden

hills and ripening grapes—these things you long for. Then listen, my son, leave this place. Tomorrow set sail for home.”

The gravity in his tone called for silence. As though waiting for this moment, from the hills came the low rumble of the drums. The white men sat, their eyes on the door, their heads bent to catch the far-off sound. Like a huge snake it came weaving through the night and wrapped about them with its coils of fearful portent. With an effort, Ricardo shook off its spell and turned to look at his companion. The priest sat there with blank eyes, as though his vision had turned back within his soul or wandered out into the far beyond; as though the spirit he had come to regard as master of his fate and fountain of his soul were calling him with the voice of Carib drums. Harsh, unhallowed was the young man’s voice as he called the pure soul from its rendezvous:

“I marvel how these heathen can be content to stay up there and make that racket day and night without a break. Working here they could earn enough to live like human beings. Padro mio, I’m sleepy. I’ll go to bed. Tell Karouma to call those rebellious dogs to a parley tomorrow morning.”

He strode across the room and opened the door communicating with the only other room in the house—the bedroom. At the door he stopped to look back at Antonio, whose eyes held a look of unaccountable regret.

For many minutes the priest sat still, trying to re-establish the bond so rudely severed. But though the drums beat on, their message he no longer understood save as the voice of dire hatred fermenting up there among the hills. His fingers picked at the strings of the guitar, and once more the sad tune trembled on the still air—

*Many things lie darkly hidden
'Round the corner of the years.*

With a sigh he got up at last and going to the door clapped his hands. After a few seconds an old woman appeared out of the darkness. Father Antonio had long ceased to wonder where she found shelter on these long hot nights of the rainy season. She just appeared when needed and attended to the orders of the white men.

"Karouma, the master wishes to talk with your friends. He leaves within the moon and wants one more load of ore taken to the ship."

"They will come, master, at daybreak."

She was about to join the shadows once more. "One moment, Karouma, a drink of water before you go."

"The stream has dried up, master. I must go up to the hills to get you some."

"Where in the hills, Karouma?"

"At the Black Pool, master. Ardiak has built a dam across the stream and the pool is high. I get much water there."

"Well never mind, Karouma. I'll drink some cold coffee before I go to bed."

The old hag moved away and was lost in the bush. Antonio was more thoughtful when he joined Ricardo in the house. The young man was already asleep, but the priest spent a wakeful night. Toward daybreak he also fell asleep and dreamed of roaring torrents of cooling water that somehow were cruel in their coolness.

The sun was high when a company of natives filed into the clearing and stood a short distance before the hut. The door opened and Ricardo emerged carrying a long slave-whip. He strode over to the group and addressed them.

"Where is Ardiak?"

"The Mighty One sends his messenger to speak with you," said a tall youth, stepping forward.

"Well, take that, and tell the mighty one I will speak with *him*," said Ricardo, giving him a stinging cut with

the whip across the face. The man did not flinch; only his companions massed around him with blood in their eyes. At a word from him, they opened their ranks and he passed through. The rest fell into line behind him, and once more the procession filed along the valley.

Father Antonio had been watching the scene from the door of the shack but he knew the futility of remonstrating with his charge in his present mood. He withdrew into the shade of the plantation and saw Ricardo enter the house and re-emerge after a few minutes. The young don clapped his hands, calling Karouma at the same time. Antonio could not hear his orders but he saw the woman set out in the direction of the bay. She had to pass close by him to avoid the gaping mouth of the mine, and a chill passed over him as he saw her face. He had always thought her peaceful, slow of intellect, although the way in which she went about her daily duties spoke of abundant energy in her ancient body. And now for the first time the wise old priest wondered if this energy were not actively engaged for the destruction of her masters. Those nights when she disappeared, for instance. He had not shied from the thought that she shared her presence with both camps. He had seen nothing to fear in this, but now he realized all it might mean. He got up and hurried towards the hut, intending to share his suspicions with Ricardo, wondering at the same time if it were not too late.

He found his friend engaged in putting up the stout hurricane blinds on the single window, and accosted him with an appearance of joviality.

"So, youth is learning wisdom, eh?"

Ricardo's face was unwontedly serious as he replied, "Yes, and youth intends to teach wisdom to an ancient race of blockheads."

"How?" Antonio was genuinely perplexed.

"Ah, Father, if the worm turns, what will the snake

do? I have sent for the sailors to spend the night here. Maybe they won't spend it *here*, actually. But if the worm does intend to rend us, see, I have a fortress, and our men have guns."

Father Antonio was silent. He saw the hand of destiny raised and knew not where it would fall. After all, the white men were doing all they could in any case, and if Fate crushed them, her fingers must perforce touch their enemies also. He returned outside to listen once more to the message of the drums.

Night found the shack filled to capacity with men and ammunition. Ardiak had not come, nor any more messengers of his. The drums had ceased at moon-rise, and even Ricardo showed in his face the strain of unbroken silence and uncertain waiting. Karouma had served coffee to some forty men and then disappeared, none knew whither, with a look of strange satisfaction on her face. She was the only one, it seemed, who had spoken since sunset. She had said: "Ardiak will come!" Remembering this, Antonio had remarked to Ricardo:

"I thought this Ardiak was some sort of a spirit of god."

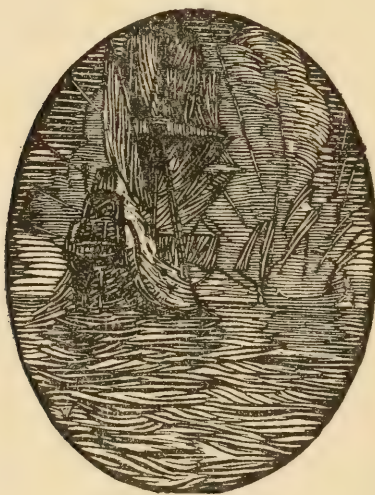
"I never believed in heathen gods," Ricardo replied, "but anyway we'll pull him down to the level of those swine."

Suddenly the outer silence was broken. Simultaneously from each hilltop a drum sounded with a long roll. At the valley's head another answered. A nightingale awoke and hailed the moon, as if in competition. The drums beat louder than ever they had before. The house was rocked as by a tempest and without any warning went over on its side. The men, thrown in a heap, felt themselves driven against the roof by rushing water as the floor-boards gave. Then once more the

shack rolled over and plunged into the mine-shaft, now become a greedy whirlpool.

Up in the hills the Black Pool had turned grey as its waters ran off, revealing small stones and sand. Ardiak's dam was rent in the middle by the rushing tons of water, that likewise carried off the one who had started the breach. Alone of all the Caribs, Karouma, by her months of faithful service in the enemy's camp had won the privilege of dying for the freedom of her race. Where the house once stood a mighty river roared. It had torn away the lower wall of the mine and strewn the boards and hapless inhabitants of the house on its stream. On the bay a ship, deserted, rode at anchor, loaded to the decks with native gold. Somewhere among the coffee-trees a nightingale hymned the falling moon; while up the valley weaved a serpent of mad music where the Carib drums exulted.

C. A. Pitter.



Becky

IT WAS from reading a book that I came to know her. You see, I had been reading Mr. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and as a consequence had become very much interested in Becky Sharp. To be quite honest, I had been so much charmed that I was determined to know the lady better. Therefore with courage moderately in hand I went to call at "the exceedingly snug and well appointed house in Park Lane," where I knew she had last been.

Mrs. Firkin opened the door. She seemed to be extremely depressed, and I guessed at once it was because of Miss Crawley's illness; but she asked me very politely what my business was. I noticed in the meantime that she had come forth from her depression long enough to be rather startled by my clothing. (For it must be confessed that, in my eagerness to meet Becky, I had entirely forgotten how queer I should look.) However, I stepped in and told Mrs. Firkin I wished to speak with Miss Sharp. Whereupon, that good lady, having invited me into the drawing room, went off up-stairs to Miss Crawley's room, where Becky was busily occupied as nurse, to tell her, probably, that a very unusual-looking gentleman was below to see her.

As I waited there in the drawing room I became increasingly nervous. First of all, I knew I must be careful not to address her as Becky. Of course, I had a perfect right. I knew her quite well. But she did not know me, and my sudden familiarity would not at all be understood. Just at this time I heard steps on the stair, and Miss Sharp (she will have to be so addressed

henceforth) entered. She looked exactly as Mr. Thackeray said she would. I recognized her keen face and lithe figure immediately, and so almost forgot to introduce myself. But I pulled myself together and told Miss Sharp that I was a representative of the "Pall Mall Gazette", and had come to secure the facts concerning Miss Crawley's illness. (Hoping, at every word I said, that the "Pall Mall Gazette" was in existence and that it sent representatives out on such errands.)

Miss Sharp was very apparently surprised that any gazette should be responsible for such a strange looking person. She had been gazing at me critically ever since she had come in. (I felt as foolish as I should have in the presence of Queen Elizabeth.) Furthermore, she appeared to be somewhat annoyed.

"Sir," she said, "Mrs. Firkin might easily have given you the necessary information. I am an extremely busy person."

"Excuse me, Miss Sharp," said I, outwardly abashed, but inwardly overjoyed that she had swallowed my gazette affair, "I have been told that you were the personal attendant of Miss Crawley, and, as such, I took it for granted you were the person to see in such a case."

"And pray tell me, sir," she said, "who informed you that I was Miss Crawley's personal attendant?" For a moment I held my breath and then took another chance.

"Captain Rawdon Crawley told me yesterday," I answered. "You know he and I are old friends, and when I happened to mention his aunt's name, he said she had returned from Sir Pitt's in poor health. And upon my offering to make inquiries (I really felt now that I was getting on) he told me to come here and ask for Miss Sharp." There was a pause. Again she had fixed upon me that penetrating gaze. I knew that I was uncomfortable but somehow or other I did not care. Here she was where I could actually see her, and except for the

acute, calculating expression in her eyes, she was charming. She had on one of the lovely old silk dresses, white with a large blue sash, which Miss Crawley had given to her. It was easy to see how she had ensnared Jos Sedley, and was now fast finishing off Rawdon Crawley. And then she said:

"It is queer that you did not ask Captain Rawdon himself to give the information. But then that would have been difficult because he has been out of town for the last three days." (This last remark seemed to carry some rather biting shrewdness, and I was attaining a deep crimson complexion.) Suddenly she smiled, and added charmingly:

"But there is no secret about Miss Crawley's health, and I am happy to say that, due to tireless care, it is gradually improving." Just at this moment the knocker clanged on the front door. Becky darted to the window, then cried,

"Why here is Captain Rawdon now himself. You will have a chance to see him again—" There was a crash as "Vanity Fair" fell on the floor and I awoke just in time to save myself from the most precarious situation of my whole adventure.

Barrett Parker.



To M. J. C.

*In all experience, no mood's so sad
But that the thought of you would make it glad:
Rose-petal cheeks, dark hair, mischievous eyes—
Venus come down to earth in mortal guise.
But lack of outward beauty'd matter not,
For still, in passing, would I mark the spot
Whereon you stood, whereon you gave to me
Your smiles, bless'd transports to sweet ecstasy.
Above all these, there is a greater bliss.
The thought encompass'd is, I think, in this:
Ambition is a dull and worthless thing
Without someone from whom, where'er I bring
The silent trophies of some great success,
I catch the spirit of contentedness.*

Charles W. Hart.

Stephen Smiles

NO ONE knew Stephen Callen, and no one apparently wanted to know him. It hurt, naturally. But he told himself he didn't care, and pretended. Pathetic, futile pretense! He played a rôle of militant indifference and struggled to frown an uninterested world out of countenance.

Even as a boy, when life is too new for sorrow, he had suffered little tragedies all within himself. And no one ever knew.

He had been a pale little lad with ink-black hair and dark sullen eyes—eyes bewildered and shy. With a gnawing loneliness, like a banished violet in a field of weeds, he had grown to manhood, possessor of an artist's soul and only one friend—a violin; a friend responsive to his every mood and in whose tremulous voice he found sympathy and a certain ecstasy.

Stephen at nineteen stood in his widowed mother's gloom-draped room and watched her die. His beautiful, exquisite mother! Always serene and cold she had been; a chilling Arctic breeze. When she died, Stephen thought of her as melting away, a delicate fragment of ice melting away.

* * * * *

That was six years ago. Six years! Stephen had tried to cope with the world, but his weapons were too fine and brittle. He was too easily hurt. He was still a sensitive, bewildered child. Six years had taught Stephen nothing other than to pull his shell closer around his long, delicate body.

He lost another position. It had not been much,

clerical work with a wholesale hardware company, but it had paid for food and clothing, and his room at Mother Stoffer's house. Mr. Harper, the local manager, had called him to his office.

He spoke thoughtfully. "Gallen, I have called you here, not to complain of your work—that is satisfactory, but to— Sit down, son." He motioned to a chair by his glass-top desk.

"We," Mr. Harper always used the "we" of distributed responsibility when the business on hand was unpleasant, "we can't understand your attitude, Gallen. You sit at your desk and do your work, well enough I'll admit, but—good lord, man, can't you speak? Can't you smile?"

Stephen gripped the arms of the chair; his knuckles were white and his face pale. The hurt showed in his eyes, and his smile was a twisted, gallant thing.

"I'll try harder—," he started.

Brusquely the manager interrupted him. "Gallen, I'm sorry. We are cutting down the office force and your attitude has forced us to let you go."

Stephen told himself he didn't care.

"For your own good," the manager added, as Stephen rose slowly to his feet, "lose that sulky expression. Every one thinks you are too proud to be friendly. I don't think that's the case, but—well, that's all. I'm sorry, Gallen," he added with a touch of sympathetic apology.

The manager turned to his desk. Stephen slowly found the door and went out.

* * * * *

Mother Stoffer's rooming house was a pleasant, brown-stone building on Spring Garden Street. It was a placid little place and as respectable as its starched, lace curtains and modestly half-drawn shades announced it.

Briskly Stephen climbed the brown-stone steps. He

let himself in with his latch key, closing the door after him with an indifferent bang. They weren't to know, he didn't want sympathy. With a jaunty step he passed the mail rack—Stephen never received letters; no one knew him that well—and mounted the carpeted front stairs, which emitted an octave of squeaks as he went.

Helen Marney, standing beside Mother Stoffer in the lower hall, watched him. She saw his feet; they began to drag as he reached the second floor. And although his head was no longer visible, she knew it had drooped painfully from its forced pedestal of gallant indifference.

Helen pushed back a wisp of golden hair with a thoughtful hand, and turned a serious and questioning gaze to Mother Stoffer.

"He's lonely," the landlady declared judicially, "and no wonder, he never sees a soul, much less talk to 'em."

She trundled away toward the kitchen, leaving Helen staring speculatively at the top of the stairs.

* * * * *

Like a lost man in a strange land, whistling to keep up his courage, Stephen sat on his lumpy little bed playing his violin. He played soft, somber music; soothing strains like muted voices striving to speak. His eyes were not hurt or sullen now; their blackness looked into a realm of glory created by his bow.

There was a rap at the door. Choked notes of the *Liebestraum* hung in the air in mild reproach at the interruption. Stephen rose, carefully placed the violin upon the bed, and opened the door.

"I am Helen Marney," she said. "I heard you playing."

Stephen looked at her, and she at him. Into grave black eyes, blue eyes peered brightly.

"I have the rooms above." She motioned with her hand, and Stephen looked up, as though, despite the hall ceiling, he would inspect them.

"I often hear your violin, and I just sit and listen." Her smile was a masterpiece of contagious gayety. "Aren't you going to invite me in? We are neighbors you know."

She was beautifully slender. Her eyes were level with his own, and they said, "I like you." His eyes rebuked, "I think not; no one likes me."

He passed a hand through his harassed hair, like long fingers of snow in the night, and bowing with a queer little jerk, much as a mechanical toy might do, stood allowing her to enter.

"You will sit down?"

She sat on the edge of the bed. "You are Stephen Gallen; Mrs. Stoffer told me about you."

He stiffened and said, "Yes?" It was a very serious "yes?"

"I heard you playing and asked her your name," she quickly added. "The Liebestraum—my mother used to play it when I was a child—I like it. Won't you go on playing it, please?"

And Stephen played, staidly at first; then gradually throbs of unrestrained beauty filled the room, and his eyes were far away.

Helen, curled up at the foot of the bed, rested her chin on the brass post. She knew music; she played music; she was an outstanding music critic in the journalistic world. But this boy! Occasionally she thought she heard an angel's voice. Once she looked into his eyes and awed, quickly turned her gaze. His eyes were open doors through which his soul had marched.

* * * * *

Stephen saw her often now. He liked to play for her. One night, in her little suite above, they played the Liebestraum together. It was a dream to Stephen and it softened him somehow. His shyness was gone and

his hurt. But he was afraid; dreams are realities but ephemeral as a rainbow.

Helen turned from the piano and faced him. Her arm lay along the ivory of the keys. The soft light from the lamp at her back crept into her hair and seemed loath to leave.

"You are happy, aren't you, boy?" She rose and took the violin from him. His hand in hers, she led him to the divan and sat beside him.

"I am happy—now." Thoughtful he seemed; his eyes held a question. "Why did you call me, Boy?"

"Oh, I don't know." She too was thoughtful. "Perhaps the way you looked at me, so wide-eyed, so unbelieving. I saw that expression once before. He was an abandoned child, a little chap of six or seven; he had been sick and was struggling manfully along the road back to health. In the hospital everything was clean and new, and everybody kind and friendly. His nurse sat by his bed holding his hand, while he looked about, wide-eyed and unbelieving. And then he smiled—I don't believe he had ever smiled before. You reminded me of him somehow."

She looked at him with frank tenderness. "You haven't often been happy, have you?"

"Until now no one ever held my hand while I gazed at kindness and—loveliness, and learned how to be happy and how to smile." His smile was no longer a twisted effort, but gay, and his hand was still in hers.

A bell somewhere in the city struck twice.

Franklin P. Jones, 3rd.



Real Estate

*Far off to the hills you can see from here
Five little roads that wind; when they clear
The tall blown corn from the next green field,
Tassled and stretching (the largest yield
They've had for years) you can see the church,
And seven small grave stones under the birch.
Or, not quite so solemnly, lest you be chased
From buying the lot that we've set out and spaced
Here for you, there's an electric sign
With figures of women. It's half-past nine
When the last train passes; apropos
There are four trains a day, convenient, you know,
If you like to travel; a mile and a half
From crossroads to station, cinder path.
The price is low, and the site quite fit.
All in all, and in short, I think you will like it.*

John Byerly.

BOOKS

THE EPIC OF AMERICA

James Truslow Adams

THIS is the latest and one of the best one-volume histories of the United States. It is written by one who is not primarily a research scholar, but is what the French call a "vulgarisateur," or popularizer.—The English word is used in its better sense.—The author, in his well-known volumes on the history of New England has taken facts already well known and woven them into a new, charming, and enlightening story. So in the present volume he starts with history and ends with "epic." Insight and literary style are required for such a work.

This volume is not a textbook. The general reader will sigh with satisfaction at the absence of footnotes, bibliographies, and other irritating study helps.

The author is safely modern in apportioning his space. Ninety-five pages suffice for the colonial era. More than three hundred are devoted to the national period. The reviewer well remembers when the mid-line of an American History was drawn at the end of the War for Independence. The old way made room for the lurid details of colonial wars and Indian massacres.

The author is modern also in that his narrative tends to be interpretative, rather than factual. That too will be counted unto him for righteousness. With telling adjective and meaningful phrase he deals with movements and trends rather than with dates and incidents. Moreover, following the lead of J. R. Green, J. B. McMaster and their kind, he sets forth not merely the acts of statecraft, but also the life of the people. Speaking of the common man, he says: "He may not have done much for American culture in its narrower sense, but in its wider meaning it is he who almost alone has fought to hold fast to the American dream. That is what has made the common man a great figure in the American drama. This is the dominant motif in the American epic" (p. 174).

The author shows a natural bias toward New England. In his brief narrative many worthy names are crowded out, but usually they are not New England names. Bradford, Winthrop, Hooker, Hutchinson, and Roger Williams get honorable mention. Yet the reviewer finds no mention of William Berkeley, Henry Hudson, John Archdale, the Calverts, or William Penn. Even the romantic Captain John Smith is ignored, although there is kindly recognition of the modern namesake, Governor "Al" Smith. The author also found room, in Preface or text, for reference to his own ancestral lines, with special mention of his great-grandmother, his grandfather, and his father.

The author has little love for Prohibition and does not hesitate to stir a little propaganda into his history—making a sort of mixed drink! In the midst of a discussion of slavery he speaks as follows: "But beyond that the Southerner grew increasingly resentful at having his whole way of life attacked by another section, just as many of us to-day are deeply resentful at being coerced in what we shall drink and how we shall entertain, by a

portion of the nation which, whether rightfully or not, we consider bigoted and narrow-minded, and in many cases motivated by false ideals and mercenary desires. We object to being told that we cannot judge the morality of our own acts and that we must guide our conduct by the standards of fanatics enacted into Federal laws" (p. 251). This digression of the author reminds the reviewer of Senator Benton's comment in 1854 on a digressive clause of defensive argument inserted into the body of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. Benton called the clause "a little stump speech injected into the belly of the bill."

Making due allowance, however, for all evidences of personal or sectional bias, this book takes a high place in its class. One can say this without allowing fully its advertising claim of being the best one-volume history of the United States. Bassett's *Short History* (Macmillan), with its vast array of facts, is more useful for reference. Wertenbaker's *The American People* (Scribners) is easier reading and a more charming narrative. Yet for a combination of literary style and interpretative power, *The Epic of America* surpasses them all.

Little, Brown & Co.

R. W. K.

THUNDER BELOW

Thomas Rourke

THIS book, another of the recent first novels, is quite as powerful as the publishers have led us to believe. Thomas Rourke uses his experiences in South and Central America, where he has worked as a mining engineer, as the background for this strong, and rather unique tale. He depicts tropical life in a manner that

both fascinates and horrifies one at the crudities and immorality of the people.

The story is built around Susan, an attractive, young woman, Walt, her blind husband, and Ken, the blind man's best friend, who is in love with Susan. The tragedy of their lives is skilfully portrayed, the characters are real, and the author "catches the sensitive interplay of mood, the jangled nerves and the shock of personality on personality."

The book is written in simple, straightforward English. Mr. Rourke makes use of short, pithy sentences to get his effects and is quite reminiscent of Hemingway in *The Sun Also Rises*. The characters, drawn with care and understanding, act rationally, and realistically—perhaps too realistically. The tragedy at the end comes as a shock, and there is some justification for the charge that the author kills off characters in order to successfully end the story. There are scenes which are overdone, but on the whole Mr. Rourke has written a book well worth reading and he has made a good start as a novelist in this strong and fascinating novel.

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The Haverfordian

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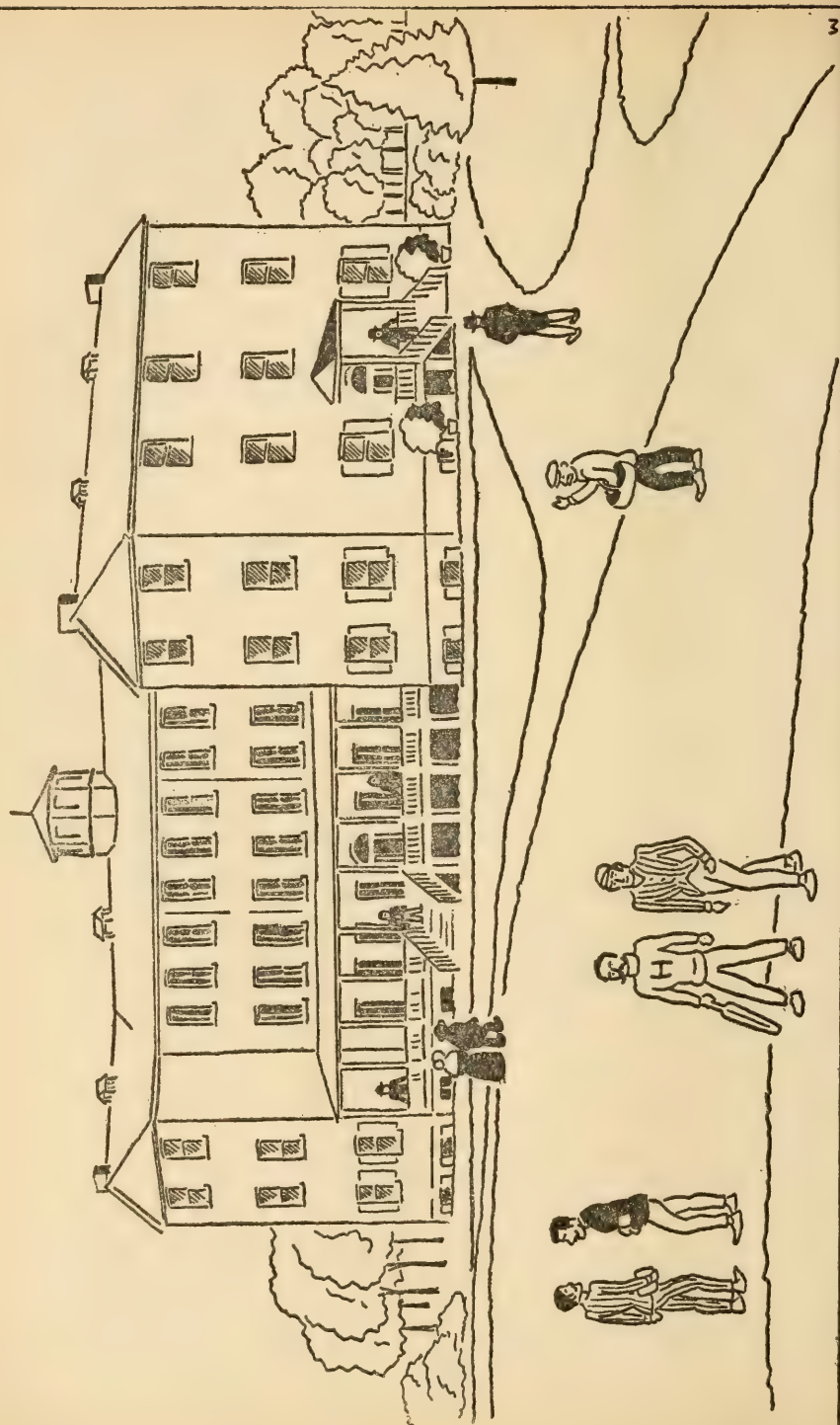
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In the Beginning—

EVIDENCES OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES

(Selections)

ALL have heard many times of the nihilism of Europe; of organizations formed for the purpose of banishing society, humanity and God from the world. We know of the wild theories of the German socialists, and the fanatical plottings and king-killings of the Russians. We have been accustomed to look at these matters as from a distance; and few of us fear today that America will ever be troubled with such questions as are raised because of socialists or nihilists . . . It is the height of foolishness to make inflammatory speeches about any oppressed class in the United States. In the eye of the law and the constitution there are no social or political plebeians, no aristocrats. A man, with us, is a man; no greater nor lesser being. Nevertheless, of late there have been indications of the creeping in of these very foolish socialistic ideas . . . Among the demands of the party are these: "Eight hours as a legal working day, and *prompt punishment of all violators.*" (1)

"Prohibition of the employment of prison labor."

"All conspiracy laws against the right of working men to strike, or to *induce others to strike*, shall be repealed."

"All indirect taxation to be abolished, and a *graded income tax be collected in its stead.*"

The above are the most reprehensible of the demands of these ignoramuses, led by demagogues. In the hand of such men,—I affirm it—civilization would become barbarism, freedom would give place to tyranny, and cosmos would

(1) *Italics reprinted from the original.*

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turn to chaos in half a decade . . . These "demands" of theirs! Why, any properly educated school-boy knows they are opposed to all common sense. But no such mad-cap doctrines will meet with success in America. . . . Already the eyes of most are opened. In the tide of prosperity which is bearing us onward, the laborer sees the vindication of "capitalistic society"; in it he beholds the promise of an age of national greatness; in it he realizes the rebuke upon the utterances of these wildest of fanatics, the Socialists of America.

Essay, 1882.

CRICKET

CRICKET at Haverford labors under many difficulties, and perhaps the greatest is the fact that the cricket club consists of only about thirty members. When it is considered that two elevens have to be picked from this number, it is plainly seen how absolutely necessary it is that every member should practice continually, and strive to perfect himself in every branch of Cricket. This being the case, it is to be hoped that no member of the Dorian will devote himself to lawn tennis or bicycle riding. Haverford cannot afford to lose the reputation she has so long held as a cricketing college, and unless these other games give place to cricket, the Dorian will surely be unsuccessful. We would especially warn members against lawn tennis. Nothing is easier than to while away an afternoon lazily knocking a rubber ball over a net, when the practice game of cricket needs your presence to swell out the numbers and increase the interest. If every one would appreciate that the success of the club depends upon their individual exertions, cricket at Haverford would prosper, and the Haverford elevens would be more and more successful.

Editorial, May, 1882.

IN THE BEGINNING

CIGARETTES

A MOST potent power for evil has the cigarette become in our schools and colleges! The insidious little roll is ever thrusting itself forward and making itself disagreeably prominent wherever a company of American youth are gathered together . . . Innocent and attractive enough it looks, bound up with its nineteen fellows, in its neat little bundle; but hand it to the chemist and let him disclose the corruption within, its attractiveness vanishes like the dark mist of deceit before the wind of knowledge.

The cigarette is the *alter ego* of the dude. Whenever I catch a whiff of its, to most people, sickening odor, I know that the dude is abroad; and sure enough, when I turn the corner, there he is, with a half dozen like him; dainty little "toothpicks" on every foot, "tony" but excruciating collars round every neck, "tough" little plugs on every head, in every mouth a cigarette, and on every face a pallid, smoke-dried, weary look of the same kind, though less in degree, as that seen on the face of the absinthe drinker. They are but boys; but look at their faces alone, they might be forty! The "bloom of youth" is totally gone. Charge this to the cigarette.

The cigarette is the first page of the volume of bitterness, darkness and sorrow . . . You think that I am "going it too strong," do you? That your nerves are as strong, your complexion as clear, your breath as sweet, and your conscience as unburdened as it would have been had you never set fire to the "innocent" little roll? Whatever you may say, I know that in the bottom of your heart you do not think so. If you have a true friend, ask him, and hear what he says, ask your preceptors, and listen to them, and, above all, ask your own "inner consciousness" of right and be guided by it.

Editorial, January, 1884.

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HAZING

ONE year ago last June every kind of hazing was abolished by order of the faculty. The students, as a body, approved the measure, and all hazing has ever since entirely disappeared at Haverford . . . Last year, with the exception of some friendly advice from, and personal conferences with the Sophomores, the Freshmen's course was all unruffled. This year . . . a grand banquet was served up and an entertainment provided for the new men generally.

What have been the fruits of all this?

Last year's Freshmen, with all coercing power removed, and with no common foe to fight, have been permanently injured, their class split up into factions, and only half organized, while such a thing as a healthy class spirit is almost extinct.

With the new men of this year it has fared still worse, for since they were not only freed from hazing but were received with such open arms, and so generously feasted, many of them really believe themselves the rightful lords of the whole college, and their wonderful conceit and self-importance are as ridiculous as they are pitiable. Not only have they suffered this wrong, and it is a great one, but class organization and class feeling bid fair to become, in the near future, totally dead.

A person of ordinary observation need only compare the condition of the two upper classes, with the other two, to see at once the good effects of a little vigorous coercion . . . This is no plea for a retrograde movement. The backward step was taken when hazing was abolished, as the fruits of the two systems show . . .

Editorial, December, 1886.





The Children of the Swamp

PERIQUEIN was small and *cute* like a wardrobe mouse. His ideas were no bigger than his feet, and he aped his grandmother's uncle quite consistently. Whenever he commenced to twirl his mustache we took it as a sure sign that he had something in store for us. And that night, a year or so ago, when we sat in the little plaza of our house burning dry palm leaves to drive away the mosquitoes, he fingered his upper lip so nervously that we really thought that the threatening yarn would be better than the usual. We threw the last branch into the fire and offered him a cigar which he lighted ceremoniously. Then he began:

"No, you never heard this one. Pablo, El Cojo, never told you this story. I know he started to tell it once, but he had to stop because some of his 'spirits' decided to perform a visitation upon him—a serious concern, as he calls it. And the last time I attempted to relate it, some strange animal was bellowing lugubriously in the swamp and I took the hint, naturally, like a good Christian. The fact is, *compadres*, that this story—which is no story at all, because it actually happened—cannot be fooled with. It is like the story of the Flying Dragon that landed on the tower of— Say, *compadres*, this is a splendid cigar: fine *aroma*, *gusto*—ah, splendid! Yes, like the Flying Dragon. But, of course, you know this dragon affair by heart, so I need not repeat myself. The fact is, as I said before, that the story is a serious one. I told it to an atheist once and he laughed at me, and, then, that same night he was suddenly—You know what happened to him, Juan! And you too, Antonio! Sh! No desecration, and listen:

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"On the western edge of the swamp, when I was a little boy, which was some years ago, as you know, there lived an old widow with three children. They called her Sena Pepa. She took in washing, a great deal of it, and spent most of the day busy with it. But early in the mornings and, more often, late in the afternoons, she went to the city to sell tortillas, pone, fruit and live crabs. Nobody bothered her and she bothered nobody—a fact which I beg you to keep in mind. She was happy, seemed so, even if she had queer ways, and wore the same red bandanna handkerchief tied around her head day after day. And the children—Lili, Titi, Feli—they were little nude angels, although grandmother always shook her head when they were mentioned. Why? Ah, *compadres*, this is a fine cigar. *Qué aroma! Qué gusto!* Yes, they were pretty angels. One had black hair, the other brown and the third light—which makes me think that they came from one single mother and three distinct fathers, although the widow wore mourning for only one of them, and that one was too devilish homely to have helped any of the children into this valley of tears. Anyway, the deuce take me if anybody ever cared about the fathers. The mother was there and the children were there, and the people shook their heads and consigned the fathers to different regions of H—. *Jesu, Maria y José!* But that has nothing to do with the story, as you well know.

"As I said before, the old widow used to go to town, to the city, in the afternoons, and very often she would not return before night. Then she would put the children to bed and light a huge fire in the back yard. And that is why she was queer, *compadres*. What did she want with that fire? Or with that huge cast-iron cauldron? She did not have to boil socks every night, or cook crabs. *Diablo*, no; she could do those things by day, like all good Christians. That is what people could not understand. No wonder that something did happen to her. *Jesus, Maria y José!* Cross yourselves, *compadres*, it is awful!

THE CHILDREN OF THE SWAMP

"As I said before, she would come home late. If the palms howled and the swamp birds screamed and all creation was on the wrong side of Heaven, like the day when the devil hit the renegade Luther with an ink bottle, she would not care. Just hopeless queerness. I wonder that the children did not die of terror. But they were used to it. Well, one evening when she came back—oh, I forgot something. When she was away in town the children used to play around the swamp catching crabs and building dams and canals to collect water. Sometimes they would venture a mile or two away from the hut to gather wild fruit or to lasso young lizards with grass blades. Or perhaps they would throw stones into puddles to watch the ripples, or spit defiantly at some swamp bird. And when all these pastimes were exhausted they would smear their naked bodies with mud cakes, and laugh jubilantly and say they looked like alligators. I tell you this to show you that nothing had ever happened to the children until that evening—or afternoon, for nobody knows when it happened—that evening when their mother returned and did not find them.

"Well, Sena Pepa had been to town and had returned later than usual. It had been a slow day in the market. People had found her *tortillas* stale; and then, half of her crabs had died of paralysis of the nippers, or of something worse—I don't quite recollect what it was. The fact is that she had not made enough money to buy bread for her children and rum for herself. Also her last bag of sweet potatoes had been eaten three days before. She was destitute, *compadres*, for washing is a hell-sent occupation. *Jesu, Maria y José!* And then it was carnival week and she may have stayed later to see the fun. *Quién sabe!* But she was late, and everybody who knows what happened to her is sorry that she was late. Because, if she had not been late she would have seen—it is only a conjecture—she would have seen, would have seen—seen—seen—. Say,

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compadres, this is the best cigar— Ah, *qué gusto!* Anyhow, whether what she would have seen was real or imaginary, it is the same. The whole mystery of the tragedy hangs on it.

“Well, as I said before, she came home late that evening—which was not a wise thing to do, as I have told you already. And although it was carnival week it was a wild night. The swamp was infested with pale lights; dogs were barking; our tomcat was purring as he had never done since the days of the great hurricane; a cow had come down the road as if a devil—*Jesus, Maria y José*—had punched her with a pitchfork. As I said before, the night was wild, and wild was everything this side of the grave. El Cojo says that it was the night *before* that was wild, but I know better. Yes, I know better, and I can prove it. Well, when Sena Pepa reached the path that leads to her hut, all sorts of queer noises commenced to leak out from the sand banks. A lady dressed in white crossed her path and disappeared. Also a black goat stood on his hind legs irreverently and butted a bunch of prickly cactus. There was a snake, and an alligator, and a one-nippered crab with a blue shell to meet her before she finally reached her hut. And when she got there she was pulled from behind! Now you know how high *tortilla* venders wear their skirts, so it is no use trying to prove that she stepped on them herself. She was *pulled*. Cross yourselves, *compadres*. Strange things are bound to happen in this world.

“As I said before, Sena Pepa was queer. She was frightened almost to death, but she never crossed herself. Mind you, she *never crossed herself*, not even when the goat attacked the cactus. Why not? I do not know.

“When she arrived at the hut she called her children in agony: ‘Lili, Titi, Feli, where are you, my dears?’ No answer. She called them again, but the tots did not run out from under the table to pull her skirts and ask her for bread and sweets. Do you think she fainted immediately

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like any other sensible woman would have done? I should say not! Sena Pepa was queer, and if you turned her inside out she would still have been queer. She rushed in like a beast whose cubs have been stolen, and ransacked the place; but no children were to be found. She looked under the hut, but they were not there. She rushed out and ran around the swamp wringing her hands and cursing heaven. Her heartbreaking calls for Lili, Titi and Feli were heard far up the road. *Bendito sea Dios!* She went out of her head—as crazy as a rudderless boat. What had become of the children? *Cristo de Piedad!* It is awful!

“On the next morning someone noted the disappearance of the mother and the children, and we all went down to the hut. Things were in great disorder; the caldron was cracked in two pieces, and the swamp seemed to have advanced closer to the yard. We looked around, but could find no trace of the family. At last we discovered some tracks in the soft mud and followed them up until we reached a small island where the children used to play. Guess what we found, *compadres*. There was the mother sunk to her knees, smearing herself with mud cakes and talking wildly to herself: ‘I am an alligator’. And when she saw us, up she flew and commenced to yell: ‘Come, Lili, Titi, Feli, they won’t take you away this time. Come.’ Oh, you ought to have seen her eyes! She raised her skirts as if she wanted to hide the children like hens do their chicks. *Bendito sea Dios!* She did not look like an alligator. To see her there thinking that she had the children when God only knows what had become of them. It was heart-rending, *compadres*. We looked around: she had built a few dams and canals and had apparently thought that she was playing with her tots. A little pail, a small spade, and a children’s cart were the objects that she had mistaken for her children. These things had been their only toys. Ah, she was crazy as a rudderless boat!

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"And the children? We searched and searched. Perhaps they ventured too far into the swamp and a—

"Say, *compadres*, do you hear that lugubrious howl? The evil genius of the swamp is bellowing again. I knew this was a bad night. I must go home. *Buenas noches*."

And the next minute Periquin had disappeared down the broad avenue of royal palms.

José Padin, '07.

SEAWARD

*The setting sun drops in a bank of clouds
As evening shadows creep across the bay.
A gentle land-breeze whispers through the shrouds,
Warm from the meadows, scented with ripening hay.
Ashore the twinkling village lights appear.
Low laughter and a herd-dog's sleepy bark
So indistinct as scarce to catch the ear,
Drift softly to us through the quiet dark.*

*Hurrying footsteps, the crash of a gong,
Sharp spoken orders, the gleam of a light,
As the murmuring engines' throaty song
Breaks on the hush of a peaceful night.
Our faces are wet with bursting of spray
As the coast lights behind us dwindle away.*

Archibald MacIntosh, '21.

TRILOGY

*Three things I know
That must be still:
The lips of one
Just dead; a hill
At midnight;
And the petals that
Have fallen, fragile,
Delicate . . .*

*Three things I know
That may not die:
The watching mountains;
The low cry
Of oceans
On a winter noon;
And the white trembling
Of the moon . . .*

*And now I say
There only are
Three things I love:
The last grey star
At morning;
And the moon's white light;
And April
Wandering at night.*

Frederic Prokosch, '25.



The Limerick

NEW developments in its field have ever been reluctantly recognized by Literature. We always hesitate to praise the products of our own time and generation, and are too apt to fall back on the masterpieces of former ages which we know we are safe in admiring. The pioneer in literary criticism treads a thorny path. But in spite of the dangers which attend such a revolutionary step, I feel convinced that we must recognize a new and distinct literary type. It is the *Limerick*.

The time has come for the Limerick to be studied analytically and historically. Canons are to be established, origins investigated and the development of the species traced. Let us not neglect this, the latest expression of the soul of man.

In a general way we are all familiar with the Limerick, and here, as always, familiarity has bred contempt. The very simplicity of its verse form and structure has caused the Limerick to be adopted by hundreds of poetasters who are unable to assail the hall of fame by any other weapons. It has been used by manufacturers for advertising purposes, we have seen it flaunted on flaring billboards in our great cities, in street cars, in pamphlets and in school papers. It has even invaded the privacy of college magazines.

But in spite of all these demoralizing influences, the Limerick stands firm in its dignified simplicity. I grant that it can be imitated by everyone (I can do it myself), but not all Limericks are *real* Limericks. There are, as in the Society of Friends, Limericks by *birthright* and Limericks by *conviction*. Limericks by birthright are those that are Limericks because they look like Limericks and sound like

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them. Their genesis is not far to seek. Let us try one homemade. The standard form for the first line of Limericks of this type is "There was a young woman of ——," or "A—— old man of ——,". This is recognized by all the prominent exchange editors, and we have but to supply a suitable adjective and a geographical name, real or fictitious. Let us start then "A convivial old man of Arpinum." We look up a rhyming dictionary, and although the proper sacrifices have been made to the Muses, we find nothing striking to rhyme with Arpinum. Let us therefore have recourse to the macaronic form—a favorite device in time of need. We then proceed as follows:

*A convivial old man of Arpinum
Was accused: "Amas bibere vinum."
"You declare" he said,
"That it goes to my head,
But indeed I never have seen 'em."*

What it was that he had never seen poetic license does not permit me to say. Authorities differ, but it is generally conceded that the demonstrations might have been of a reptilian nature.

And so we see that a limerick "by birthright" is easy to construct. They are sometimes clever, but from their very conventionality and lack of spirituality we exclude them from our discussion and from now on by the *Limerick* we mean the true Limerick, the *Limerick by conviction*, the Limerick that thinks and speaks like a Limerick and "hurries us into sublimity".

Poetry has been defined as the powerful overflow of spontaneous emotion, afterwards elaborated in periods of calm. The first quality of the limerick to which I would call your attention is the wonderful way in which it conforms to this thesis. "Analogy is milk for babes but abstract truths are strong meat," Martin Tupper tells us. In order that

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we may have a concrete example before us I will quote an average Limerick, which we may profitably analyze:

*"There was a young monk of Siberia,
Of this life he grew wearier and wearier,
So he broke from his cell
With a — of a yell
And eloped with the Mother Superior."*

In these five lines we have a deep and significant psychological study. Laying aside the question of whether the action of the monk is defensible on purely ethical grounds, we must admit the splendid sympathy, reticence and deftness with which this difficult subject is treated. We have the history of a soul as vividly depicted as ever Browning did it. And beneath the carefully chiselled phrases burns the white-hot fire of true genius.

The first line puts before us the protagonist in the drama. The second gives us the threatened tragedy. True poetry is not that in which we are told everything, but that in which just enough is told to allow our imagination to supply the rest. In these first two lines we see outlined with firm, broad strokes the life-problem for this soul. No beating about the bush, no verbiage. It is done, and masterfully done, in fifteen words.

And what charming little pictures of Siberian monastic life are given us! The tinkle of the bell summoning to vespers echoes cheerlessly through the long snowy aisles of the northern woods. And while the monks are on their knees on the cold stony floor, down below in a comfortable nook sits the jolly abbot, sipping his ale and toasting his toes before the blazing fire. Over his fair, round paunch, now warmed both without and within, his hands are piously folded. But the monk ruefully rubs his knees and his bitterness increases.

The last three lines give us the monk's solution to the problem. We have seen his gradual passage from childlike

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faith to frank atheism; from vigorous optimism and religious enthusiasm to the cold despair where the sky glares brazen above him and the earth rings hollow beneath his feet. Finally he decides (with the Haverfordian poet) that "only human love gives human rest," and turns his tortured heart for consolation to the pure womanly nature of the Mother Superior. By degrees his faith begins to return to him, but after having completed the cycle, he sees the sham and mockery of his former existence. He converts his love to his belief, and with a last cry of farewell to the monastery walls where his spirit has so long bruised itself against the bars, they leave forever to learn from the breast of Nature a fuller and freer life.

Many Limericks, as this one, are what the Germans call *Tendenz-schriften*—writings with a purpose. They present some problem or some phase of the great world-problem and attempt to solve it. Some, however, paint only the lighter sides of life: love, humor or the sheer joy of living. But in general the Limerick is to be regarded as the modern Fable.

For many generations the Fable has been a rather antiquated literary type, until our own day when it has reappeared under the guise of "Fables in Slang" or in other costumes. The fables of Aesop, Pheadrus, La Fontaine, Gay and others, fictitious tales in which generally animals and sometimes inanimate things were made to talk and act so as to teach some moral, naive and picturesque as they are, have now been superseded as living literary products by this more modern form, the Limerick, which, however, strives no less to inculcate some moral lesson. Let me quote from the pen of Edward Lear, one of the earliest masters of the Limerick in our language:

*"There was an old man of the Dargle
Who purchased six barrels of Gargle
He said, I'll sit still*

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*And roll them down hill
To the fish in the depths of the Dargle."*

These few lines without any specifically expressed moral, emphasize in striking fashion the principle of kindness and sympathy toward all our fellow creatures. Aside from any geographical vagueness, the poem may be obscure if we do not realize the dramatic situation.

We are to imagine the old man with a severe inflammation of the larynx owing to exposure in an April rainstorm. In order to allay this he has bought six barrels of concentrated gargle solution at a wholesale drug store in the city, and has ordered them to be sent out to his country house, which is a picturesque villa in the Italian style sitting on a hill overlooking the river Dargle. But while waiting for the gargle to arrive (it is being delivered by Adams' Express) he goes out into the garden to feed the gold fish and is there struck by a sublime and Christian thought. He reflects that the fish in the river, being continually exposed to a much greater dampness than that which caused his complaint, must stand in far greater need of the gargle than he; so when the barrels finally arrive he experiences a great-hearted joy in rolling them down-hill to the fish, and picturing to himself the pleasure of the latter in receiving them. With these details in mind the artistic beauty and spiritual exaltation of the poem are readily appreciated; and the unexpressed but evident moral may be phrased *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

And thus we see that by applying the touchstone of imaginative insight the interpretation of the Limerick becomes a fascinating avocation. The process of making these little rough-hewn specimens yield their hidden ore is a tonic and inspiring one. Unexpected vistas of truth burst upon the reader as he pulls aside bough after bough, and delving in mythology and critical appendices he excavates the carefully buried and skilfully concealed meaning.

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For such a little gem, *merum sal*, the name Limerick, vaguely connotative of a Hibernian atmosphere, is unfortunate. But the real etymology of the word is the following: Erichtho, the famous Thessalian witch consulted by Pompey, was in the habit of writing her oracular utterances and prophecies on leaves and pinning them on the threshold (*limen*) of her shrine. The two words *limen* and *Erichtho* became confused and denoted one of these prophetic verses. *Limen Erichthus* (threshold of Erichtho) became one word and finally contracted into *limerich*, which, to conform to modern pronunciation, became *limerick*. But the word has absolutely no connection with the Emerald Isle.

To those who will essay it in good faith and with receptive mind, a careful study of the Limerick will be found to be its own exceeding great reward. No more significant fact could be sought than that the form has been found worthy of being set to music in the immortal strains of our magnificent hymn—"Blest Be the Tie That Binds".

We must remember that the true classic does not necessarily call forth immediate enthusiasm. True poetry is not all spiritual zeal, nor is it all warmth of color; it is a proper proportion of both Hebraism and Hellenism. If we are looking for moral fervor and nothing else, we will not find it in the Limerick. If we desire only sensual beauty and the warm perfume of the summer night we will not find it in the Limerick. The true characteristic Limerick consists of a divinely artistic blending of the two, a literary Mocha and Java, if I may put it so. One word to the prospective student: never be deceived by the apparent simplicity and transparency of the Limerick. The interpretation of the two examples quoted should be sufficient to show that much may lie between the lines. On the surface all may seem clearer than crystal, but depend upon it, underneath there are shadowy forms which grasp at our very heart-strings and play upon them with the fingers of memory or desire.

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I have neither time nor space here to go fully into the beauties of the Limerick. The historical development of the type with its influence on the Minnesaenger and the Troubadours, the metrical scheme, the valuable work it has done in calling attention to the eccentricities of our spelling, analogies with the ancient Greek choruses, the Sanskrit burlesque and the Latin *satura*, may be mine to discuss at some other time. The task of editing, of collating, of interpreting, is yet to come. But if I can convince one reader of the pleasure and value of a sincere and sympathetic study of the Limerick, of its dramatic, lyric and humorous possibilities, my words have not been in vain.

*"O ye who have your eyeballs vexed and tir'd,
Feast them upon the wideness of the sea."*

The sea of the Limerick is not one where the surge thunders upon the beach and the green combers defiantly fling the salt spray in our faces. Nor is it a mirror-like tropic sea of spiritual stagnation; but it is a blue sunlit water dancing with white-caps and merry with the breath of the fresh, cool breeze. As we fare onward in our bark the sail fills and the boat thrills to the keel with the joy of it all, and dim in the distance rise the shadowy blue islands where we know the shrine and the wood-nymphs are waiting. It is a sail with a goal, for Beauty is one with Truth, and both are embodied in the Limerick.

Christopher Morley, '10.



POST-CUBIC-VORTICISM

*I stood amazed.
Before me was a riot,
A riot on canvas, or better
An explosion in a shingle
Factory. As I say
I stood amazed. And I looked and saw
By the sign that it was a
Painting, but I doubted it. At least
If it were a painting, the culprit who
Painted it was crazy or drunk
Or something. Or perhaps he stood
At twenty paces and threw his
Brush, and when he registered a
Hit he would come and make a
Tally in red or green or
Indigo or
Something. Anyway
It looked like it, and I asked the attendant,
"Who is responsible for
This 'Dynamic Force of Spring'?" and he said
"You poor nut, where was you
Brung up? That is
'A Nude Milking a Cow'."
And I left.*

Granville E. Toogood, '20.



A Night at St. Bertilla's

HOLA there! Hola! Hola! . . . Hola! There! . . .
Ho! Porter! Fling wide the gates of St. Bertilla's to Turgis de Tourlagogne! . . .

Ho! . . . Ah! . . .

Yes, by the blood, there is only myself—and the good St. Julian who has been my guide and protector ever since I left the holy land of Palestine, whence I have just come (and whither I am going) a poor pilgrim, Reverend Father, who plays and sings solely that he may make an honest penny. Close the door, for surely Christian charity would prevent thee from sending a poor wayfarer on to the town—it is a long league for a cold night . . .

Yes, Father, it is true that I have a few of the sins of my trade as yet unconfessed and unabsolved, therefore, I put myself into thy pious hands, a humble soul, seeking Jesu Christ . . .

Very well, then, let us see the Prior . . .

O dear Lord Prior, Father in Christ, I kneel to beseech thy blessing.

Deaf? What an egg!

O DEAR LORD PRIOR, FATHER IN CHRIST, I KNEEL TO BESEECH THY BLESSING! . . .

PRAISE GOD! AND NOW MAY I SAFELY DIE OF MY HUNGER, FOR MY SOUL IS SAFE! . . .

O! A THOUSAND THANKS! . . .

THEN A QUIET REST, O HOLY PRIOR; I SHALL GREET THEE IN THE MORNING!

Bring me now to my food, my jolly shaven-pate. And call such of thy brethren as would like to hear a merry tale or two—fresh from the Holy Land—and drink a cup

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of wine with a poor pilgrim who has squeezed his big body
into the very manger wherein the young Lord Jesus lay
. . . Yes, wine . . . the Prior said "*wine*" . . .

Ah . . . a loaf . . . nay, what's here . . . pastry
. . . red meat . . . now the wine! . . .

Welcome, brethren . . . set you down and stir you the
fire . . . Lay on another log, brethren . . .

Welcome, good fellows . . . Companions are we—
gentlemen adventurers on the road to Paradise . . .

The food was good, and I thank the Lord Prior—not
thee, old bones—Lads, I shall sing you a song . . .

Nay! Listen not to old mummy-flesh, for this is such a
song as the sweet virgin Agnes sang of the Saviour, whom
she loved more than any among all her lusty young suitors.
Pour out the wine . . .

Tala, lala, la, la—hark you!

Tala, la lala, la, la—thus:

Under the tree and the leaves of love

A maid wept piteously.

"O maiden under the leaves of love,

What may thy sorrow be?"

"I saw him pass three days ago

Upon the King's Highway,

And for the day of his return

I wait and weep and pray.

"For he was brave and fair," said she,

"All other knights above;

And turned as he passed to smile at me,

Under the leaves of Love.

"Upon a sturdy steed he rode,

Whose trappings glittered brightly;

Upon his harness, richly 'bossed,

The siller bells laughed lightly.

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*"On his chain mail a siller sheen
That rippled like a sea;
Upon his silken white contise,
Embroidered heraldry.*

*"His jupon had a green design
And bordering of fur,
And there was gold on belt and sword,
On solleret and spur.*

*"His mighty shield that swung beside
A flame-tongued griffin bore;
And aillettes on his broad shoulders
Like fair new wings he wore.*

*"Behind him rode his knights at arms
In powerful array.
More noble soldiers never passed
Upon the King's Highway.*

*"They wore new burnished armor
That rippled like a sea;
With pennants dauncing on their spears,
They gossiped merrily.*

*"More gallant horsemen never passed,
I wis, than his meiny;
But there was none so beautiful
And none so brave as he.*

*"For he was brave and fair," said she,
"All other knights above;
And turned as he passed to smile at me,
Under the leaves of Love.*

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*"I saw him pass three days ago
Upon the King's Highway,
And for the day of his return
I wait and weep and pray.*

*"I pray in vain to fair Marie
And all sweet saints above:
They will not list to such as me,
Under the leaves of Love."*

Ah . . . My throat was like unto the sands of Egypt
land, good brethren . . .

Yea . . . a sweet song, a tender melody . . . I sang
it once to the the blessed maiden of Channes, she who could
raise herself five feet into the air by her praying, and was
well rewarded, for she—I sang it also to the good Duchess
of Rorrugnac, who gave me a round sum of money for
that night's entertainment . . .

True. It gives pleasure. Nevertheless, it is a song for
women's ears. I have other things within me more fit for
men to hear . . .

But I can recite to you the brave geste of the King of
England and our Holy Father the Pope, which resounds to
the glory of our Mother Church—or would you not rather
hear of merry Dirk, the breeches maker, at the battle of
Vorgensburg? . . .

I kiss thy hands . . .

Nay fuller than that . . .

Now! Hark you:

*Come all who love our Mother church,
For I shall sing her fame.
The Pope he was a noble lord
And Innocent his name.*

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*On England's throne there sate a king
Who was a wicked man,
And all his people rued to see
The deeds of King Johann.*

For know you that this King Johann was such a bloody-minded, nose-slitting, death-doing hackster as found no greater pleasure than in wicked deeds and riotous acts of impiety. Fill me this can . . . Nay, fuller than that

. . .

*He hunted through his royal wood
To kill the fallow deer;
He scorned the works of holy men,
Nor stood he in God's fear.*

The quarrel was about a benefice . . . Ah! . . . so.

*On England's throne there sate a king
Who was—*

Correct! by the blood of the martyrs! The quarrel, I repeat, was about a benefice—a paltry, jack o' brat benefice, the incumbent whereof had died.

Now when the king heard that this faithful servant who had died, was thus dead, then thought he . . . ah! . . . to place his own men in his stead. But how wroth was my Lord Pope when he learned what the king of England was doing! How he fumed and raged! His face became as red as this great fire before us, brethren, and like as it, he crackled and roared: his head seemed as if it were about to burst, for that he could not speak his mind fast enough and the hot words were being dammed up within.

"Now by the gall of St. Gall!" said he, "*Sancti sancire sanctissime, mater matrissime!*"—these were his very words—"Have out!"

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Gramercy, messire wine-pourer . . .

Know, that I had this tale from the true man of a rich burgomaster of Bruges, whose first cousin is Bishop of Tournvarre, and, therefore, you may tell it again and swear to the verity thereof—a true relation, and no idle fable, messires . . .

Then when my Lord Innocent could speak again in the language of the people of Rome, he called together all the gallant nobles and sweet ladies of his court—and away they went, hot-foot for London town, breathing fire and smoke, good brethren, and never letting one foot lag behind the other—for there was not a one but desired to thrust his nails into the eye-sockets of King Johann of England.

Now when the king of England heard that the Lord Pope was coming with all his men for to do him dishonor, then, methinketh, he was more hot with wrath than this great fire before us. Then and there did he draw his sword and lay about him in the excess of his fury, so that the heads and limbs of his poor people flew this way and that. Anon, gathered he his mighty barons, and all his engines of war, and set forth, every man a-yelling loudly for blood, to meet his enemy upon the field of battle.

. . . Ah! . . .

Thus it was that these two great hosts met on the fair field of Vorgensburg. And there was King Johann of England on the one side, and there was the Holy Innocent on t'other, and even there was merry Dirk, with his handsome face and his tall horse. And when all the fair ladies saw merry Dirk, the breeches-maker of Amsterdam, they screamed shrilly withal, and waved their white kerchiefs for joy of such a noble sight . . .

Then King Johann ran forward from the one side, and King Innocent from t'other, and all the people crowded round about, for here were two proud lords of noble valiance and great worship about to do battle for the sake of one fair maid. Yet none doubted of the outcome, for the

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one was truly a holy man, and t'other a tall varlet who had his ears shaven off in the market place at Samme, for I saw it done myself.

Then fought they it out in furious wise, with sword and axe and poignard, each striking more deadly blows than t'other, till the one was too weak to raise arm, and even weaker was t'other; then came the one running madly at t'other, gnashing his bloody teeth like a young fiend, and t'other, all undaunted, rose and dealt the one such a tremendous mad kick o' the breech as will serve to end my story.

Even thus came merry Dirk victorious from the field of Vorgensburg . . .

What's this, my lad? . . . The Pope? . . .

Yea! . . . The Pope is a good and reverend lord, and methinketh the relation doth him great honor . . .

Lully! Lullay! Hush thee, my babe; I shall sing thee to sleep:

*I loved my love in Amsterdam,
(And ere I tell you more),
I'll tell you of the trade she ran—*

I am a raw, roaring bully-rock, reverend brothers—a red devil from hell! Flesh of the flesh, and blood of the blood of my Lord Satanas! . . . Ya! . . .

Back! Old twinkle-eyes! . . .

Down! You dogs! . . .

Thou art the arch-offal-monger! Drop that cruse, fiend! . . .

Ouch! . . .

Unloose me! . . . I am no devil! . . . I am Turgis de Tourlagogne, singer of sweet songs . . . These ropes, messires, are designed to encincture the holy abdomens of St. Bertilla's, and not for the durance of a poor pilgrim from the Holy Land . . .

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Know you then that I have two souls within my body—
one soul is a liquor-livered fiend of the Pit, and t'other is a
sober, Christian soul, that smiles charitably to see his
brother's antics . . . Ya! . . . Untie these bonds!

. . .
Stop! I've got to p- . . .
I tell you, I've *got* to p- . . .
Mercy! I've got to *prepare* for death before I die. Untie
me that I may confess in peace . . .
Where are you taking me, my men? . . .
Nay! Put me not living into the tomb! . . .
Carry me more gently. You are drunken . . . I am
Turgis de Tourlagogne, who has drunken much wine

. . .
Dear God, it is dark in this hole . . .
So these are the bones of Giles traitor . . . Then take
me out, good fathers . . .
Sots! . . .
It is dark! . . .
Raise up the stone! . . .
RAISE UP THE STONE! . . .
Bones . . .
I love not bones . . . nor this smell of old flesh . . .

*I loved my love more than my life,
(And ere I tell you more),
I'll tell you how I came to wife
With such—*

bones, bones, bones, bones, bones, bones, bones, bones,
bones, bones . . .

God help me, for I have been very drunken this night
. . .

Charles Coleman Sellers, '25.



Unhonored and Unsung

YARDLEY was up for murder. Yes, Yardley the critic had murdered a man in cold blood: the evidence was indubitable. It had occurred in broad daylight on a main street, and the trial promised to be sure and swift; the sentence was obvious.

The newspapers had made a big topic of Yardley's crime; he had not been very prominent, rather very in-offensive and a trifle queer. Now he was locked up without bail and would say nothing to anyone who approached him; would glare at them for a while and then turn toward the wall, silent. I visited him myself once. I had known him quite well and although I could imagine no earthly reason for his crime, I knew as well that Yardley was no fool. He treated me as he had treated the others, and I awaited the trial with lively curiosity. The public was even more aroused. For weeks before the decision the press was filled with various conjectures as to the cause of the crime. I knew them to be, of course, ridiculously false, but was unable to do better myself.

The day of the decision approached. The judge, of course, would have little choice in his decision; Yardley had pleaded guilty, and the sentence, unless some startling revelation was brought forth, would be—death. The prisoner had no attorney, however, and when his final plea was given, I was there.

In a few minutes the opposing counsel had set forth the status of the case, when Yardley suddenly arose and started to speak. What a pitiful sight he was! Stooped and bowed he arose almost unsteadily, then looked about him. I remembered his appearance when I had known him in

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college: a robust sort of a fellow, aggressive and ambitious; I recalled how every year he had grown less and less virile until now he was indeed pathetic. But when he first began to speak I noticed in his eyes a new light. It was the kind that I imagine must have shown in the eyes of the martyrs of the French Revolution; in the eyes of men who die nobly innocent, but without acclaim.

"Your Honor," he said in biting tones, "you call this, do you not, a free country?" A pause. "You say, do you not, that here men are born free and equal? Bah! There is no justice. There can be no justice. I defy any man to speak truly of justice in a world that is enslaved as this one is in the toils of discrimination. Some may deny it and others may disregard it, but it is there. Your telephone books, your encyclopedias, your directories, yes, and your schools and colleges too, they all reek with this evil. They are its slaves willingly or not, favoring some at the expense of others, and why? Why?—because until now men have lacked the courage and the foresight to object. A matter of course they call it. But I—I call it rank injustice, and I'm willing to die—yes, die, if I can help to show to humanity the monstrosity of its sin. You know of what I speak, I speak of that damnable curse, that scourge, Alphabetical Order."

The court gasped. Was the man a fool? To the majority there, for one to attack such an established institution as Alphabetical Order was so radical as to be unbelievable. But they were not deceived. Yardley spoke clear and true, each word clipped off like a shot, cutting as steel. He went on: "I killed this man—I know you think it wrong. Call me inhuman, but I know, and He knows, that when I die, I die with a clear conscience. Some day you will see that I was right—some day. You see me now, bowed down, crushed and spiritless, but let me tell you I was not always as you see me now. But I knew that it was inevitable. I fought it off and succumbed." There was a pause—no one

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stirred. "I first realized it at my university," he continued. "In classes some men sat far forward, they heard what was said, they got what they paid for, their education. But what about me? I sat in the rear, near the door, out of sight, out of hearing; the classes meant nothing to me. Unfair? Obviously. And why? Well just Alphabetical Order.

"Socially, it was the same. Secretaries never noticed my name at the end of every list. Clubs were always filled before I was even considered. I could not shake off the feeling that I was always tagging along; always the extra person. It grew on me and bore me down. Then came the climax. A few months ago I was pressed for money. A man owed me a considerable sum—he owed considerable sums to a number of people. I happened to read in the papers the other day that he had been left a fortune and, although I disliked to do it, I saw that it was necessary for me to remind him of the fact, if I ever expected to be paid. The rest, you can guess. We met one day on the street and I ventured to put the question to him as gently as I could. He spoke, 'Well, old man, I'll get to you some day, but, of course, you know I'm paying off my debts in alphabetical'—I had pulled the trigger.

"You know what followed. You may execute me if you like, but some day—" Here Yardley broke down and cried. Judge Abbott looked down mercilessly—he saw the danger of such a doctrine, and, while he knew the man spoke true he said coldly, "Death".

Some day there will be a memorial erected to Yardley. Some day people will sing of him and speak of him as the man who strove for real freedom and equality. But that will be some day.

Ira B. Rutherford, '27.



The Blue Garden

ROME! In that name the trumpets blare, in that name a million ghosts rise from their graves. For in the year of grace 1492 Rome had not yet crouched down among her ruins, and wept beside the inscrutable Tiber. Lorenzo the Magnificent was dead with the curse of Savonarola upon him, dead and white under the seven tall candles. And now from the Porta del Popolo to the Coliseum the mob thronged, tossing red caps. It hung in black clusters from the windows, it moved in dense-packed streets as you may see a wind move over grain. Shouting and buffeting; jingle of the jester's bells and rattle of armour . . . Now they roar! Now the clouds over Rome open with thunder and rain as good Cardinal Sforza announces from his balcony at the Vatican that Rodrigo Borgia, Archbishop of Valencia, has been chosen pope.

Behold the might of Rome. Rodrigo Borgia, gray and wolfish, has assumed the name of Alexander—a shrunken figure in his mail, but likely to be more powerful an Alexander than the Macedonian. A clever man, peering about him for enemies to be crushed. Everywhere the steel fighting-men ride to do homage; north and south and east and west they come sweeping in with uplifted lances and hurtling pennons. Now the trumpets volley, blast after blast! Ceaseless trampling of hoofs, ring of steel . . . By night fireworks make a blaze of the city, green-clad mountebanks dance in the flare to horn and zither, and there is hand-clapping and rollicking song. Immortal Rome . . .

. . . But on the far hills, where the olive trees shine

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gray by the moon, lived the young Francesco. In his wild shepherd's way he was of almost unearthly beauty. For Francesco was not yet sixteen, and he was a lad of dreams and tears, whom the thought of jewels and velvet had made mad. By day he would recite verses to the sheep—swinging verses of his own composition, and presently as his voice rang to a climax he would shout, "Bravo!" and fling his hat into the air. The pale cheeks would be flushed . . .

By night he would steal again to the hills from his home, where, up against a lonely slope and the stars, a girl would meet him. On that slope was a tree, an old tangled tree that was laden with white blossoms. Just that, among the winds and the stars. Seated on a carpet of fallen blossoms under the tree, Joanna waited for him. He was scarcely older than she, but her quiet, tender smile was the smile of a woman, and in her eyes was a dark mirror of God. To-night she saw him approach, brooding. And Joanna said:

"You are fevered, Francesco."

He stood there looking upon the moon, so that presently she joined him, taking his hand.

"I have seen her, Joanna," he answered. "Last night I wandered upon her by a blue pool in which a white temple was reflected, very near to here. I have seen my goddess."

She was crying, just a little. But the deep steady eyes smiled on him.

"Then you must go to her, my Francesco. You must go, because you are a poet, and know those things in which I am stupid. It means that we must part; I have known it many days. But oh, heart of my heart," she cried, "you will not forget?"

Thus she spoke to the vain foolish boy, patting his cheek and trying to keep back the tears.

"I will remember you when I am a rich and famous poet, yes, Joanna . . ."

"You—you are kind, Francesco . . ."

He kissed her quietly, and then he went away, up over the hill of the tree, whence he took with him a white

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rose. And when he had gone she stared steadily, with her lips twitching. Finally she sank down under the tree—motionless, with her black hair against the white blossoms, and her black lashes against her white cheeks. But more petals drifted down . . .

* * *

Madonna Lucrezia Borgia, with her yellow hair and her half-shut eyes, would wander among the flowers in the blue garden.

The old gods had not yet fled from Rome. The popes might humble Zeus, but they could not find Pan. He was off in the woods, piping, and you might see his brown sly face peering from bushes. Ever as dusk came the groves whispered with ghosts, and the moon upon the stone walks made you think of those you had loved before they died. For the hills are lonely, but pressing up and crying to you are the dead. It is one thing that man may not express—the deep longing, the doubt and ache and wonder—and moving through it all black Dante, with his lantern-lit face and eyes of pain . . . Dark mother Italy . . .

Here was Madonna Lucrezia's villa, away from the acclamation in Rome when her father was elected pope. Here lay the blue garden, and between lines of cypresses was the pool which mirrored the Greek temple at its end, and through white columns of the temple shone the stars. This night Madonna Lucrezia stood by the pool, the yellow hair in braids over the white of her cloak. Affairs of state had not yet concerned her; she was young, with soft shining life. Her eyes were clearest blue.

Francesco the shepherd boy appeared from the cypresses. He moved toward her, and he knelt by the pool against the blue-lit temple.

"Oh, Madonna," he said breathlessly, "I am here, for that night we met you bade me return. That was when I first loved you, madonna mia. And yet I am but a peasant lad, though soon—"

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They spoke in whispers, brokenly, and sometimes the vain boy laughed. While she murmured, she gave him a rose in the way of lovers, which seeks to preserve memory in tokens. She gave him a rose from the red cluster she wore at her girdle. It had grown beside the water. And she told him how love had come from the dim waters, an ancient tale of a blind man, but she said that until the waters were all dried away love could not die. To the sophistry of smiling, moving lips he bent, and the white rose that he had taken from the hill fell all tattered at his feet . . .

* * *

Now history spoke with a voice of bugles. Weeks passed, and the armies of Rome were never still. How the gallant, crafty-eyed Cesare Borgia, brother of Lucrezia, had battered into cities and left them afire—how the French king trembled for his Italian possessions,—how Cesare went striking straight at Naples—these are matters for the chronicler. Fire, sword, and poison, ever the din of cannon while the pope watched greedily. Men shut their ears as all the devils of Lucifer went hallooing across Europe. The rolling of drums had announced a new empire. There had come a cruel set to Lucrezia's mouth when she contemplated her power. She laughed more often, and she planned more often; with her father and brother, she ruled Rome.

All this time Madonna Lucrezia's young favorite had been taken over by tutors, who flattered his verses because Lucrezia ordered it. There were tailors to clothe him in black velvet, cut with ermine, and jaunty caps. Rome loved him; he was so haughty and handsome, with his spoiled mouth. They cheered as he rode through the streets among the spears, lifting his eyebrows to toss gold to beggars. From Nicolo Machiavelli he learned statecraft; there he would stand, murmuring with lowered eyelids to the falcon on his wrist, while the tutors smirked

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about him, or he would engage in splendid swordplay to shouts of applause. But none ever heard of his poems.

One evening a troop of horsemen came to Lucrezia's villa, jingling in armor, with Cesare Borgia riding at their head like a centaur. Under the torchlight he stood before the gates, with his narrow pale face pointed into a brown beard, and the half-shut, sardonic eyes like his sister's. Then he smiled in a way that kindled the eyes—the suspicious and cunning smile of his family. When the gates were opened he strode in to Lucrezia.

She sat in a white room that was lit with candles tall as pillars, a round chaplet of fire. Shadows fell flat below them. In the carved chair she was hard and lovely, the bare shoulders and the rippling bright hair and the smiling mouth. Ugly, that smile was reflected between them, like a mirror . . .

Presently they walked in the garden, where the guards' torches glimmered red among the cypress trees. He spoke to her of battles and plans. Then he kissed her roughly, heavily, so that she breathed fast . . . A watcher might have shuddered . . .

"And so," he went on, "so, my sister, it is necessary that you take a husband. When nations do not know how else to arrange a quarrel, they marry about it. Here am I returned, after hanging all manner of people, and find that such exercise is to be set at naught unless we can make some swinish Spaniard your husband.—Ah, mother of Christ, but you are beautiful!"

There was a silence.

"Then as to another matter," continued Cesare, suddenly brutal, as though his head had whirled about like a figure of Janus and revealed another face; "this Francesco of yours must be done away with, you understand? Our Spanish friend does not approve, nor does our father."

"Our father!"

"Well, then, nor do I!"

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"You are bruising my wrist," she said sweetly. And then she laughed. "Why, he shall be done away with, not because it is your will, but because it is mine. These self-confessed poets—bah, Cesare! He is a vain pompous nobody; it will do me good to see him humbled. Look you: the boy has a quick tongue; we will make him our jester. He shall wear bells and motley. Will it not be amusing to see that face which prates of greatness draped in a green hood—bells and motley—"

They were very near a marble seat by the end of the pool. A person had been sitting there quietly, fumbling with a bush of white roses. Now it emerged from shadow.

"I have worn them long, madonna!" cried Francesco.

He came slowly out into the moonlight, and the pale face was torn with puzzled sick wrath. He stared at them, the mouth struggling in hate. Now there was no jauntiness in his cap; his fingers plucked at the rose.

"You baby!" said Cesare.

Lucrezia saw that the whole pretense had fallen away with abrupt and ghastly revelation; she did not attempt to restore it. Instead she began to bait him, as she had often longed to do. She leaned and smiled.

"Why, yes; bells—and a bauble for a shepherd's crook. You ought to thank us, Francesco—"

He knew that he was being goaded, writhing like a fly on a pin with these faces and soft voices before him. The horrible fury of it mounted . . .

"But was not his father a swineherd," began Cesare in a tone of surprise; then with a smash Francesco had come out with the truth about Cesare's own parentage.

Lucrezia had no time to finish her sentence, "He is fit to lead sheep into a shambles!—" when a rush of cloaks darkened an instant on the moon. It merged into a scream. Francesco had flung up an arm as though in a gesture of farewell, after which sword and dagger were flashing in the moonlight. Francesco had drawn just as Cesare lunged.

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A surge of halberds, a crackling of bushes! The soldiers were crowding in with uplifted torches, a glare that lit the whirling blades. And in the midst of it there was Cesare laughing, and Francesco fighting by the pool, head erect and the white rose in his teeth . . .

"Stand back!" Cesare shouted, gurgling with laughter; "let no man move—"

It became a distorted thing—Francesco's staring eyes over the rose, and Cesare's giggling. They shifted and stamped—*ring—ring*—monotonously terrible. Over and under—snick! that thrust grazed the cheek! A shuddering sound as a dagger-arm fell on a shoulder. Hands growing red. *Clack—ring—*

Silence; the men in armor stood motionless, holding up their torches, and Lucrezia was watching calmly, with a faint smile . . . *Would it never cease?* Wilder and faster! . . . Cesare had stopped laughing, and breathed in great wheezing gasps, exposing his teeth. The dirty swineherd's son—humiliation before his soldiers—brace! The boy's sword is out of line now; he knows he's done for . . . why, he's a coward; his eyes are growing wide! . . . The double riposte—and then, flash! straight in with the rapier. *Now!* . . .

"Joanna!"

It was a single wild cry, when the rose dropped from Francesco's teeth. They heard him cursing them in an unearthly voice even as Cesare withdrew his blade; struggling, Francesco tumbled backwards into the pool. His face was only a moment in sight.

Cesare stood leaning on his sword, staring at the red-lit agitated water. And upon it now floated only the white rose.

* * *

That was a long time ago. It is strange how fierce overpowering people seem so small—and inconsequential—when they are riddled through with cross-bow bolts, as

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Cesare was seventeen years afterwards. People began to smile at him then; was he not dead? tiny and helpless on a petty battlefield like a mean dog. With him the might of the Borgia name was apt to be forgotten in knowing looks and quirks. Already before him his father the pope had been poisoned by young Garcini della Trebbia, another of Lucrezia's lovers. And presently Lucrezia's beauty, which had driven men (inexplicably) to crime, was leaving her. She was Duchess of Ferrara now, honored and a bit pitied.

There she sat, nodding far into the sixteenth century. Why, the great man now was bluff Harry, king of England, a handsome young blade, and one who could never be old and perhaps gouty like Lucrezia. The world was full of tournaments. Silks and fine words, lighted barges on the Thames, roystering ballads and plumed hats. Why was it so dark in Italy?

Brave with painted cheeks and dyed hair, though shrunk of face, Lucrezia would haunt Rome. To all who would listen she told of her lovers, laughing roguishly. She was carried about the streets in her chair, that she might peer out and ogle ever so slightly. To her maids she confessed that she had conceived a new passion, the last love of her life, but the only one—the only one! She yearned for this new leader in Rome, whom men called Il Duce.

Once she had met him, at a banquet to which her name entitled her an invitation. All about him bustled rumors of strife—they said that he schemed to be dictator. The papal party would oppose him, and, of course, the worn people would sigh and rise again to fight . . . A tall, heavy man was Il Duce, with a powerful face, repulsively ugly because it was scarred half-blind with sword cuts like an old door. One eye perpetually bloodshot, a misshapen nose, and a mouth not quite true to line, all brown with battle. He used to bluster about in full armor, a gusty figure that flayed and cursed. And yet somehow he did not

THE BLUE GARDEN

seem so imposing, except to Lucrezia. She dreamed of new power at his side.

Uneasiness crept about Rome that summer day. Faint like an echo came a stir of what the city had once known—the Genoese twanging their cross-bows and singing, big men gulping down wine in the saddle and then clattering away hell-for-leather to some unknown place, striped fools doing their contortions before a crowd. But the old thrill was not there. A broken, blind pope sat in the Vatican and tried to be brave though the English king had laughed at him. Sometime there were Caesars. This was unconvincing . . .

Lucrezia did not understand; with the pulse-beat of war all about her, she felt tired, and the bracelets weighed her arms. Her thousand courtiers—were that many people in Rome itself? she pondered. With the coming of dusk she left the city, bidding her escort carry her into the hills lest Il Duce should march in and cause any half-hearted bloodshed. That was how she came to the blue garden.

The blue garden . . . she had not seen it for many years. The old tenderness was in the air, more achingly beautiful because it too was about to go. Down the vista of cypresses she wandered, where the rank grass grew by a dried pool and by the naked columns. Her skinny face glistened in the moonlight, wistful. She was in half a trance. Il Duce had not seemed pleased with her coquetish ways, and the fashion in which she had tapped his arm with her fan . . .

Was that a noise? With the vague haze of a sleep she realized that a troop of horsemen had come pounding up to the gates, where she had left her own retainers. The newcomers carried torches, moving among the trees. This could not be real. Now, if it should be Cesare, riding up to greet her after he had been dead so many years, all stuck through with cross-bow bolts—A blaze of torches in the

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temple, the pressing of many curious faces in steel caps. There was Il Duce, in rusty armor, standing out from them while he grinned with his hacked face. His thin beard waggled when he grinned.

"Duchess," roared Il Duce, "duchess, you are keeping a last tryst . . ."

She was bewildered. But she advanced coquettishly, swinging her skirts and greeting him with coy welcome. He came toward her, very pompous.

"Listen!" he said, "listen, and you will hear my cavalry go down to Rome. I have five-score men, duchess! There, you hear it? Soon they will sound the chimes of St. Peter's—and that will be a signal, madonna! It will be a signal for slaughter."

Suddenly she realized that it roused no emotion in her. He was thundering out the words with such boasting that it seemed a travesty.

"Once you told me," went on Il Duce fiercely, "that I was fit only to lead sheep to a shambles. Behold me now, madonna, and see what years as a soldier have done. Now, by the living God, you shall have your shambles in a city where you once ruled. Your slaughter, and I caused it!"

The sound of the army was faint. Here only a strutting, posing boy, with hacked face. Madonna Lucrezia looked at him, hysterical.

"You know me, then?" he said, and he leered. The beard was still waggling.

She shut her eyes.

"Francesco!" she murmured; then faintly: "Oh, blood of saints—Francesco!" After a long silence she spoke with petulance:

"You could have spared me this, Francesco; seeing you cut in the face—"

"I will be supreme dictator!" proclaimed the man in rusty armour.

"No, Francesco . . . No! you are crying . . ."

THE BLUE GARDEN

The face seemed absurd, with tears upon it, especially with the tears of self-pity which had sprung up from some time that was nearly forgotten. These two were simply an old man and an old woman.

Francesco turned with a snarl.

"I have hated you, Lucrezia! But I have won now," he said. "Here am I famous, a ruler, and what are you? Old! Pah, and how ugly! The night your brother knocked me in the pool and left me for dead, you did not suspect that I should return—like this—and laugh . . ."

"Yes! You are crying!"

But though she tried to be dignified, she knew that he had succeeded. It was merely his presence; it was merely that he saw an old woman . . . But there was peace in the garden, and calmness. It had never been so quiet there as when he moved over and took her hand. Old lost things were coming back like a melody. They were close enough to the ghosts to hear them whisper . . . Presently these two were side by side on the marble bench, very subdued. It was not complete bitterness. It was that thing which man may not express—the deep longing, the doubt and ache and wonder, and moving through it all black Dante, with his lantern-lit face and eyes of pain . . .

"We have loved each other, Francesco—"

From far over the hills drifted the chime of St. Peter's that was the signal. Francesco raised his head. Even here Francesco postured, blinking his bleary eyes.

"The jester's bells!" he said.

John Dickson Carr, Ex.-'29.



The word "EDITORIAL" is centered within a decorative horizontal frame. On the left side of the frame, a figure is seated, holding a fan. On the right side, another figure is seated, also holding a fan. The entire header is rendered in a dark, woodcut-style illustration.

EDITORIAL

IN VIEW of the spirit of retrospection which pervades the College as it draws toward the end of the first century of its existence, the editors of *THE HAVERFORDIAN* thought it might not be amiss likewise to pause and look back. We have tried to cull from the files of the past fifty years, items that would be of general interest; if in so doing we shall be able to bring to the attention of the College the rôle *THE HAVERFORDIAN* has played, and should play, as a medium for literary expression among the undergraduates, we shall have succeeded in our purpose.



The authors of many of the items here reprinted are already well known to the student body. José Padin, a prominent Porto Rican educator, was the speaker last year at Commencement; Charles Sellers is the author of several books, the most recent of which is "*Benedict Arnold*"; Granville Toogood's "*Huntsmen in the Sky*" was a best-seller in Philadelphia two years ago; John Dickson Carr has written several mystery stories and Frederick Prokosch is a frequent contributor of verse to several magazines. The editorials from the early issues of *THE HAVERFORDIAN* have been chosen either because of their intrinsic interest or because of their applicability to present circumstances.

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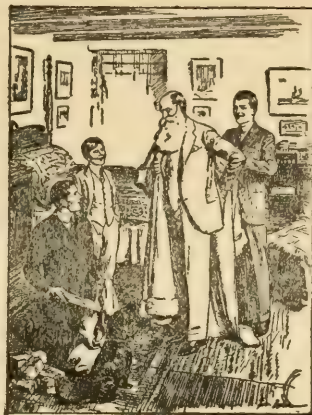
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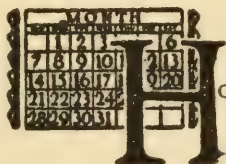
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The Haverfordian

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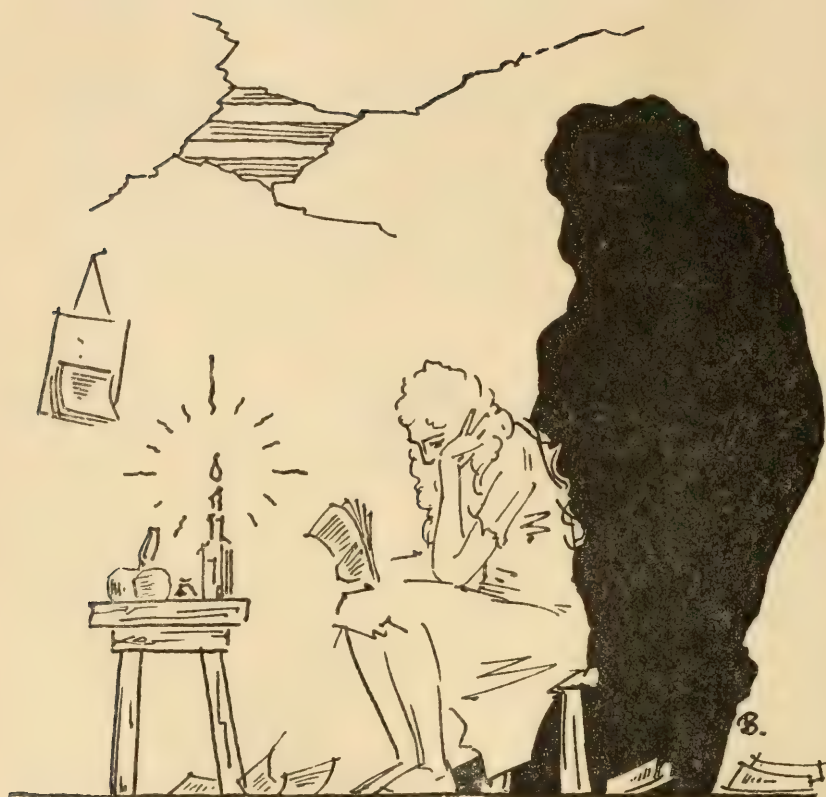
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Applause

IT WAS at the end of a gray, windy day in November that Erich Pommer left Paris never to return. Jauré, the fat restaurateur on the Avenue Hoch, was the last person who actually saw him there. Pommer had eaten a hasty dinner, and had left the little café just before its proprietor began to close it for the evening. Jauré stood on the sidewalk with his fee in his hand, and absently watched the furtive and dejected shoulders of his customer far up the deserted street until he disappeared around a corner. Then he turned inside, shivering from the penetrating wind, and thought no more about that young man till the day of his death.

* * *

There were other Pommers in Paris. There was Raoul Pommer, the actor at the Comédie Française, who at that time was highly thought of, and Céleste Pommer, starving in a pension in one of the Faubourgs and waiting for the money from her sailor father that never came, and there was René Pommer, an obscure lawyer, and Jean Pommer, a butcher, and there were others, but the family was not united. They had none of that clannishness so characteristic of French bourgeois families. The Pommers were originally of Alsatian origin, and the few who were in Paris had drifted for individual reasons to the capital. None of them had any connection with the others, or indeed were aware of the existence of other people of the same name in Paris. Pommer is not a common name in France.

And so it was entirely an accident that the inscrutable Parisian *poste* should have re-directed a parcel addressed to Erich Pommer to Céleste. It came one morning several

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months after Erich had vanished, when Céleste, gray with poverty, was sitting by her tiny fire forcing herself to write one of the silly stories which brought just enough money to give her food and shelter, and to enable her to save a little once in a while, when things were going particularly well. When she heard the postman's tread she sat up straight and the pen slipped from her cold fingers, for she still hoped even after three years of waiting. He had said when he left on that last voyage that he would send her money; with his hand on her shoulder, looking at her with those kindly blue eyes he had said it. "Be a good girl, Céleste—but I don't have to tell you that. You've shifted for yourself ever since your sainted mother—" he raised his eyes to that mother's supposed dwelling-place, "since your sainted mother left us. You'll be a good girl I know. And soon, in but a few months' time, you'll have all the pretty things you want. Only think, Papa will send you all his wages—" And then he had left, and she had never heard from him again. The money he had left her was soon spent, and she was forced, at sixteen, to do something to keep herself alive. Since then, she had often gone hungry, but always she had hoped and waited for the money her father had promised. For Céleste was too young and too much ground down by the bitter realities of poverty and ugliness to face the still more bitter reality of despair. And so she went on, sometimes fairly comfortable as she was now, sometimes without even a roof over her head, but always continuing to hope. Today, as always, she rushed to her letter box with palpitating heart and opened it with fingers that insisted upon trembling. But there was nothing there. Oh yes—one packet, but it was not the right one. She turned apathetically and went back to her room.

She sat down again by the little fire and opened the packet without much interest. It was filled with sheaf after sheaf of small pages done up neatly in bundles, all of which were tied together by one piece of string. On top was a note

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written in a scrawly hand, very different from the cramped writing that covered the other pages. It was apparently from an irate landlady, who addressed M. Erich Pommer (for the first time Céleste saw that the packet was not directed to her) in no uncertain terms, and stated that, though she was sending him this much of his worthless rubbish, she would keep the rest (though what value it could have to anyone but a rogue like him was more than *she* could understand) until he paid his rent. Céleste carefully searched the little packet, but she could find no clue to the identity or the address of M. Erich Pommer; the packet was addressed to the *poste générale*. She looked idly at the closely-written sheets. The first seemed to be a poem. She took it up and began to read.

Céleste did not complete her silly little story on the sale of which tomorrow's rent money depended. Her fire burned out, and, even if there had been any more coal, she would not have replenished it. On and on she read, all day long, not stopping to eat, and on into the night, burning candle after candle with reckless extravagance. Finally, in the cold grayness of just-before-the-dawn, the last sheet slipped from her fingers and she fell on the cold floor and wept, wept, as it seemed, for hours. There was nothing for her to do but weep. Her youth and poverty and narrow experience had not taught her that things like this existed in the world. In one short day all the heights and depths of human experience had been poured into her drab and shallow existence. It was as if she had listened to the greatest organ in the world played out under the stars, been dragged through birth and death and passion and pity. The revelation was so great that her soul almost burst with it.

When Céleste was able to think about what she had read in relation to anyone but herself, she realized that the world would hail these poems and dramas as unequalled masterpieces, and put the author of them on a pinnacle

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with the greatest. But where was this man, Erich Pommer? She had never heard of him. Where in the vast maze of Paris should she find him? She had no idea. But she would find him! Nothing in the confusion of her mind was settled but that she would find him, no matter what it cost her. But first she had another matter to attend to. She took a part of her small savings, traversed Paris, and paid Erich Pommer's former landlady. Then she brought home those of Pommer's works which the landlady had kept—an even greater number than she had sent. When these were finally read, Céleste set out in search of Erich Pommer.

She did not find him. The weeks went by and her absurdly hopeless quest became more hopeless. She did not work, and her money dwindled fast. And all the time she found nothing that could make her hope that her search might be successful. He had vanished as completely as if a material hand had never penned those glowing words lying hidden in her bureau drawer. And as her search faltered and she began to lose hope, a new idea came to her by degrees. At first it harmlessly suggested itself, and she put it aside with ease, but subconsciously it appealed to one of the less obvious qualities of her character, and it continued to grow. She had no peace. She held angry dialogues with herself, pacing her room in the early morning hours; she fought battles with the idea during the day, as she walked through the streets in her almost aimless quest. At last necessity forced the issue. She had no money left, so she sent one of the poems to the best *journal* in Paris, under her own name. The same day the reply arrived, and when she opened it, she found a cheque for a larger amount than she had ever before owned. At the sight of those figures, she turned pale. Vague stirrings of conscience beset her. So much money and none of it really hers—money gained under false pretences . . . But there was also a letter, a letter which showed that

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the editor, too, realized that the poem he would publish next morning would capture all France.

That letter decided things. She read it again and again, avidly drinking in its fervent praise of the poem, and its awesome prediction that some day her name—hers, Céleste Pommer—would be in everyone's mouth. She was a conscientious girl; the marvellous truth of Erich Pommer's writings had so profoundly moved her that she wanted to present them truly to the world—but, though at the time she did not realize why, this appeal was too strong for her scruples. From that time on she was firm. The nocturnal dialogues stopped. She allowed herself, for the moment, to forget the true facts of her position . . .

The recognition she received from the first was astounding. After the printing of that famous first poem, publishers scrambled for the dramas at which the world laughed and wept, and for the poetry at which it could only gasp. But she managed things shrewdly. Shrewdly she made the name of Céleste Pommer the greatest in France. She published the plays and the poems at the most suitable literary and financial moments. She did not publish too often, yet she gained a reputation for being prolific. She became very wealthy; she who had never dared dream of more than comfort found herself the mistress of hosts of servants, of magnificent villas, of motor cars, yachts, and all the other impedimenta of wealth. And, of course, she became a public character. Everything she did and thought was influenced by the fact that she was Céleste Pommer. Everywhere she went she was recognized. Half the people she saw on the street whispered to each other and nodded and pointed to her. And in the eyes of some of the other half she would sometimes see a dreamy, reminiscent look, as if the sight of her made them taste once more the effervescence of the words which she had given to the world. She came to recognize it, that dreamy look, and it pleased her to see it, yet oddly disturbed her, too, for it

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always brought back the vague fact that her fame was not her own. The other kind of recognition—whispers, nudgings, occasional applause when she appeared at a restaurant or a theatre—didn't. It was then that she, Céleste Pommer, was truly the centre of her universe.

The new significance of her name changed almost every aspect of her life. Many of her qualities did not fit in with the new rôle of genius, and because she had been made almost ruthlessly strong by her early contact with hardship, she was enabled to eliminate or subdue most of them. It became a habit with her to weigh herself coldly and impersonally, to discard that mannerism and retain this—and she rarely made a mistake. One of the things which she decided to keep—an entirely unemotional decision, dictated by expediency alone—was her idealism, a quality which had enabled her to appreciate very deeply the Pommer writings when she first obtained possession of them, and which fitted in well with her present rôle of their author. It was not a quality which she could turn on and off like an electric light as were the others she kept, and sometimes it even got beyond her control, but she considered it valuable enough to make up for these deficiencies. There was one other trait of hers of which she was even less sure. Once she became known she had many lovers, and she was faintly worried by the realization that she preferred the adulation of the old men, the ancient and established literati who came from all over the world to throw themselves at the feet of the creator of the magic Pommer books, to the idolization of the young men who loved her for her beauty (once the weight of poverty was lifted from her, she was a beautiful woman) and for her metallicly brilliant mind and personality. She could find no reason for this, and was all the more disturbed to realize that she instinctively felt it to be the key to some hitherto hidden part of herself . . .

However, as the years went on, the gruesome instability

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of her position became less and less apparent, more and more a vague fact to be ignored. True, she often wondered about Erich Pommer. It became a habit with her, so that, returning from some gloriously successful première at which she, the author, had taken many more bows than the performers of the play, she would sit in her spacious study lined with bookcases containing the various editions of the Pommer works, and speculate upon the origin and fate of the author of them. Always she would wonder about what had become of him, but she never allowed herself to think what might have become of him if he had published his works himself. That was dangerous, and Céleste Pommer enjoyed none of her new-found possessions so fully as her peace of mind.

* * *

Twenty years had passed since his final flight from Paris when Erich Pommer came to Bordeaux. He had scarcely thought once of those immortal writings he had left in his ramshackle lodgings since that last wild and awful day he had spent in the capital. When he was sober enough to think at all, he thought of nothing but one fact, which loomed so large that it filled his whole horizon: he had killed his friend, he had killed his friend, he had killed

He never knew if his crime was discovered. He hardly cared. All he wanted was to forget, forget that he was Erich Pommer, forget that he had ever lived, and had a friend, and . . . He chose a bad way to forget. He had not the money to get himself drunk all the time, and the intervals were painful. But finally, drink got hold of his body and he craved nothing, in the end, but that—he had even forgotten about forgetting. And what was left of his soul and his genius drink soon destroyed, leaving in its place a sort of inhuman cleverness. As his resources departed his cleverness increased, and it kept him in liquor almost constantly. He wandered from place to

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place, intent on satisfying the craving that had destroyed all his other human faculties as it had destroyed memory. So it was that he came to Bordeaux, a derelict with no prospect but an early grave.

He stood shivering on the wharf. The wind was as cold as steel, but it did not cool the fire in his blood, nor drive away the vapours that seemed to choke him. Across the wharf, on the side of a warehouse, some men were putting up a huge poster: "Tonight, the première of 'The Dancers of the World,' by Céleste Pommer." Pommer . . . Pommer . . . familiar . . . his own name of course. He read the sign again. Céleste Pommer. Even he had heard of Céleste Pommer . . . "The Dancers of the World" . . . why did he know the sound of that? He moved closer. Beneath the poster were some bookstalls, hastily erected. They were selling "The Collected Works of Céleste Pommer". He wandered over furtively and began to look at the titles of the volumes. Why . . . he knew the titles . . . "Bland Cherries" . . . "The Statue's Fiscal Report" . . . he knew them . . . they were his own!

Slowly and feebly his disabled brain pieced together the meaning of this. As the whole thing began to dawn upon him, his cunning, crippled mind worked, putting out tentative feelers in this direction and that—scheming. For Erich Pommer no longer cared about anything at all—not even a certain twenty-year-old murder—if only he could forget for a while his aching, burning body.

* * *

There were to be two performances of "The Dancers of the World" on the night of the première. Céleste had just finished taking her bows for the first one and was leaning back in a chair in her dressing room, with the applause still in her ears—when the door opened behind her. She turned, startled that anyone should enter without knocking, and beheld a man, or something like a man, dressed in

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ragged and dirt. It looked at her and the room with dull, greedy eyes and said:

"I am Erich Pommer."

She dropped the mirror she was holding and stifled a scream with the hand that had held it. She looked at him and he watched her warily. She was thinking, thinking so fast that her thoughts tripped over one another and fell in confused heaps. In the great, fearful shock of the moment, that which she was wont to think of as idealism, and what she might once, if things had been different with her, have called conscience, had broken her always slight control over it. Her first thought was not that this man could not harm her, that his contentions would be thought wild and laughed at by everyone, but that she had ruined him as completely as anyone was ever ruined. She saw the lines of pain in his face first, and then she looked at him from head to foot and knew him for what he was. She could not know what had caused his fall, but she had had the one thing of his which might have saved him from his fate. She put the thought from her with all the strength she could muster, but it came back, surging over the confusion of her mind. Her fame, the books, the money, all retreated to an infinite distance, seemed infinitely small beside the figure which confronted her . . . He had been—this, while she . . .

It spoke again: "You must give me some money, or I will tell. You must give me much money."

His voice—it was even worse than the rest. She was feeling, for the first time in many years, self-disgust. It disrupted completely her usual clear thinking, and the confusion and haste of her thoughts were too much for her. She had but one clearly defined idea: to repay something, to compensate for some of the wreckage she had created. She must do something at once . . . She would—yes, that was it of course—she would make known her deception to the world, give back all in her power. But mean-

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while, here was this thing with its craving. She must have time to consider her course. She picked up her purse and poured out everything in it into the man's hands. Then she said, vaguely:

"You shall be paid, Erich Pommer. Here is some of your money. Will you—come back in three hours? Then I shall see to it that you get all that is yours."

He looked at her suspiciously, then at the money in his hand, licked his lips and went out. She sat for a long time staring at the spot where he had stood.

* * *

She was out in the street now, walking around with the nebulous aim of collecting her thoughts. But at first she could do nothing but walk blankly, the one thought whirling in her head that her life was over . . . She wondered what that meant. It meant, of course, that she was no longer Céleste Pommer, owner of a magic name. Tomorrow, she would confess to the newspapers, and after that Céleste Pommer would mean nothing. She had sacrificed everything for the man who had come tonight. It seemed like a mad dream . . . but she forced herself sternly from that thought. What was ahead? Poverty and work, and not any hope, for twenty years, even twenty successful years, had taught Céleste the folly of believing in illusions. But somehow she did not mind the thought of these. There was something worse. What was it, then, that she instinctively shrank from facing even as her mind sought to grasp it? Was it . . . it might be . . .

"Look, look! There goes Céleste Pommer."

She turned quickly. Two women in a passing carriage were staring at her. She straightened and smiled, and then it came upon her, even as she drank in the little homage. This was it. This was what had eluded her for twenty years, which had been almost her only puzzle, the key to that part of herself which she least knew, because it was farthest from the cold intelligence which had dominated

APPLAUSE

her for so long. And this was what was making it so hard—so impossible—to do the thing that she must do. The realization was not as overpowering as it might have been. As she thought, she discovered that she had known subconsciously for a long time. She could not face oblivion. She could not face it and—would not. She must hear those words, that homage, every day for the rest of her life. It was to her what drink was to the thing that now was Erich Pommer—the one indispensable thing of life. Decision crystallized. She turned and started back to the theatre.

Erich Pommer was already there, sprawled in drunken sleep on her chaise longue, a bottle dangling from one hand. She stood watching him, debating her course, for she could think clearly and coldly now that she was decided. Finally she went over to her dressing table, walking softly so as not to wake him, and took out a small revolver. Walking to where she could take aim, she fired straight at his heart. When she approached and put her hand over his mouth, he had stopped breathing entirely; life was extinct. She gave his body a slight push, and it slid to the floor with a thud. At the same time came a knock at the door, then several. She started and turned pale. Suppose . . . but she was reassured:

“The play is almost over, Miss Pommer. You’ll be called in a few minutes.”

She sighed in relief and answered the boy. Then she took up the ivory telephone on her dressing table:

“Is this the manager’s office? Mr. Boiré? Something awful has happened. A man tried to hold me up in my dressing room. I shot him. I—I think he’s dead. You had better send for a doctor and the police, quickly. No, no, I’m all right. No, I’ll be able to go out. The audience is calling for me now; I can hear them . . .”

* * *

She stood in front of the curtain. Down below, the critics

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were looking weary, with no prospect for tomorrow save the drab one of bringing out the worn superlatives which every Pommer première required. The rest of the audience overcome by emotion, expressed itself in shouts, cheers, and wave after wave of applause. As it swept over her she forgot herself, and she did not think of the body of Erich Pommer, lying dead not forty feet away. She stood, drinking it in—complete.

Richard E. Griffith.

FRAGMENT

*. . . The shadows pursue me
As onward I flee,
They are sure of their prey,
They are choking with glee.
They are hounding me,
Pounding like waves of the sea;
They are swift and relentless,
They heed no plea.
Ever on do they drive
Where I nothing can see,
Ever on, further on
Into nothing I flee.*

F. R. W.

TO V. L. G.

*Dim lights—
The subtle rhythm of a dreamy waltz,
Holding you close in my arms
And neither knowing
Nor caring
What happens to me after I've said good-night;
Only knowing
And only caring
That your soft cheek is nestling close to mine,
And mine to yours;
Wrapt, for the moment, in that magic mood
That makes us two oblivious
Of all who pass about us,
Knowing that even there, where others are
To hear us as we talk,
Still secret will the conversation be
From heart to heart,
Without necessity of words,
But only glances
That pour our souls out in a moment's time.*

*But why should eyes be left to hold discourse
When lips on lips would speak
Our love?*

Charles W. Hart.



Quo?

OUT of the chaos the carefree gods made on the earth came to them all their destruction. Confusion and terror at what they had done sent them off skipping and sad from Olympus, sporting their last down its rocky sides. And where did they go? Who knows? Their rollicking laughter disturbed all the plans of the Quiet that made them. Even the Quiet was ruffled, aroused by the trembling of Earth, by the endless shiftings and changings of maidens and men to animals, rivers and mountains—metamorphoses so vast and innumerable that only a world could contain them. The Quiet looked down on the gods, and smiled as she saw them tripping off into the land and the ocean, hiding in caves—all fled from Olympus. She saw them safely departed. Only a trace of their living remained in the minds of the mortals they vexed. "It is well," said the Quiet, and slumbered.

For centuries the Quiet slept on, and her tranquil rest was not broken. When next she opened her eyes on the world, it was only to watch and be pleased.

This was the day the Christ was born. . . . The little sheep, shaggy, unshorn, stamp in their stables. Their very uneasiness is a portent of the great birth. The rude dawn comes over the hills and bursts ruddy and glorious, warming the sleeping earth, stirring it, waking it. The time is come and innocence is crowned in peace by the side of the munching sheep, in the arms of the blissful Mary.

The sleepy Mother was growing old, yet not nearly so old as the mortals thought, for she had slept through

QUO?

war and plague, there was none to shake her and cause her to tremble since the retreat of the last of the gods. Gently she smiled when this child-god came. She watched him grow. As she sank to sleep on a Christmas eve ages beyond the birth of the Christ, in an icy land there were mortals who worshipped. . . .

The monks pace up and down, up and down the cold grey flagstones. The abbot rests his weight on one knee and then on the other, weary of the adoration on the cold, hard stones. The candles flicker and sputter; they lap up the melting wax and spin their yellow flames. In the long hall outside the cell a roaring fire crackles and wheezes. A frugal meal is set on a bare board. Fragrant incense smokes in the corner of the hall. The monks pace up and down, their eyes bent in reverie, their hands meekly pressed in prayer. The sound of the gong sweeps shrill and echoing—it dwindles up the arches of the ceiling. Fallen on their knees, the monks are silent. There is nothing but the rattling of the wind, the crackling of the fire—and in the cell there is no sound but the sputtering of the candles. The abbot sways from knee to knee on the chill stone.

Years passed.

A mighty rumbling, and a heavy toiling, like the rush of the firmament falling through space—the Almighty Mother, the Quiet, awakened. What had awakened her, and caused her to tremble? The last she had known was the abbey's peace, the Christ child's blessing—then years of sleep.

The gods had come back from their hiding, back from the death the mortals thought they died. They had come back and the Earth was swaying, trembling in chaos, convulsed. But the gods were laughing, and Vulcan was laughing with them; the gods were sporting—Venus and Mars. The Almighty Mother looked down and sighed. The carefree gods had returned to Olympus.

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They were vexing the mortals. Minerva was spinning
in steel machines!

Where were the monks, content with their peace and
their candles? What had become of the gentle child
Christ?

John Byerly.





Pursuit

LEONARD MALDEN
PAULETTE
RENÉ ST. MEUVE
SERGEANT PAVIÈRE

We are beholding the interior of a rather dingy quarters in a port of French Morocco. It is evidently near the wharves, for boat-whistles can occasionally be heard. In every respect the furnishings of the room betray the fact that it is part of a woman's apartment—a woman, perhaps, of the "plebs" whose life is a part of the drama of the Foreign Legion.

A legionaire, breathless, haggard, and holding one hand beneath his coat on his shoulder where he has apparently been wounded, enters and shuts the door. With a glance he surveys the room. Seeing no one he sighs and makes a grimace from the pain of his shoulder. He spies a negligée lying across a chair, raises it, and examines it blankly for a moment as if wavering as to what course to pursue. The sound of two voices, a man's and a woman's, in the adjoining room, causes him to fling the garment aside and seek a hiding place. A small cupboard sheltered by dangling oriental bead-strings is the fittest refuge, and he is no sooner concealed than Paulette enters with M. St. Meuve. She is hardened, worldly-wise, seasoned with the acid fruits of experience, yet possessing an impeccable figure and beautiful face. Her dark eyes and positive features would seem as fitted for hatred as for love. The coarseness of a low-class adventuress is over-ridden by the palliative traces in her countenance of a warm emotional disposition. St. Meuve is a civilian dressed in the light fabrics becoming the locality. His person is no indication of a

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particular sort of character—it merely manifests a French official of some sort, financially well-off and socially not unpleasant.

PAULETTE: I appreciate your visit—and your request but I must say “no”.

ST. MEUVE: That’s a difficult answer to take.

PAULETTE: No more so than to give. I’m fond of you, René, and we can be good friends, but marriage is out of the question.

ST. MEUVE: Once again, Paulette, let me ask you to consider the circumstances. Your life, although you’re still young, has not been easy. I am offering an opportunity for peace, contentment, luxury . . .

PAULETTE: I’m very grateful—

ST. MEUVE: I do not want gratitude. My offer of marriage is not given in that spirit. It isn’t handed down to you; it reaches up for you among the stars. My heart doesn’t pity any more than it condemns your present life. But, Paulette, it loves . . .

PAULETTE: Very generous and considerate. But I *must* tell you that I prefer even *this* existence to your love.

ST. MEUVE: May I ask why?

PAULETTE: Because I do not love you. You’ve been too gracious a friend to me. And you ought to hate me for anything I’ve done to lead you on—

ST. MEUVE: I do not blame you. Thank God for these moments when you are willing to receive my affection.

PAULETTE: How can I make you angry? Every cold remark I say just melts away on you. Why don’t you be furious? I wouldn’t feel so guilty?

ST. MEUVE: Paulette, even though you withhold your love, you’re my friend,—you like me?

PAULETTE: No one could help doing that. You’re *too* charming.

ST. MEUVE: Thank you, ma chérie. Now, inasmuch as we have such an agreeable understanding, may I not

PURSUIT

have the pleasure of . . . taking care of you?

PAULETTE: I can't do that.

ST. MEUVE: It would mean a comfortable home, travel,
a position in society . . .

PAULETTE: *That* wouldn't make up for . . .

ST. MEUVE: For what?

PAULETTE (*evasively strolls away and lights a cigarette*):
Have you ever thought that there might be someone
else?

ST. MEUVE: Not a mere legionaire?

PAULETTE: And why not?

(*Pause while St. Meuve, disappointed and disconcerted,
takes his hat.*)

ST. MEUVE: In that case, of course, there remains nothing more to be said. But I must say, Paulette, that a woman of your looks could do better than a legionaire. These men—

PAULETTE: Please! Nothing more! The man I love is not an ordinary legionaire. He comes from a good English family. In another year he will have served his enlistment; then we shall be married and live well.

ST. MEUVE: Of course he has explained why he left England, why he joined—?

PAULETTE (*reddening*): Stop! (*Pause as she calms and collects herself.*) May I remind you that it's an affair solely my own?

ST. MEUVE: I merely suggested caution . . . as a friend, Paulette. You forget my concern for you.

PAULETTE: Thanks! I shall get through satisfactorily, I think. I haven't any illusions about him, or, what's more, about myself.

ST. MEUVE: Don't entirely forget me. I shall always be at home for you and your husband—or you without your husband.

(*She takes his proffered hand.*)

THE HAVERFORDIAN

ST. MEUVE: Good-bye, Paulette.

PAULETTE: Good-bye, René.

(He leaves. She looks about and starts to go from the room when the hidden soldier steps forth.)

PAULETTE: Leonard!

LEONARD: What's he doing here?

PAULETTE: He? René? Well, he was just calling on me . . .

LEONARD: Every day, I suppose.

PAULETTE: He never came very often, Leonard. He's a friend, nothing more.

LEONARD: So it seems.

PAULETTE: You needn't find fault.

LEONARD: No? You're engaged to me. I don't propose to have these high-handed, low-minded French officials around you.

PAULETTE: They respect me, Leonard, because I respect myself since I've loved you.

LEONARD: Yes. Well, how do I know what they do here?

PAULETTE: Careful, Leonard. Don't try preaching virtue.

LEONARD: I'm not preaching virtue. I'm not jealous, either. See? You can take up with any legionaire you like; they're men—I'll say that for them even though I am through with their damned life. Make friends with all the legionaires, but keep clean of these French civilians.

PAULETTE: Don't talk that way, Leonard. God! I don't want anyone else . . . just as long as you love me.

(He stares at her coldly a minute, then relents before her anguished look.)

LEONARD: Good old girl. I wouldn't talk that way if I didn't love you almost insanely. I'm mad about you. *(Kisses her.)* I say, Paulette, can't I get out any-

PURSUIT

where but this street door? I've got to make the dock in 20 minutes.

PAULETTE: The dock? Why?

LEONARD (*a boat whistle is heard*): Don't ask questions.

I've got to get that ship. Understand?

PAULETTE (*alarmed*): Why, where are you going?

LEONARD: How can I get away? . . . Come, tell me.

PAULETTE: Only by that door.

LEONARD: Hell!

PAULETTE: What are you doing? Why can't you use that door?

LEONARD: If I go into that street I'm as good as dead, see. There's a sergeant out there looking for a deserter, and the sergeant has a revolver with real bullets and he's going to shoot it. Can you understand that?

PAULETTE: So that's what you're doing. Deserting? Leaving me, I suppose, now that I've given you all—

LEONARD: Cut out that damned sentiment! I'm quitting the legion, do you get that? I can't stand another year. It's got me going mad. But after I get away

PAULETTE (*locks the door*): You're going mad, eh? Well, do you think I'm going to stay here in this rotten hell while you go off to freedom? Do you think *I'm* crazy about this life?

LEONARD: Don't shout like that. They'll know I'm in here.

PAULETTE: Very good. You're going back.

LEONARD (*determinedly*): I'll be damned if I am.

PAULETTE: Oh, yes you are. (*She takes a revolver from a drawer.*) That's a good plan of yours. Use me while you can, use my money, make love to me, promise to marry me, then come asking me to help you escape. Oh, it's not that easy, Leonard.

LEONARD: Let me out there, Paulette. I'd rather be

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shot down by the sergeant than die in here like a sneaking coward.

PAULETTE: Aren't you loyal! God, how I loved you! I turned down René St. Meuve for you. And I'd have turned down every officer in the legion for you, a common private.

LEONARD: Well, what about it? Go ahead and shoot. Maybe that'll help matters. It would for me at least. Anything would be a relief from that life. You must love me a lot, Paulette. After four years of the worst experience a man can have—and the last two years I've fought on just for you. I'd have quit long ago. I've had chances to escape before. But I held on even through that last campaign just so I'd be near you.

PAULETTE: Trying to play for sympathy?

LEONARD: No, damn your sympathy! I'm playing a square game with all my cards on the table. I came in here to dodge Sergeant Pavière—If he finds me—you know the penalty in the legion. If I catch that ship it means freedom; if I don't . . . But I guess you'd rather take matters into your own hands. Well, I'm game; go ahead.

PAULETTE: Where's that blood coming from? Why—you're wounded!

(Leonard is now very pallid from excitement and loss of blood. He sways, but the man in him fights bitterly against "staging a sob scene". She rushes to him.)

PAULETTE: Leonard! Oh Good Lord, help him . . . here, sit . . .

LEONARD: It's all right. *(He is short of breath; she holds him steady.)* Thanks . . . chérie. I thought . . . I hoped you wouldn't plug me.

PAULETTE: I'm so sorry. I don't know what I've said. Honest to God I didn't mean . . .

LEONARD: I intend to marry you, Paulette. You see, the *Empress* is sailing for Port Said. I'll meet you there.

PURSUIT

PAULETTE: Wait for me Leonard. I'll come by the next

LEONARD: I'll wait.

PAULETTE: Will you take me to England? Maybe your
parents . . .

LEONARD: Ha! My parents. Wouldn't they love to see
me turn up. No, Paulette, we'll head for America or
Australia.

PAULETTE: Oh Leonard, I'll live for it darling . . .
Don't disappoint me. I never wanted anything like I
want you.

LEONARD: I'm glad, Paulette. I . . . I like to hear
you say that.

PAULETTE: Hold me tight once more. Oh, thank you,
God in Heaven, thank you. And bless him.

LEONARD: I'll wait for you in Port Said. Come, let me
go. There's a friend of mine on the *Empress* who's
going to help me to stowaway.

PAULETTE: Hold on; don't go yet. I'll fix that wound.
You'll die with it like that.

LEONARD: I don't think it's really so bad. Sergeant
Pavière got a shot at me. I'm just a bit—rather
shaken, you know. But I can't miss that ship.

PAULETTE: Wait. (*She goes to the closet and tears off a
piece of a dress.*)

LEONARD: Hurry, I've only got a few minutes.
(*A knocking at the door halts them and reduces their
conversation to whispers.*)

LEONARD: Stop. That's probably Pavière. Can't I get
out back here?

PAULETTE: No, there's only one door.

LEONARD: Damn!

PAULETTE: Hide in here while I put him off your trail.
I know him. I'll get rid of him. You've got to catch
that boat.

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LEONARD: Hurry, Paulette. I'm getting . . . kind of . . . low. This wound . . . (*He hides.*)

PAULETTE: Quiet. And Leonard dear, please . . . in God's name, hold out. I'll get you on that ship at any cost. Don't faint . . . for my sake, Leonard.

(She is sobbing, but before going to the door masters her emotions and expression, applies a little rouge and lip-stick, and regains the hard, alluring, demi-mondaine appearance which we first saw. She opens the door which has been knocked several times.)

(Sergeant Pavière, a burly legionaire, rather abruptly edges his way in.)

SGT. PAVIÈRE: Hello, Paulette. I thought I'd pay you a little visit.

PAULETTE: I'm not at home to you today.

PAVIÈRE (*laughing*): Oh, I thought you were always at home to men of the legion. The boys of my battalion all prefer your house . . .

PAULETTE: Shut up, you dirty—

PAVIÈRE (*ignoring her*): Prefer your house to any in Morocco. (*He has come in and casually looks around.*) Very attractive quarters.

PAULETTE: What do you want?

PAVIÈRE: Oh, nothing much. You wouldn't understand.

PAULETTE: Don't beat around, Pavière. If you want—only . . . come tomorrow, come any time but now. I'll receive you gladly.

PAVIÈRE: Oh, I didn't come here with the same purpose as my gallant friends of the legion. Please don't anticipate my desires.

PAULETTE (*hastily*): Will you leave . . . at once?

PAVIÈRE: Certainly. But I noticed that a friend of mine called today and I thought perhaps he and I might return to the barracks together.

PAULETTE: There's no one else here. I swear that, honest.

PURSUIT

PAVIÈRE: Honest?

PAULETTE: I'm on the level, really. Wou never heard me lie, did you?

PAVIÈRE: Only once.

PAULETTE: You never, Pavière. I've played true to—

PAVIÈRE: To every man in the legion, I suppose.

PAULETTE: Get out of here.

PAVIÈRE (*growing warm*): This friend of mine . . .

PAULETTE: Get out. There's no one here, I tell you.

PAVIÈRE: Then he must have gone without his boots.

He certainly left enough mud coming in. You won't mind of course, if I have a look in this closet?

PAULETTE (*rushing to intercept him*): Just a minute, Pavière. This is my house. You can't do anything without my permission. I've got friends among the officers who'll have you court-martialled.'

PAVIÈRE: Not this time, old girl. Influence doesn't help a deserter in the legion. He's just a low, sneaking coward to everybody.

PAULETTE: Stand back.

PAVIÈRE (*taking out his revolver*): Maybe he'll come out without all this fuss. Ho there, Leonard Malden, you swine; let's have a look at you. Come out. Do you want another bullet in you? I'll count three, then fire. One . . . (*Paulette is frantic. She remembers her revolver which she laid aside when she bandaged Leonard; she makes for it.*) Two . . . Hey you . . . (*fires at Paulette; she is wounded.*) Holy Joseph, you . . . what's the idea of trying to save that coward?

PAULETTE (*badly hurt*): Don't call him that. He isn't a coward. He's got medals . . . four of 'em. I . . . love him. Don't take him, sergeant.

(*Pavière goes to the closet and looks in. He turns to Paulette.*)

PAVIÈRE (*he is very sober*): All right.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

PAULETTE: Thanks. We're going to be married. He's . . . sort of . . . well, shiftless. Yes I know that . . . but he's a dear boy. Thanks for not taking him. What's the matter? Feeling sorry all of a sudden? I'm all right. Just don't tell anybody about it. Oh, I forgot . . . Leonard's wounded. I'll . . .

PAVIÈRE (*softly*): He's dead.

PAULETTE: Dead! Oh, Jesus! He's dead. But . . . he said . . . he said he'd wait . . . for me.

PAVIÈRE: Can I do anything? A doctor?

PAULETTE (*waving him away*): No. You'd only get in dutch for shooting me. Just go and don't say anything about it. They'll think I committed suicide.

PAVIÈRE: Oh . . . thanks . . . God, you're . . . good. (*She faintly smiles.*)

(*The sergeant makes the sign of the cross and leaves.*)

(*Paulette goes slowly and painfully toward a window where she opens the shutters, displaying a beautiful Moroccan sky. A boat whistle blows.*)

PAULETTE: He's pulling out of the harbor now. But he's . . . going . . . to wait.

H. Gifford Irion.



I REMEMBER

*I looked into your garden
And found it wondrous fair;
The splendor of the morning
Caressed your treasures there.*

*Flowers stood up in their beds,
And in a fragrant breeze,
To each other bobbed their heads
In endless courtesies.*

*I heard the leafy breathing
Of scarce awakened trees:
And almost felt the humming
Of honey-wooing bees.*

*I stole into your garden,
And found it wondrous sweet;
I gloried in your garden:
I'd found a world complete.*

Franklin P. Jones, Jr.

CINEMA

THE movie-going public lost a truly fine actor by the death of Robert Williams, but it is at least fortunate that his last vehicle should have been a good one. As the young reporter in "*Platinum Blonde*" we find him handling the excellent back-chat in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. His pal, Gallagher, though the name may belie it, is our old friend Loretta Young. Now my personal opinion is that Loretta is "too pretty"; she lacks the necessary dynamic. Excellent direction is hence probably responsible for her fine performance in this picture, for I cannot believe that she has developed the histrionic talent that she has no long and so noticeably lacked.

The title rôle is played with doubtful credit by that essence of Platinum Blondes, Jean Harlow. Clothes by Patou, body by Fisher (special job) and so forth, make her a joy to behold, and if only the picture were silent, what a joy she *would* be. But her accent (of the early Al Smith vintage) smacks far more of the gangster's "moll," than it does of Ann Schuyler of the Schuyler Schuyler van Ultras, whom she is supposed to represent. Jean definitely does not lack the *dynamic*, but as a high-society girl she is unwittingly a riot.

"*Platinum Blonde*" is, none the less, a good picture, of absolutely no importance to be sure, but one that I am sure you will see with pleasure, if fun, rather than drama, is what you demand.

* * *

CINEMA

Ruth Chatterton can always be counted on for a good performance, and she gives one, as usual, in "*Once a Lady*." In this stock story we find her as the broad-minded Russian girl who has married her Paris lover only to discover that he is the most snobbish and conventional of British aristocrats. (The word *British* is used here advisedly in preference to *English*, as it seems better to convey the desired picture of sniffing corseted aunts, etc., etc.) Eventually, of course, she cheats on him, gets caught, and is thrown out. Yes, you've guessed it—she is forced to leave her only child behind her, and from now on the story is quite according to Hoyle. She makes straight for Paris, and becomes the mistress of a number of the gentry of that town. The end is self-evident. Her daughter finds her, believes she is "a good woman" regardless of hearsay, and then—curtain.

Obvious though the plot most certainly is, "*Once a Lady*" is a fairly good picture. Ruth uses a most plausible Russian accent throughout, and accomplishes the almost unbelievable feat of putting two syllables into *girl* and no less than three into *world*. It is really amazing.

* * *

Greta Garbo is deservedly an old favorite, and when she moves in on John Gilbert—but maybe you remember. I do, and that is why it seems almost bigamous for her to have anything to do with Ramon Novarro, but if you want to see "*Mata Hari*," you will simply have to put up with it. It seems that Greta is a German spy with a bearded Lewis Stone as her hard-hearted boss. She doesn't mind ruining Lionel Barrymore a bit, but Ramon stirs her latent woman's soul, and we have a plot.

The Greta of the unkempt tresses is out to lunch, as far as this melodrama is concerned, and we find instead a snaky looking creature who wears very, very eccentric clothes. The dance near the beginning is exceedingly vulgar, and Junior's eyes should be shaded during this

THE HAVERFORDIAN

scene, but you'll probably like it—you beast. One is supposed to weep at the end but nobody did. La Garbo, along with Jean Harlow, Fraulein Dietrich and others, has stronger appeal at some things than she has at tear-jerking.

* * *

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John H. Hoag.



BOOKS

THE INGENIOUS DR. FRANKLIN

Edited by

Nathan G. Goodman

The Ingenious Dr. Franklin is a fascinating collection of the scientific and speculative letters of Franklin, some of which are here published for the first time. A mere survey of the subjects of the letters is a revelation as to the universality both of Franklin's curiosity and of his knowledge. Daylight saving, farming, bifocals, sun spots, musical instruments and numerous other items were either the products of his ingenious brain or the objects of his speculation. The modern note of many of his suggestions is striking, and the whole book is full of surprises for the reader, who finds that this amazing man of the eighteenth century was responsible for many an idea generally considered peculiar to the twentieth century.

The volume is one of the finest examples of typography of the past year. Dr. Goodman has written an interesting and scholarly introductory essay, which points out and exemplifies the tremendous range of Franklin's interests. Whether from a scientific point of view, or that of the history of human thought, it is a book worth reading and worth possessing.

University of Pennsylvania

F. R. W.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

MATTHIAS AT THE DOOR

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Matthias had saved Timberlake from death by fire, so Timberlake, out of a sense of honor, banished his love for Natalie, whom Matthias loved. And Natalie married Matthias, partly because it was the only thing left her to do, and partly because his love,

"Was too real to be tortured"

The story of the poem is very simple, and there might never have been a tragedy had not Garth, a friend of the three, felt himself defeated and committed suicide. What Matthias and Natalie and Timberlake say about Garth's death starts a probing that shatters the tower of their lives. Matthias discovers that he has never really possessed Natalie's love. One feels that if the three hadn't been so intellectual, there would never have been the probing and the subsequent tragedy. Natalie herself says that there are

*"ships afloat with patches hidden
That would be worse and larger far than ours
Would have to be."*

But once started, the probing goes on inexorably until it ruins Natalie and assaults the very causes for existence to both Timberlake and Matthias. Timberlake says:

*"Why are we as we are? Don't ask, Matthias.
Why do we come to nothing who have more,
We'll say, than most? What is our value here
Unless we fit? To make a mould that fits us
You'd like to say, Matthias, but aren't going to.
Read a few years of history, and you'll see
The stuff is not so pliable as all that.
If it were so, we should all be each other,
So great that nature would be on her knees,
Which is not nature's natural attitude."*

BOOKS

*Why are we as we are? We do not know.
Why do we pay so heavily for so little?
Or for so much? Or for whatever it is?
We do not know. We only pay and die."*

However Timberlake wins through to a faith:

*"To a short-sighted and earth-hindered vision
It would seem rather waste, but not to mine.
I have found gold, Matthias, where you found gravel,
And I can't give it to you. I feel and see it,
But you must find it somehow for yourself.
It's not negotiable."*

And finally, we are told, even Matthias finds reason enough for existence. And there the story ends.

It is the kind of story that will be written more and more—this attempt of the intellect to find truth—in this day of what we might call much intellect and little art. Mr. Robinson's remarkable mind has probably carried him as far toward truth as the intellect can go. But his search is not art. If it were he would have found for us the "gold" that he tells us Timberlake found for himself. Shakespeare does, Beethoven does—so every great artist. But Mr. Robinson does not find it for us—and we cannot help feeling that, in writing, so much intellect without art is dangerous. For if we cannot find Timberlake's "gold" for ourselves, we are left where Garth and Natalie were—in despair. We almost feel that it would have been better if we hadn't been brought so far along the way and then set down. Ignorance seems more desirable than half-truth. Timberlake himself says:

*"Some of us would be happier in the dark.
More darkness would have been a balm for me,
But not a cure. There is no cure for self;
There's only an occasional revelation,—which is
granted,*

THE HAVERFORDIAN

Sometimes, to the elected and the damned."

And although Mr. Robinson gives us some of the most powerful lines, intellectually, that we have ever read, we believe they lack that which will make them endure as great poetry. For Mr. Robinson, to us, is not one of the "elect", nor even—in his own words—one of "the damned".

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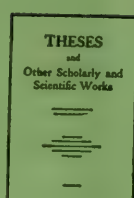
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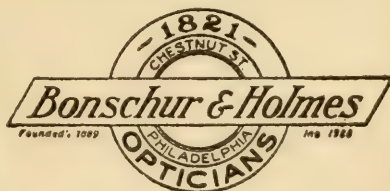


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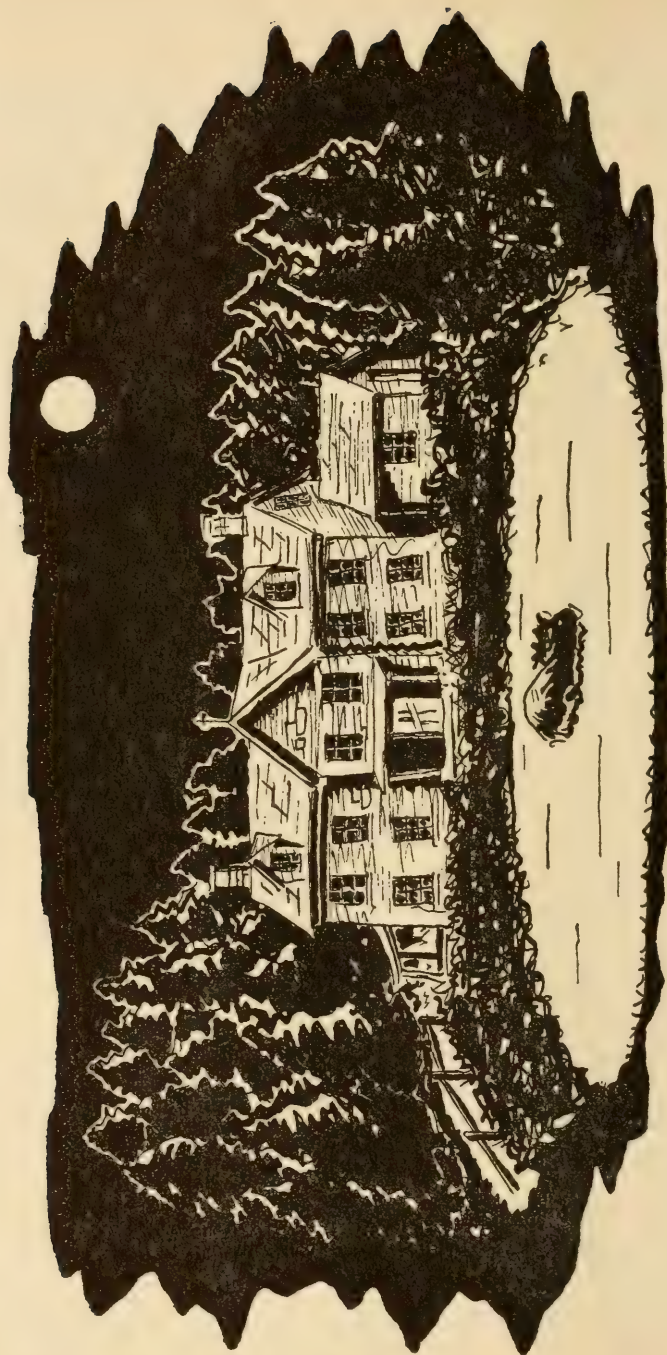
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The Old House

(A bit of emotionalism)

IT WAS a leper among houses—a pariah even among old and deserted ruins. It stood half-way between the pine-shadowed hilltop and the flat pond that brooded in the valley. Its shattered windows regarded the green-roofed snag of rock in the middle of the pond. It looked enviously down at the red gables of the farmhouse and the silly cows battening on the slope. First one pitied the solitary castaway, then one resented the atmosphere of brooding hate that it diffused. Never happy, it had many bitter moods.

At early morning when the dew-chilled grass delighted the cows and the sombre pond sparkled unwillingly, the old house would cry out to all the happy countryside: "I haven't slept all night. If you hadn't been so smugly slumbering you would have noticed it. I am miserable. I want you wretched too." For a while the joyous landscape would ignore it. But as the sun climbed and grew hotter, the old hill would droop, and the dank pond begin to brood, and the trees to begrudge the cows their shade. Then the old house would exult at the despondency about it, and its aged doorways grin crookedly. But Nature would not that the whole earth be unhappy on account of the malicious solitary.

So when the sun sank gladly among the downy clouds in the west, a gay breeze used to sweep across the hill and down the valley, to wake the trees to carefree laughter while the farm boys drove the cattle home. Alone, the old house would sag in solitary despair, till the pond, by watch-

THE HAVERFORDIAN

ing its reflection, fell into darksome moodiness. When the moon rose, the pond would gleam treacherously over its profundities of blackness that the heavy shadow of the isolated rock betrayed. Up on the slope the house would moan and creak in every ancient joint: for at night it still did penance for many ancient sins. Malice racked it like a tempest; hidden crimes gnawed its foundations; unnameable desires wore away the warped band of its life. And over all, despair and uselessness shed their pall.

One night (the devil seize my feet!) I came upon the old house before moonrise. I stood on the little scrap of curving road that looked like bared teeth on the face of the sleeping hill. The old derelict watered all my veins by its moaning and its horror on the wind-swept slope. A trickling and spluttering came to me, like life-blood flowing gurgling from an old man's throat. A low insidious murmuring turned my blood to ice as the breath of desolation wrapped my soul. The ruin whispered hoarsely, called me, drew me. The gurgling grew louder, and the moss on the threshold was soft and fleshy, yielding. The darkness growled before me.

Damp was the feel of the house's black hand, and fetid each breath that I drew. Darkness drew me on and squeezed me numb. Thick cobwebs stopped my nostrils, pulled my hair; I felt them twitching my closed eyelids. Scrawny rats, light, unearthly, scampered across my toes, between my feet, and when I shuddered, squeaked in glee. They squeaked at my feverish shiverings. I heard the plaster plopping on the floor below at each trembling foot-fall. Always the gurgling murmur grew. Now a splashing joined its ghastly undertone—as primeval blobs of protoplasmic life might have fallen into prehistoric swamps. The moaning of the wind went on; the vermin squeaked.

"Not one step farther will I go," cried the numbness of my brain. I stopped: the black hands of darkness throttled me, its damp coils drew me on. Shrieking bats fanned the

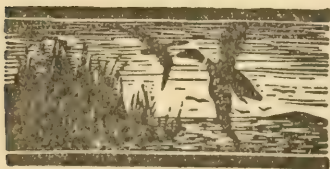
THE OLD HOUSE

foul air in my face, and their pin-prick shrillings swelled the chorus of unearthly sounds. Truly the ruin travailed in awful penance. "Surely," I thought, "some ghostly sleeper has been roused from dreams of hell," and I pressed the hand of darkness and drew its mantle about me, shrinking till my fear-crazed soul came pressing at my throat. My wild heart drummed an overtone of thunder to the groaning and the shrieking of the house. "Of a surety," said my soul, "that gurgling noise is here—near at hand." I stopped. Blackness hemmed me in. Some soul, awakened from torture, smiled horribly. I could feel it smile. Here it came across the splashing water, swimming noiselessly, gliding fast. And the darkness held me pinioned by the brink, I never doubted, of some unfathomed pool on whose crumbling edge I faltered.

A flickering light appeared behind me. My shadow loomed upon a wall of mildewed stone, in a frame of ghastly luminosity—a sickly gleam of drowning candles in a tomb. As I stood unnerved, unmoving, the wall drew nearer and nearer. From its face an iron pipe jutted, pouring its tiny stream of water into a shallow trough of earth, where it sank with many a gurgle.

I turned around: midway in the jagged casement hung the moon.

C. A. Pitter.





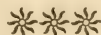
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*When I heard the Learned Professor
Discussing "national and international movements,"
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Criticizing movements and machinations—
"Those who precipitated the Civil War were
Working for the exclusion of Slavery from the Earth.
The South began a Passive-Aggressive resistance,
And after a careful study we find. . . ."*

*I saw the sun come up thundering, on a field of blood
Where late guns thundered.
I saw the moon rise mystically: and a sentry stood
Musket on shoulder, unaware of
A puff of smoke, a flash of fire, that leapt toward him
With all the surge of
Mysticism, and the dark night of the soul.
I saw a banner, tattered, with the song of Northern waters
still rippling in its folds.
And I saw the General taking his gulps of Bourbon in his
tent, alone, at midnight.
So Slavery was abolished from the Earth.*

*And I saw a boy of twelve, on his way to the mines of earth,
at six o'clock in the morning,
Munching a cracker and candy!*

Wilson B. Reed.





The Bitter Gesture

MOST of the members of the Nevan Club had started for their homes, for the best of London's cabbies would not warrant the time to find an address on a night like this, when the fog was thick enough to slice.

Inside, in one of the club's smaller rooms, there remained two who had not yet thought it time to leave, and, judging by their comfortable positions in their easy-chairs, seemed little worried about the clammy weather outside. These two were friends—for only friends could have held such easy and intimate conversation—and yet they presented a sharp contrast. One was young, in his late twenties, his debonair spirit showing in his eyes, which regarded everything with an amused air. They accentuated the sad, serious gaze of his friend, that of a man who has seen more than the bright side of life. An officer, to judge by the decoration in his buttonhole. And yet, something more than the rough service in the field must have accounted for his gravity.

The affable one was contemplating an excellent cigar, as yet unlighted, which he was rolling back and forth between his fingers. He looked up.

"I'll tell you, Vickers, I'll smoke one more and then I'll have to leave you. I promised Marjorie that I'd be home at eleven, and it is past that time already." He smiled. "Gone are the days when I could walk into my flat at any hour of the night. But then, marriage has its compensations."

THE HAVERFORDIAN

"I dare say, Mr. Reynolds," said Vickers, mockingly, and smiled in return. "And if you would only admit it, Bob, the only reason you come here at all, these days, is to throw a covert glance at me. You're a lucky dog to have such a girl as Marjorie."

"You're right, my boy. That's exactly what I tell her. You know though she hasn't met you yet, she knows you as well as I. I've told her all about you; she knows what you have done for me; I've told her too . . . Oh, the devil, Vick, why do you shun women so? Why, I could name at least a dozen who would be only too glad to give you the happiness I have found."

The other had grown pale. His hand shook as he picked up the glass at his elbow. Nor did his friend fail to note his sudden emotion.

"Sorry old chap, didn't mean to get personal, you know. By the way, how did you manage with those bonds I recommended?"

But Vickers smiled again, though not a happy smile.

"Don't try to change the subject, Bob. I knew you would ask that question sooner or later. I had meant to steer you off with a joke, but . . . well, I shall tell you a joke, though a grim one."

He took a sip from his glass; then set it down again. For a few moments he remained in deep thought. Reynolds, worried by the tone of these last words looked at him anxiously.

"About a year after I finished at New College," Vickers began, "I had an invitation to attend the ball that closed the London season for the year. As a rule, I didn't go in for that sort of thing, but some of my friends dragged me off. They presented me to a girl there—beautiful as . . . well I didn't know it then, but I must have fallen in love right there. She was said to have an immense fortune left by her father. Her mother had survived her father no more than a year, so that

THE BITTER GESTURE

Julia now lived with her aunt, who had come to keep her company and help her in her affairs.

"It was not that Julia lacked for suitors. She was, as I have said, both attractive and well-to-do. However, she seemed to prefer me to the others. After that first meeting I saw her often, for her aunt had told me to call whenever I could."

He paused a moment. Apparently it took an effort to set these memories into words.

"I won't waste any time in telling you of the happy days I spent with Julia. A year passed before I told her my feelings. But she must have known before that. I had meant never to tell her—the thing, in my mind, was impossible. You see at that time my family was not well off. In fact, my schooling had been made possible only through the persistence of my mother, who would have me receive the same education my father had had. Honor of the family, and all that. We were not exactly poor but my income was nothing compared with Julia's wealth. I was very conscious of this and had determined never to ask her to be my wife—too much like marrying for money. I told her this but she only laughed, and asked if people's opinion could matter if we really loved each other; she asked me if my scruples could not be swallowed. 'But one life to live' she would say.

"I felt that she did not for a moment doubt that I should soon change my mind. This only made me more obstinate. The whole affair was growing more and more impossible. After a while Julia became impatient with me, and her tone of good-natured mockery would frequently become one of real irritation. About two more months passed, filled with quarrels; in spite of all her arguments I had not budged in my views. One evening we had a rather dreadful scene, and at the end of it she told me that if I did not decide then and

THE HAVERFORDIAN

there to marry her, I must not see her again. She added that I might regret my foolish pride in days to come, and implied that she might well do something desperate. Melodramatic—I know. It was what I thought too at the time. She referred to suicide: I credited this to hysteria. Moreover, in those cynical days I considered impassioned thoughts very far from impassioned deeds.

"I left and went home; but once there, I could not go to bed. I realized that things had come to a climax and that something had to be done. I pulled out my travelling bag and began to pack. At last I had made up my mind: I would go to the continent; long enough to allow her to forget me, or at least to become interested in some one else. At any rate, I was leaving London. Three hours later I boarded the early Dover train. I obtained passage on a little steamer crossing to Le Havre, and by afternoon of that same day was installed in my cabin.

"It was my intention to travel on to Paris, and from there to take a train for a certain small mountain resort in the Jura. I had often spent my long vacations there—it was a place not yet discovered by tourists. There I planned to stay indefinitely.

"I arrived, late the following night, at the little mountain station, and induced the owner of the only decent fiacre to drive me over the twelve miles of mountain roads to the inn. The 'patron' and his wife, astonished to see me at this time of year, hastened to prepare my old room for me.

"I had been there about six weeks, trying hard not to think of the reason for my stay, when something drew my attention sharply again to London. The inn-keeper, who had gone to the station for something or other, brought with him a week-old copy of the *Times*, which he had brought for me, thinking that I should be glad to receive some news of London. As I did not want to

THE BITTER GESTURE

hurt the good man's feelings, I pretended to be greatly pleased. I took the paper to my room and was about to throw it in a corner, when suddenly I was fixed by a headline. There was her name in large type. A terrible premonition took hold of me; I dared not take my eyes from that name to read what followed. I knew, in some uncanny fashion, that this was not merely a description of some social affair. Finally I forced myself to read. It described how Miss Julia Baxter—"

"What!" Bob was suddenly sitting straight in his chair.

"Ah, you remember. I need not tell you then. I knew, of course, remembering her words on that last evening, that the 'accident,' as the newspapers chose to designate her horrible death, had been a deliberate action.

"I took the first train for Paris and the next day boarded a steamer for England. Once in England I went directly to the Baxter home. I presented my card and was told to wait. I knew that Julia's aunt would be grief-stricken, but I had no idea as to what her attitude toward me would be. She came in, shortly, and walked to a chair in an opposite corner of the room. Without looking at me she informed me that in the future my visits there would be unwelcome. I heard her say something about seeing her lawyer; then she left the room.

"I felt miserable; it was quite plain to me that I was held responsible for all that happened. Somehow I reached my own rooms. I don't remember what happened in the following days. I was stunned.

"A week later I received a letter from a law firm asking me to call on a matter calling for immediate attention. Only then did I recall what the aunt had said. That afternoon I went to the law office.

"I was shown into the private office. The lawyer presented me a legal document. It was the will of Julia. It was very short—only a few lines. But what

THE HAVERFORDIAN

a message! She had left the whole of her immense fortune to me—‘that no monetary scruples may henceforth assail him.’ ”

He stopped, and his eyes were far away. Then with a visible effort, he resumed.

“You have heard of the work of the British National Aid Society? It is largely supported by her money. I have never touched a shilling of it to my own advantage. *Why* do I shun women?”

He sank back into his chair, as though very tired. His face betrayed no emotion. But Reynolds—who was his friend—understood; he rose uncertainly, walked over, and for a moment rested his hand on Vickers’ shoulder, then slowly left the room.

The steward, who a little later came to rouse the gentleman, who had apparently fallen asleep, was surprised to hear him mumbling to himself, over and over: “But one life to live . . . but one life to live.”

R. Blanc-Roos.





Definite Evidence

GEORGE ALTON hurried through the crowded immensity of the metropolitan station, barely escaped being caught in the closing gate, got into the smoker just before the train pulled out, and took possession of the last vacant seat. He had a rather important (financially) speaking engagement at a woman's club somewhere in New Jersey, which it wouldn't do to miss. He had a rather good speech, too, with just the right amount of subtle bawdy remarks to delight a gathering of respectable matrons.

If you asked Alton his main purpose in life, he would have replied that he was a missionary. Like most missionaries, he would tell you anyhow, given half a chance. He pitied and despised the present-day religious systems, and regarded man as one of the higher apes, with some doubt about the adjective. Anything like a deity interested in such stupid and dirty little animals infesting a minor planet of a minor sun struck him as a hilarious insanity. The fact that a large number of people believed, either from superstition or self-interest, in such a being, struck him as one of the major tragedies of life, and, since he was, after all, one of the dirty and stupid little beasties himself, he tried to convert others to his opinion because he thought it was his duty. He might have been slightly obsessed with this idea—but if he was slightly touched, it was not to a greater degree than certain other reformers who had done a deal of good in the world. Instead of working at architecture, at which he could have made more money, he

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spent his time giving lectures, and writing for a few "rag-paper" magazines.

As the conductor came up the aisle collecting the tickets, Alton noticed that the man sitting next to him offered a half-fare ticket. A priest of some sort! However, Alton rather respected the "priestly class". He knew that a great majority of them were hard-working, well-meaning individuals who received little appreciation and less pay for the good that they did in their own way. Without their universal bias, he thought they would be quite decent people.

As the train drew out of the tunnel into the New Jersey fog, the priest directed some commonplace remark to Alton. Unfortunately for himself, he chose the unemployment situation for his topic, and stressed the Christian duty of everyone. This let him open to Alton's broadside denouncing the church as a mental luxury which really couldn't do very much when faced with a real problem, like the one being discussed. "Why," said Alton, "with men sleeping out in the parks, and in filthy stables, provided by pinch-penny charity, the churches, clean and warm, are empty! Better to have them perform some useful service than to stand empty as monuments to economic waste! The church, instead of leading the relief, has missed its chance, and has had to give way to private and civic enterprises, etc., etc.

The minister was a clever man. He pressed, not too strongly, counter arguments, and asked Alton to give him the details of his sensational escape from a mob that had gathered for the express purpose of lynching him. From long experience in church work, the man knew that people are easier to deal with if their egos have been given a chance to expand. Alton was no exception.

"I was covering the Howland trial for the *New York Tabloid*," Alton began. "Howland was a totally insignificant little man, who was accused of teaching evolution below

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the Mason and Dixon line, and some of the northern papers were playing up the rather humorous trial. I was staying at a private house on the outskirts of the county seat.

"Late one night, when the trial was about half over, the house was surrounded by a yelling mob. I was working on a Sunday feature at the time. When I stuck my head out the window, I saw a large number of people, in Ku Klux regalia, who shouted to me to come out and get my --- neck stretched."

"Must have been an uncomfortable situation," said the priest.

"Oh, something like that happens to me every year or so," Alton replied, "but, usually, it's not so serious—rotten eggs, or something like that."

"Didn't you tell the mob that you had sold your soul to the Devil, and they couldn't get you?"

"Of course not. That was newspaper talk. I told them if they wanted me, they'd have to come up and get me. Then I short-circuited the lamp, which blew a fuse and put out all the lights on the second floor. They came up, all right. There must have been about fifty people jammed into the hallway. Two or three had lanterns or flashlights."

"Yes, I heard about that. Didn't you tell them if they wanted you to come in, that you were ready for them?"

"Something like that. They held back a second, and then about three or four husky bumpkins practically ran through the locked door—"

"And found the room empty," added the minister.

"Not quite," said Alton. "I'd made myself a Ku Klux robe with a sheet and pillowslip off the bed, and the cord from my dressing-gown. I mixed with the crowd in the dark, and got away. Some ass thought he smelled sulfur, and that's how the stories began."

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The minister made the conventional compliment, and saw that his little plan had succeeded. He knew that he could talk to Alton without calling down on himself the famous satirical powers, and, who knows?—perhaps even set his feet on the right path again. He began his reasoning, which he had carefully thought out during Alton's story. Alton listened first to a discussion of the charitable instinct in man.

"Yes, it's there," was his opinion, "but I don't think it ought to be cultivated too much. For instance, before I got on the train, I bought two apples from a half-frozen man because he was wearing a sign, 'Unemployed.' Now I not only encourage pauperism in the man, but I discourage the agencies that should take care of him—the state, or *the church*, for example; and besides, there's millions more people in the country, and if he dies, there will be just one less. I usually send what contributions I can to various social welfare agencies, anonymously of course. It's sort of an unofficial tax. The state really should take care of such matters and include it in the taxes. Of course, I don't encourage religious superstition."

"Didn't I see your name in the list of contributors to the cathedral?" asked the priest.

"Yes, I gave them some money, and asked that they wouldn't print my name. Some newspaper got hold of it and made a little story out of the incident. However, it was only encouraging a splendid piece of architecture, and, between ourselves, I don't think that building is going to do much for religion."

The priest, seeing his victim in a rather jovial mood, made a short monologue on faith. Alton retorted that a lunatic had precisely the same sort of faith concerning his obsessions. He graciously admitted that there might be some sort of deity, or supreme being or beings, but that religion was in the same state as science was two thousand years ago: "Of all the religious conjectures ever made,

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one, through the laws of chance may very possibly be right, just as some Greek philosopher had so long ago guessed the molecular theory of matter. However," Alton went on, "for that one correct guess, there were hundreds of wrong ones."

The minister did not have any evidence at hand to disprove Alton's statements, and withdrew to the safer ground of life after death. "All races at all times have believed in something after death, Mr. Alton. Surely you will not contradict the entire human race?"

"All races at all times have believed in some highly ridiculous things," said Alton. "Life after death I distrust most of all. It is the one thing that would most logically be invented by a somewhat clever race that knows its existence on earth is short and painful. It's a sort of mental compensation. I've followed some experiments that tried to prove it, with entirely negative results. Unless I have *definite* and *complete* evidence, I shall continue my doubts."

At this instant there was a furious blast of a locomotive behind the train. The glare of a powerful headlight shining through the corridor door dimmed the lights of the last car for a moment, and then there was a horrible crash of riven metal, splintered wood and shattered glass, while ahead and in the train which had appeared so suddenly behind cars buckled and telescoped from the force of the impact. It was later discovered that some fanatic radicals had taken advantage of the fog to tamper with the signal system, thus causing one of the worst wrecks the railroad had had in many years. Alton and the minister had been riding in the last car, where most of the deaths occurred.

After what seemed to him a long time, Alton slowly and painfully recovered consciousness. He found himself in an utterly strange region, strange beyond all the powers of the imagination.

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"I'm not dead after all," Alton thought. "I'm in some hospital, and they've given me a shot of dope. I must be pretty badly hurt." Then he recognized the minister nearby. The latter was trying to conceal a smile of triumph.

"Here's your 'definite evidence' for life after death, Mr. Alton," he said. "We were both practically cut in two in that wreck."

Alton spent a long moment in thought. Finally, by some unguessed method of reasoning, he knew the minister had spoken the truth. He was dead. There *was* an existence after death.

"Well," he said, finally, "I'll be damned!"

And he was.

H. F. Bourne.

TERRA TENEBROSA

*These rows of eyes
Are fixed on one faint space,
Where shadows move, where hidden lights
Glint upon eye and lip and hair—
Light the gray beauty of the shadows
With a cold radiance.*

*When the shadows sink
Back into blackness, and the Herd
Rustles and moves to go, a silent, breathless cry
Uprises: "This is shadow-land,
And these are ghosts, the ghosts of our dead dreams,
Now long decayed, and scattered all across
The monochrome of life."*

R. E. Griffith.



General Merchandise

THE early German settlers who emigrated from the war-infested Palatinate to William Penn's peaceful and "holy experiment under God" brought with them a very strange mixture of personality traits. When one is made to realize that these so-called *Pennsylvania-Dutch* were of Huguenot, Swiss, and Austrian—as well as German—extraction, it becomes immediately evident that their composite personalities should of necessity be strange. Probably the most marked of these many traits is the one which the Pennsylvania-Germans have inherited from their German background. There is a general tendency among these people of rural Pennsylvania amateurishly to attempt to philosophize upon all and sundry subjects. These philosophical musings do not assume the tremendous proportions of a Senate Debate, nor the great seriousness of a collegiate discussion on mysticism, but they are, to say the very least, interesting. Search where you will in rural Pennsylvania, and you will not find a single group of elderly men who do not take great delight in *plaudering* on many subjects, about some of which they know very little, if anything at all. But more often these discussions take a less dangerous form, and they seem content to discuss things about which they do know something, and of which they are not wholly ignorant.

Last summer I happened to come upon one of these interesting discussions, or rather, conversations, and it seemed worth the trouble of repetition. In one of my

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walking trips in this fascinating section I stumbled upon one of the real old-fashioned country stores, and it was here that I first realized the true meaning of the statement that a grocery store is one of the best laboratories for the study of human personalities. This particular store which I came upon was one of the really old ones. It had served the material wants of the community in the same way, and for the same period of time, as the church on the hill had served its spiritual wants. It had seen the development of this country from a frontier to a rich and prosperous agricultural section. Tradition has it that this particular store had been the trading post from which that diplomatic Indian Interpreter, Conrad Weiser, had purchased powder and balls. Even today the old walls of the trading post remain, and are incorporated in the present structure. The building is of native limestone, but the original walls have been added to so many times that only a part of the original structure is seen. Between the two middle windows of the second story there is set an old datestone and inscription. It reads:

Wer Gott vertraut
Hat wohl gebaut
Im Himmel
Und auf Erden.
anno 1747

With its wide, long porch and its small and crudely decorated windows it produces the sense of generality. The large wooden door, placed directly in the middle of the two windows, gives it the appearance of massiveness. I ascended the wide wooden steps and entered the store

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where I found a group of grizzled old *dawdeys* having their weekly spree of philosophical conversation. These venerable and wise old patriarchs were seated in a circle around the store, and seemed interested only in a mild way in my entrance. As I walked over to the long, wooden counter I noticed that the roll of *Black Rebel* had gone the rounds, and the square wooden sand-box in the middle of the floor proclaimed with unquestionable certainty the admirable accuracy of these magnificent marksmen. Not a single shot had missed in God-knows-how-long. They were all riveted to the conversation, which seemed to command their strictest attention, so that even the noise of my rather awkward entrance disturbed them but slightly.

I acquainted the proprietor with the extent of my wants. He descended into the cellar and reappeared in a few minutes with a new case. After serving me he returned to the "boys."

As I was consuming the brew, I turned around and faced the congregation assembled there before me. I noticed, now, that the *entire* group was not riveted to the conversation, for one of their number was leaning against the back of the rear counter, sound asleep. His heavy feet were resting on the top of the roll of wrapping paper which was set directly on the edge of the rear counter. With every violent heaving of his swarthy chest he emitted a sort of semi-silent "Bpurpf," and with each laborious breath his feet swayed back and forth across the roll of paper. At any moment the expected might happen. The stage was set, so to speak, and as the breathing became heavier the rolls became of longer duration, and, finally, his feet lit with a thump on the sturdy oaken planks of the counter. He awoke and gave vent to that most expressive of sounds: "Oi."

This expression, so short and terse as to be a combination of both surprise and exclamation, seemed to quicken

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his senses, and he immediately felt that there was something very important lacking. There was. Sleep, you know, has the renowned faculty for sobering up. But Bill still felt the utter lack of philosophical inspiration. He called to the storekeeper, who was busy sorting the mail, and said: "Say, Chim, d'you got enny more of dat beer, huh?"

Jim Schaeffer, the postman and keeper of the store, looked around and asked: "I forgot, onct, vat kind you take now. Vat ver kind is it, huh?"

The veteran Bill, survivor of many a debauch, said in his matter-of-fact way: "Vy, some of dat *Lauer's Helles*."

"Fer to be sure," answered Jim, going down into the cellar and returning with a half-dozen bottles of the asked-for brand. He handed them to Bill and said: "Vill dat do you fer a vile yet, huh?"

"Ach, I guess so, onct," answered Bill, and he settled down in his chair to consume his beer, his face all aglow with anticipation.

There is a certain state of living, just before real intoxication, which is very conducive to philosophical cogitation. The mind seems cleared, and the mental processes are alert and ready for action. The neurotic pathways have been shorn of all unnecessary weeds, and the synapses stimulated by a mild intoxicant. It is a sort of state of perfect bliss, in which no problem too large and too difficult can intrude, and no question however problematic can raise a doubt. It seems to be the perfect matrimony of mental bliss and physical happiness. Besides, the monotonous effect of the almost-audible breathing produces in the subject a semi-hypnotic effect. The regular monotone of the breath, the fatigue of mental processes too complicated to fathom, and the natural restlessness of the eyes of a man half-drunk will supply nearly all the elements for hypnosis. Such is the

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stage that is reached after about seven, or eight, bottles of beer, of a reputable brand, have been drunk slowly. However, there must be interspersed with this brew the fastidiously correct amount of *Reading pretzels*, so that the slakishness of the beer is worn off by the saltiness of the pastry. It is held by some of the faith that it was in this state that Schiller, Göethe, and Heine wrote their very best. Some even contend that thus Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Kant thought their best, and some even go so far as to say that Bach, Wagner, and Mendelssohn used this beverage to help them create their immortal compositions. But I am not of the faith, and therefore I cannot vouch for the validity of these startling contentions.

However, I do know that it was at this stage of progress that the little gathering in the country store in rural Pennsylvania quickened into life. After a few moments of very profound, almost Quakerish, silence, during which Michael Ott filled up again from the roll of *Black Rebel*, the necessary atmosphere had been attained. The philosophers were now in their contemplative moods. They were now ready for a wholesale communion with the great and friendly spirit of illuminating thought. In the language of the layman, they were inspired.

Balser Crouthamel broke the silence. He said: "I don't see vy dey haf to teach physiology in de schools ennyhow."

He uttered this statement with a caution and a credulity which seemed to seek out the other men of the little group. He looked at them with a soulfully searching expression on his face, and he was very much relieved, indeed, when Ott looked up and slowly began to speak. He seemed to "allow" that Crouthamel was right, for there was a marked apologetic tone in his voice when he said: "I guess dat for once you haf right. I don't see neither vy dey must teach dis physiology in de

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schools. Here is my own *junger vat's* learnin' all about dese germs, an' how it comes about dat de *veibtsleit* haf dere *kinner*. Vy it's immoral an' its against de church, dat's vat it is."

"Ach now, Michael, don't be so hard on de new ideas," replied the storekeeper. "Yourn might grow up and be a doctor yet."

"*Dunnervetter*, vat is de state here for ennyway, to make doctors of a bodies kids against their own wishes?" replied Ott with passion.

"Vell, vat kin you do about it ennyhow if dey votes a school-teacher in vat teaches em dat," said Schaeffer.

Bill, the man who had been so rudely awakened from his peaceful slumbers by the slight misfortune of the wrapping paper, had now approached the psychological state when action replaces inaction. He was now fully prepared to enter the intricate turns and pathways of this conversation with all the enthusiasm of a man "three sheets to the wind." The other men in this circle of thinkers seemed to realize that Bill was the super-philosopher-extraordinary among them. They seemed to hold him in an almost religious awe. He was easily the sage and the seer of this small country store. They sat back and fully prepared themselves to drink in the wonderful words of wisdom that were about to pour forth from the heavy-mustachioed lips of Bill. But this time the sage turned Socratic on them, and instead of filling their intellectual cups to overflowing, he asked them a simple and homely question: "D'you hear about dat new school-teacher dey haf up in de *Berrickschule* now?"

None had heard of him.

"Vell, I heard it dat he teaches de vorld is round. I got it on good say. My *frau* did hear it from her *schwoger* vat is on de schoolboard. She tells how dey ast him how he vood teach de vorld, round oder flat, an' he

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says round! Den Extra Hoch ast him vy it was if de earth vas round dat de vater vood not all run out of his springs, an' this dumb school teacher says it vas because of de law of gravytaschun."

"Ach," said Schaeffer, "I think dat sometimes de earth is round."

"Vy Chim, are you agreein' vit all dese new ideas? I guess you is goin' to de dogs vit all de rest of de *junge*," said Ott with his confirmed pessimism.

"Ach, if I had yet two or three bottles of *Lauer's* de vorld vood go round, an' me vit it," said Bill. "But I agrees vit you dat fer one ding dey is too immoral, de *junge* dese days. Every night dey go out on der drinkin' an' neckin' parties. It ain't vat ve used ter do ven ve vas jung. Vy, ven ve vas jung ve ver wrong, but now ve are still always wrong."

"Vell, dat's de vay it goes venn it don't go," said Crouthamel with a terrible tone of fatalism in his voice.

But Jim Schaeffer, who seemed to me to be the lone defender of the younger generation, answered Bill's words with the following: "Ach, dey ain't so bad. Remember how ve used ter bundle ven ve vas jung? Schure you do. Vell dat vasn't so moral, neither, *nett?*"

All Bill could do was to admit that Schaeffer was right. But he felt that he had been robbed of one of the gems of his philosophical career. His pride as a philosopher had been hurt, and all he could do was to answer with dogmatic emphasis: "Still, dey is too darn immoral."

Ott now spoke up. The practical side of his nature shone forth in all its brilliance. He was the Justice of the Peace, and with a professional practicality, he asked: "Vell, vat can ve do about it, ennyhow."

* * * * *

And with this I considered my little visit to the country store terminated. I walked across the room, waved a

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greeting to the men who had entertained me so charmingly,
and left the store' As I descended the steps I glanced up
at the sign hanging from the roof of the porch by two
large iron staples and read:

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

John Stoudt.

GALE ABEAM

*It's a straight nor'easter and she's taking it abeam,
Roll away, roll you son, roll,
Heading through the trough with her lower deck astream,
Roll away, roll you son, roll.*

*The foc's'l's awash, you can hear the seamen swear:
"Roll away, roll you son, roll."
And they're crawling down amidships with their blankets
and their gear,
Roll away, roll you son, roll.*

*You can't stay in your bunk to save your blessed soul—
The soup's sloshing over in the Old Man's bowl—
But we're heading in to Boston over twenty fathom shoal,
So roll away, roll you son, roll.*

J. H.

CINEMA

IF I knew what the producers of "*Taxi*" thought when they produced it, I might make a fairer judgment of the picture, but since you won't know either, maybe my opinion is worth as much as the next fellow's. "*Taxi*" gives Irish James Cagney more than ample opportunity to exercise both his quick tongue and fists. The former he uses in his usual convincing manner and the back-chat is well suited to him. All goes well until some silly person makes the mistake of introducing a plot. The plot is distinctly ordinary and melodramatic, so we see a good slapstick comedy dwindle into murder and sudden death. My recommendation is that you invest in the first three-quarters of an hour of the picture, and then take a "taxi" quietly home, for by that time you'll have seen all there is to see.

If Loretta Young is doing piece-work she must be fairly raking in the shekels, but if she is on a contract the joke is certainly on her. She produces about a picture a month, it seems, and is steadily improving. Her work in this picture is quite good. But the real honors of "*Taxi*" go to one Leila Bennett, who is a riot throughout. If you don't think this gal is funny you'd better go only to the more morbid type of play, for, from the point of view of humor, you're a lost soul.

* * * * *

If you liked "*East of Borneo*" (which was terrible) you will be tickled to death by "*Prestige*," which is only

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poor. The plays are very similar, and the fact that this one has Ann Harding and Adolphe Menjou keeps it from being the year's worst; but still does not raise it to even a passing grade. Molière said that the first duty of a play was to *please*, so I don't think he wrote this one. If there happened to be a problem here about the fairness of sending army officers to take charge of a jungle penal settlement, from where they return "mere shells of men, broken in mind and body," we could excuse its production, but there is no such problem. The main idea is for Ann Harding to make her husband (well played by Melvyn Douglas, incidentally) keep his "head up" and not let the jungle "get" him. Why a director should waste such high talent on such a picture I'm sure I don't know, especially when people like Evelyn Brent, Constance Bennett and Lois Moran were probably yearning for the job and are certainly well equipped to play that kind of tripe.

* * * * *

Separate Marie Dressler from that impossible person, Polly Moran, and a good picture is a certainty. In "*Emma*", Marie works unhampered, and scores a success almost as great as that of "*Min and Bill*", for which she was awarded a prize for the best acting of 1930. The story is good enough and the support adequate, with honorable mention to Jean Hersholt, but Miss Dressler takes highest honors in a walk. This is a *good* picture.

* * * * *

THE TRUTH AS I SEE IT

Prestige—Even Ann Harding and Adolphe Menjou cannot save this pitiful affair. Twaddle.

Taxi—First half good, second half awful.

Emma—Unconditionally guaranteed.

Once a Lady—Ruth Chatterton makes this old one worth seeing again under the new title.

CINEMA

Mata Hari—Garbo dressed wrong. She has done better though the picture is not without merit.

Platinum Blonde—In the sticks by now but well worth a trip there to see it if you were so careless as to miss it.

Frankenstein—The current thriller. Only fair.

The Champ—Wallace Beery is always good. For those who like to cry this picture is a find.

John H. Hoag.



BOOKS

SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN

Christopher Morley

In *Swiss Family Manhattan*, Christopher Morley has again swung back into the delightful style of his earlier novels, such as *Where the Blue Begins* and *Thunder on the Left*. It is with a pleasant relief, after the tinselled sentimentality of his last novel, *Rudolph and Amina*, that we again find Mr. Morley in his becoming rôle of the genial philosopher, the keen observer of man's follies and foibles, and the master of pregnant, but not unkindly, satire.

The novel relates the amazing adventures of a retiring and statistically-minded clerk of the League of Nations' Secretariat, who, with his wife and two children, is stranded after a dirigible trip on the top of the Empire State Building, "a tree of steel perched above a sheer cliff of stone mountain-high." Their fear of the strange "anthropoids," who speak an "unintelligible patois" of English, gradually breaks down, and at length the modest Swiss statistician becomes the protégé of a bustling young girl, under whose guidance he makes a successful lecture tour of the country. His wife, meanwhile, from whom he has become separated, has made her way down from the "tree" and is innocently but profitably conducting a speakeasy. The story comes to an unexpected climax and the curtain falls.

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Considered merely for its plot, it must be confessed that the book would not demand much consideration, but there is much more to it than its fantastic and not-too-logical framework. Mr. Morley has here used the reactions and reflexions of his naïve (unbelievably naïve) hero as a smiling satire on American life. It is indeed pleasant and not a little profitable to see ourselves as others see us, or even as others might see us, and through the person of our Genevan clerk, Mr. Morley ironically portrays for us the paradoxes of our turbulent civilization. Today, when we consider ourselves at the pinnacle of enlightenment, it is refreshing to note the impression made on one who views us from an objective, though not unsympathetic point of view. Mr. Morley achieves this objectivity in a manner which lends his book much of its genuine charm.

As ever, Mr. Morley shows himself a discriminating lover of words. The book abounds in that choice phraseology which is so typical of its author. It does not have the richness and depth of *John Mistletoe*, nor does it claim them, but it is full of delicate humor, a keen sense of the ironic, and abundant vitality.

Doubleday, Doran & Co.

F. R. W.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Frederick Lewis Allen

In this informal history of the 'twenties Mr. Allen contributes both to our amusement and to our wisdom. Adapting the method of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" to a more strictly chronological presentation of recent history, he very cleverly describes and analyzes the most striking movements of the period in fashions, manners, morals, government, and economics.

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The account begins with the days of the "Red Menace" and ends with the 12 million share day on October 24, 1929, when a rather well-defined epoch came to a close. In between there is much that is pleasant, informative, and at times hysterical. We have the rise and fall of skirts, lip-stick and Lindbergh; the Ku Klux Klan, Freud, ballyhoo and indifference, reaching for the moon economically, a mad search for freedom, and disillusion all around. It is a strange and rather unfortunate period in which the turnover of morals reaches a new high, the newspapers emphasize sport, crime, and sex, and myriads of novels suggest a somewhat sickly *Weltschmerz*. Nor is moral independence noticeable. As Modernists try to meet Science half-way, they describe God in such terms that a stranger listening to some of their sermons arrives at the conclusion that "God is just a big, oblong blur."

Besides presenting these smaller manifestations of the spirit of the time, Mr. Allen makes a definite addition to our knowledge and understanding in giving coherent accounts of the great Bull Market and the oil scandals of Harding's term.

And yes, behind all of the individual events, large and small, there is one unifying, all-explanatory fact: America was tired of Sacrifice. Men wanted freedom from care and restraint. And they got it en masse. Everybody had the same kind, and when the end of desire was reached people found it was a dead end, remarking, "Well, we've got freedom, in fact we're saturated with liberty, but just what of it?" Now in 1932 the 'twenties are much farther away than is 1904 or 1896. While the century's third decade was tired of Great Causes, its fourth will have to start crusading again.

There is much of permanent value in this vivid panorama of the recent ten-year period, especially to the generation which grew up during that time. The book serves as a means of consolidating the jumble of events

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which we all knew happened, but in most cases failed to analyze or view with intelligent perspective. To the young people of today Mr. Allen's volume will undoubtedly serve as a rich source of reminiscence in the years to come.

Harpers

B. V. L.

FOUR PLAYS OF EURIPIDES

Translated by
Augustus Taber Murray

Any new translation of the classics, especially in the case of an author so often and so capably put into English as Euripides, is bound to bring up the old question of the relative merits of verse and prose as the medium of translation. A good poetic version, such as the well-known one of Gilbert Murray, is likely to be the more enjoyable, but very little comparison with the original is required to see that however faithfully the verse translator may represent the *spirit* of Euripides, the exigencies of metre often lead him far astray from what his author actually *says*. Certainly for the student desirous of forming his own opinion as to the meaning of Euripides, a faithful prose translation can be of considerable value, and it was with this purpose in mind, as he shows in his preface, that Dr. Murray undertook a translation of four representative plays of the last great Athenian tragic poet.

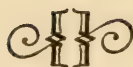
The volume contains the *Alcestis*, *Medea*, *Hippolytus* and *Iphigenia among the Taurians*. The book is equipped with a scholarly introduction to the subject, and each play is furnished with a separate introduction and explanatory notes. There is also a bibliography of translations and of critical studies of Euripides. The book is a fine piece of typography, with well spaced pages and large type.

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The translations are beautifully done in dignified and flowing language. They are faithful, but not slavish, and possess a subtle rhythm which suggests the poetic charms of the original. Though for the average reader the Gilbert Murray version will undoubtedly continue to be the favorite, the student of Euripides will be hard put to it to find any more accurate and readable translation than this of Dr. Augustus T. Murray. *THE HAVERFORDIAN* takes pleasure in congratulating a distinguished alumnus on an excellent piece of work.

Stanford University Press

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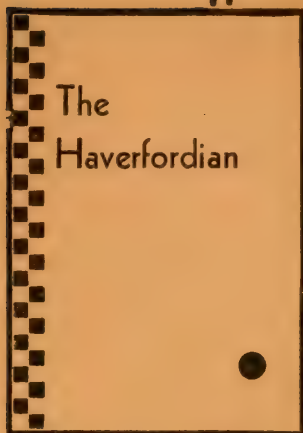
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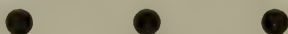
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The Haverfordian

VOL. LI

HAVERFORD, PA., APRIL, 1932

NO. 6

"*The Haverfordian*" is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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A Salty Dog

*"No, you keep off the sea, lad,
There's other jobs galore.
It's a rotten life and a tough life;
You're better off ashore.*

*"It's sweat and freeze and mouldy food,
And work until you crack,
And one slip up aloft, lad,
You break your blessed back.*

*"And they call all hands on deck, lad,
When it's your watch below.
A sailor's life is a dog's life,
It's the rottenest job I know.*

*"Well, it's early to bed for me, lad,"
His old eyes sparkled bright,
And a happy smile lit up his face,
"We're headin' out tonight."*

John Hazard.



We Were Just Talking

DIARY says: "Now I wish I could repeat everything that was said at dinner tonight. Bobby began remarking that the cavemen were better off than we are today because they had none of the complexities of modern civilization to prepare for, and not being used to any of our modern comforts, were just as happy without them. And then they go bragging that they're the wisest animals there are. . . ."

Now Bobby is my cousin, fourteen years old, a freshman in high school. He is lanky and growing, but still possessed of his babyish face, and whiney voice. He can't eat gravy that has lumps in it, or meat that's got a lot of fat on it, or oysters, or burnt toast. Sometimes you think he can't say anything else but "Gosh." He hates algebra and social science, which he has to study in school. He can't see any use in all that dry junk, in algebra, or why social science is so full of stuff about the Renaissance, and Calvin, and Luther, and then the scientific revolution with Sir Isaac Newton and all those guys, Gosh!

Well, Bob's always interested in talking with his children, especially about their school work. This is "big Bob" my uncle. I don't know—I suppose he was like Bobby when he was little, but he is a lot different now. He's a darn good person to get along with; he's versatile and creative; he can play the piano and saxophone and banjo; he used to be especially good on the piano at ragtime and ballads, for he composed a lot of

THE HAVERFORDIAN

pieces, for Bobby and for Patsy, his eleven-year-old daughter, some for a children's operetta he got up. He's written poems—a book of them called *Prickly Pear Poems* which are about cowboys and coyotes and cattle-rustlers. He's written short stories. He's an expert when it comes to outdoor life. He can hunt and fish and shoot and cook flapjacks with the best of them. He's got a good sense of humor and likes to talk like an old prospector; and he greatly enjoys talking about his sister, my mother, whose academic propensities, and perfect enjoyment of such authors as Charles Lamb, Stevenson, Thackeray, Maria Edgeworth, Richard Jeffries, Max Beerbohm, and Christopher Morley, are his favorite jokes—not jokes, but digs.

Well, he's a good guy, Uncle Bob, but he's got a family to support, and his hair is turning gray, and he's got a sort of raspy snarl in his voice when he gets to arguing, that is hard to answer patiently. But he's all right. I'll be that way too when I'm forty-seven. As it is, he's cheerful and joking most of the day. He just stuck his head in my room here where I'm writing and said, "Dashing off a saga, Timoleon?" Anybody who has read *Footlights* in the *Saturday Evening Post* will know why he calls me Timoleon.

And so this evening when we were finishing dinner, eating pumpkin pie, he began by telling his finicky son a few things:

"Oh yes, I guess *you* would like that kind of life with no pudding or scalloped potatoes or adventure magazines to read."

"Yeah, but if man never learned to enjoy those things he'd be just as happy without them. Men aren't any higher than animals that way. The cavemen used to live just like them. I bet the cavemen were just as good as the men today."

"Oh no they weren't," and Bob snarls evilly. "Bunch

WE WERE JUST TALKING

of low-browed animals that didn't know anything about Galsworthy!" And then he grinned and looked at me.

Well, I've forgotten all the things we said next, but anyway I said to Bobby: "Don't you believe there's a divine spark in man or something that raises him above all other animals?"

"No, there isn't. Don't kid yourself about that 'divine spark' stuff. (This is Bob speaking.) Human beings are the orneriest animals there are. A good dog or a horse have it all over 'em."

Now he spoke with such rancor and always Timoleon'd me off the table every time I began a defense of art or poetry, and so belittled all the culture I went East to absorb, that I made the best argument I've made in weeks. I listened to a rhapsody on the pursuits of mankind without saying a word, at least after he got started.

In settling Bobby's caveman complex, Bob ended up with, "After all we're in the world to get ease, comfort, and pleasure. That right, Timoleon?"

Which hedonism made me remember the last page of the Introduction to dear, old *Paulsen*,—where "energism," another theory of the purpose of life, was described as the "complete and harmonious use of all human faculties," or something like that.

So I said, "What about the complete and harmonious use of all the human faculties?" Whereupon he lashed out, "Well, that's all the same. That may be your idea of it, but it's pleasure just the same, isn't it?"

Now here I was stranded with a swell philosophical theory to advance against "ease, comfort and pleasure." I was too proud to give in, and anyway I'm sure "ease, comfort and pleasure" isn't what we're *all* looking for, though I'm darned if I know just what else. No, I'm sure it's something else. I think it was the snarl on Bob's face that seemed incompatible with philosophic argument. Or maybe I was just the timid soul. Oh, I don't know. We were just talking anyway.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

But Bob went on rhapsodizing: "Now here's the thing that gets me most upset. You take one of those poor, dumb old guys that lives out in a gulch somewhere. No education, or theory of what's best, or books or music or anything. He may be dirty, and chew tobacco, and not have any comforts that we have, and yet he can be just as happy as a boy going to college and having all sorts of cultural benefits. It's all relative."

There would have been no necessity for me to say: "Yes, I admit human beings are ornery—more ornery than animals. That's a resultant vice of their complexities. But are you going to say, 'because it's all relative,' that the sweet idiocy of Jigg (little black spaniel) when he waddles up against your foot imploring you to rub his spine—are you saying that such an example of animal comfort and pleasure is, relatively or not, equal to the greatest exultations of Shakespeare, Beethoven, Woolman, St. Francis? If you are, you are merely skidding across the whole Eden of the human heart, the human mind, the human soul." All that would be less wasted on him than belittled to the tune of his cowboy aesthetics. So I didn't say it.

"Why, when I was in Minnesota twenty years ago, up on the iron range, I used to walk two miles with some friends of mine to hear a rotten, little, old Victrola play, and I betcha we got as much pleasure out of that as you would out of Grand Opera in the East somewhere."

What a state of mind! I'm in that half-baked mental development where my head is full of idealism, the high "invincible surmises" of mature thinkers, which I have gotten from "book-learning." And I haven't the background or the skill or the brains to bring my invincible surmises, or the invincible surmises of other souls, down to earth, to the supper table where Bobby is fidgeting with bread and jelly and where Bob is scowling while he rolls a cigarette out of Bull Durham. Perhaps the

WE WERE JUST TALKING

rustic is relatively as happy as the cultured or the patriotic, but certainly we should have a standard of happiness, or—achievement—higher than mere relative comfort. Otherwise why is civilization ever working upward and creating science, art, literature, music, and so on?

In spite of all uncertainty, and unanswered argument and invincible surmises that don't go over so hot, this evening's talk was worth while. I can think of a dozen other boys just like me, equally filled with idealism and academic ambrosia, equally unable to justify themselves before a hard-working world of engineers, business men and mechanics. And for my own self at least, I found it was a pretty healthy thing to sit there by my uncle, with his head cocked, blowing smoke out of his mouth, and waiting to pounce on any cultured horseradish I might utter. And I just sat there, saying nothing and not liking it very well. Anyway the table had to be cleared off and the dishes done. Oh well, this wasn't a very serious argument; we were just talking.

Oliver F. Eggleston.



An Ideal

*Would you imagine an ideal
Spun out of hope and hid in space
Could come to earth and seem so real
That it should change and leave no trace
Of what had been?*

*Do you believe that gulf betwixt
What is and what in hope might be
Remains the same forever fixed,
Or does it narrow gradually
And make them one?*

*My one ideal I thought too good,
When first I formed it in my mind,
To bind it to a thing that should
Perchance be out of shade and blind
Its one desire.*

*But here you are, you've crossed the bar
That lay between my dreams and me,
One hope that craved and wandered far
Has come to life that it might be
My fairest guide.*

E. T. B.



Rapiendi Doctor

THE DESPERATE ONE
THE ROMANTIC ONE.

The scene is of a city street at night. The Desperate one is seen to amble on the stage, cross in front of the lamp-post (just to the left of the center) and lean on the wall of one of the buildings. He is carelessly dressed, but his garb shows him to have a decided taste—mostly bad. He seems the typical holdup man.

Enter, the Romantic one, striding jauntily, singing to himself and rather admiring his voice. From all appearances, he has probably been on a swell date.

The D. O. sighs patiently, pulls out his revolver, and after the R. O. passes says:

D. O.: Awrite, Buddy.

R. O.: Awrite what? (*Turns and sees the revolver*). Oh!
(*Throws his hands up,*)

D. O. (*wearily*): Aw, quit dat. Got any dough?

R. O. (*at ease*): Oh, gee, I'm awfully sorry, but—

D. O.: Yeah, I know: '... but it's Thursday and payday's Sat'day.'

R. O. (*gratefully*): Yes, and I've just had a nawfully expensive date.

D. O. (*long-suffering*): Well, how much you got?

R. O.: Six dollars and thirty-five cents (*Displays it. D. O. takes it.*)

D. O.: Say, wait a minute! There's only six-thoity here.

R. O. (*distressed*): OH—Oh, damn that packagum.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

D. O.: O. K. How much will you need till Saturday?

R. O.: I guess I might make it on (*pause*) . . . two and a quarter.

D. O. (*returning that amount to him*): Better make it two and a half. (*Gives the quarter to him.*) It's always best to stick to de safe side. Well, so long.

R. O.: Say, wait a second. Can't you stay a while?

D. O.: What for?

R. O.: Well, you see I'm a newspaper reporter, but I've always wanted to write a book. Couldn't you give me some material? (*Takes out notebook and pencil.*)

D. O. (*modestly*): Wal, there ain't much to it.

R. O. (*assuming reporter's stance*): Oh, no not at all, sir. I'm sure the readers of the *Tribune* would be pleased to hear what a man of your ideals and accomplishments has to say. (*Remembering himself*) I mean, don't you think it's romantic?



D. O.: Hell, no. I don't recommend this game to no one (*R. O. writes.*)

R. O. (*reporter-like, with poised pencil*): Too dangerous?

D. O.: Hell, no. It's easy to handle cops—especially for me. My brother-in-law's a sergeant, so I can steer clear of most cops, and the rest I help along. The

RAPIENDI DOCTOR

poor fellers gotta live, and I guess that's how they feel about me.

R. O. (*professionally*): I see, Mr . . . Mr?

D. O.: Watts is my name—Ed Watts.

R. O.: Mr. Watts, what is it you don't like about this game?

D. O.: Well, the hours for one thing. Almost as bad as a night watchman.

R. O.: I see, of course, but the pay's good, isn't it?

D. O.: No. That's where most people get fooled. You see, these days, people use so many checks. And the depression hit us too, because the ones who do draw cash now, get it little by little to make it seem like more.

R. O.: Ah, yes, I see. But tell me, Mr. (*hesitating, while trying to remember the name. Just as he gets it, the D. O. comes to the rescue, and at exactly the same time, they both say:*) Watts. Do you think there is a future to your business?

D. O.: Well, yes. That is, as much as to any other business which serves the public. You see, ours is a specialty. It serves only the newspapers, authors, and insurance companies. It's really more like a profession. You're your own boss; you have your own hours, and develop your own technique, and yet with a certain classical background. People will keep coming into it as long as they come into any other profession.

R. O.: And what about your life. How did you get into this work—er—profession?

D. O.: My life's just like anyone else's, I guess. Ordinary home, went to school and got into fights just like any other boy. Flunked outa high school. and gotta job as office boy for a politician—dead now—Chubby Weeks. Most guys get into this either from politics or law. The best man in this game today, Jim Fen-

THE HAVERFORDIAN

man, was a lawyer three years. Well, I didn't jump right in the way some chaps do. I guess it's not in my nature. I read up in books and magazines—even went back to Roman times. Did research on those fellows that robbed Theseus. And let me tell you—you can't believe all you hear about Judas Iscariot, either. Of course, when I got through, I was much too theoretical about it, and my brother-in-law, he's a po-lice sergeant, showed me the practical side of it. Gave me the most modern developments, and, if I do say it, I've improved on them lots. I made some good contacts through him. Cops know a lot, and always glad to help a fellow.

R. O.: Well, Mr. Watts, thanks a lot. I won't take any more of your time. By the way, how's that (*forcing*) "gat" of yours?

D. O.: That what?

R. O.: That gat—er—revolver.

D. O.: Oh, my revolver. It doesn't shoot, of course. Just a small one for blanks.

R. O. (*producing one*): We reporters are allowed to carry them, but I never use it. Want it?

D. O.: Hell, no. They scare me to death, and remember, it's always the ones that aren't loaded that hurt people.

R. O. (*recovering notebook and pencil*): Right. And if my book sells, you really ought to get something, especially after that rotten haul.

D. O.: Oh, thanks. That's swell of you.

R. O.: Don't mention it. Think what it's worth to me. Could I have your address?

D. O. (*producing card*): Sure, only don't use my name. It weakens my prestige. You're Bill Fisher of the *Tribune*. You don't know how much trouble it was to get you here.

RAPIENDI DOCTOR

R. O. (*indignantly, and perhaps having a troubled feeling about the date*): What do you mean?

D. O.: I told you that the three institutions that rely on us are the insurance companies, newspapers and authors.

I've done work for the People's Insurance. I pulled most of that housebreaking scare last April, and within two weeks, the burglary policies increased 18 per cent. It's big money, but I don't like to work for a company. You miss the personal contacts. So I make special rates for authors: fifteen for newspaper stories; thirty to seventy-five for magazine articles, and books at the flat rate of 5 per cent on royalties. But if you find my fees too high, anything you can afford is all right. Goodnight.

R. O. (*aghast until D. O. leaves. Then reads the card aloud*):

Edwin Watts, R.D.

Depredator

3321 Linwood Ave.

Sidney Hollander.



A MEAL WITH THE MUSES

(The poets—some of them—visit Founders Hall.)
Prologue (in chorus).

*We'd never met a Founders meal—
And may we ne'er more meet one—
But one damn' thing we deeply feel:
We'd rather meet than eat one.*

Course I—described by a Mr. Swinburne.

*O soup not savoury but sour,
O something served up with a smell,
O slush stewed and simmered for hours,
And seasoned by Satan in hell.*

*O mystical mush of the mire,
Full of straws that no strainer can strain;
And pepper that purgeth like fire:
Our Liquor of Pain.*

*Though one were strong as seven,
Him too this soup shall quell—
Though dull as days in heaven,
'Tis hot as hours in hell;
When gulped it burns in going,
Like moor-fires made at mowing,
But spite of endless blowing,
In the end it is not well.*

Editor's Note: In looking through the old files of the *HAVERTFORDIAN* we came across this poem by a former editor which we feel is too good to keep to ourselves.

A MEAL WITH THE MUSES

Course II—or at least the chicken part of it, described
by a Mr. Shelley.

*Hail to thee, blithe spirit,
Bird thou never wert.
(etc.)*

Courses III, IV, V, etc.—by whoever, if any, can do
them justice.

Course XXXX—described by one Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow.

*The meal is done, but the pie-course
Is a torture that may not be missed;
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
Which my soul can not resist.*

*A feeling of sadness—and nausea
Which is close akin to pain,
And resembles hunger only
As the sun resembles the rain.*

*The shades of night were falling fast,
As to my place that pie was pass'd.
With trembling fork, but yet no sound,
I lifted up the crust and found
Excelsior!*

*The crust was hard; the pie beneath
Scarce showed within its ironbound sheath.
But there indeed, like wisps of hay,
Snake-like and terrible it lay:
Excelsior!*

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*Thanks, thanks to thee, my stony friend,
For the moral thou hast pointed!
Thus on the hard-baked crust of life
Our jaws must be disjointed;
Thus at the poisonous feast of fate
Our tastes all disappointed.*

*Hunks of this pie all remind one
College meals can taste like—*
And, departing, leave behind 'em
No live men the tale to tell.*

*Let us then be up and chewing,
With the strength for any pie;
Still a-stabbing, still pursuing,
Learn digestion, or to die.*

* Mr. Longfellow refused to allow this word to be inserted.





Das Leben

CARESSINGLY he ran his hand over his violin as he sat awaiting his cue. The applause died down and the audience settled itself for the heralded number of the evening's performance. It was to be the first public playing of Karl Hofmann's musical *Dichtung* "Das Leben" and the young composer was to play the violin solo parts! Critics who had attended rehearsals had forecast that the piece would sweep the musical world in triumph. *Der Kappellemeister* nodded to the young violinist. He arose and took his position near the conductor's desk. He raised his beloved instrument to position and signified that he was ready. Behind him the orchestra waited with visible impatience to begin. The hall was packed to capacity. The duke was present and had sent his best wishes to the young composer, to the son of the famous concert-meister and violin soloist of the orchestra—*der gute alte Hofmann*. Tonight the father would lead the violins as usual and lead them in giving their best support to his son. His face beamed with pride to think that here was his son following in his footsteps. So it was with good cause that young Hofmann faced the audience with no sign of nervousness.

Heinrich, the conductor, raised his baton and "Das Leben" had started. With the orchestra playing a light accompaniment, young Hofmann introduced the *Dichtung* with a quiet melodious lullaby. As softly as a mother's voice crooning a lullaby to her drowsy infant Karl's mellow violin whispered. The violin seemed to enter into the spirit of its master and gave itself entirely to portraying the shades of feelings woven into the lullaby. Now the

THE HAVERFORDIAN

violins en masse took up the lullaby and they and the soloist developed the theme in antiphonies. Gradually the music changed and became gayer and fuller. The soloist rested as the entire orchestra in beautiful lilting music portrayed the free-heartedness and abandon of childhood's early years. But as the solo violin took up the melody again the music changed subtly. The general tone was still that of lightness, but there was a delicate but unmistakable vein of a more sombre character throughout—the child began to realize that life was not all play but that there were tasks to be performed and duties to be fulfilled and decisions to be made. But time and again the sombreness was shaken off as the violin of Karl Hoffmann filled the hall with vibrating joyousness, with the song of advanced childhood.

Now the brass section blazed forth in their splendor and glory to announce adolescence! Once again the soloist had an interlude of silence while the violins under his father's skilful guidance and leadership depicted in thrilling music the storm of life that greets the developing adolescent. Life with its sombreness breaks into the clear sky of light-hearted childhood and clouds of questioning obscure the sun of perfect peace. The music ceased to have the brilliant flashes and cadences that had marked the preceding theme and now it took on a tone of calmness—the youth was beginning to find his place and life was apparently settling down into an even tenor. Beautiful simple harmony held the audience enthralled.

During this interlude the soloist had been gazing out over the audience. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness which mantled the audience breathlessly following the musical panorama of life being presented to them, he turned his eyes toward the first box to the right of the stage. He noted with satisfaction that a beautiful young lady was there. She was leaning forward in her chair, following the music with her whole being. He said to him-

DAS LEBEN

self, "I hope she will catch the meaning of all this."

The audience started suddenly as the subdued melodious strain was interrupted by the sweeping of a deep passionate movement over the whole tone picture. It started with the cellos and as the hall resounded with their vibrant passionate stirring tones the woodwinds joined them. From here the brass section took the passionate strain and in stirring, thrilling tones hurled forth the challenge of love to the world! The effect of this storm of passion rising to its climax in the challenging and glorious full tones of the trumpets thrilled the audience to the depths of their beings. Genius was here expressing itself!

But as the last notes of the trumpets died the audience was to receive another shock as Karl picked up the thread of the story, this time with a passage of tender, caressing music which had a decided tinge of seriousness and restrained passion behind it. Here was the very expression of pure soul-felt love of a man for a maid. The violin seemed almost possessed with a soul as it responded to Karl's magic bow. And now to make still another thrill pass through the audience *der gute alte Hofmann* joined in with his son and in a duet that moved women to tears and made the men shift uneasily in their seats these two violinists filled the hall with the music which only two hearts can speak to each other—two hearts, in the glory of youth, that call to each other from the depths of their passion. The two musicians interwove their melodies with amazing delicacy and skill. Never had the audience heard instruments respond so completely to the feeling of the music. The violins sang, then they sobbed, and now they gave voice to that painful happiness which only lovers know. Now faintly, hardly perceptible, in the background, the whole orchestra sang the song of the wind in the trees as the lovers strolled along the path beneath the sheltering boughs of trees decked in the verdant garb of spring. Now the gentle lapping of waves along the shore

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might be heard as an undertone while the lovers sang their duet of love, seeing in the vastness of the ocean the vastness of life stretched out before them.

Once more the two violins alone sang together. But somehow a slight discord had crept in and with a flash the two quarreled! A pause. With a sob the violin of Karl broke the silence! As though a man's anguished soul was being laid bare to the audience young Hofmann's violin sobbed and wailed the bitter ending of the love duet. Somewhere in the audience a woman sobbed audibly. A rustle of uneasiness swept through the listeners as the mourning voice of the violin climbed to the heights of despair, and then sank down into the gripping repressed sobs that speak of untold agony beneath the surface. Just as though Karl himself had with one last soul-rending sob conquered a bitter grief, so his violin broke off as the whole orchestra now took up the theme.

The melody now presented was solemn and mournful. Deep feeling could be felt in the undercurrent. The cellos were sobbing almost inaudibly while the other instruments struggled to stop the grief, just as the will tries to overcome the emotions. Karl had bowed his head as he concluded his master solo. But as the sobbing of the cellos ceased, subdued by the woodwinds and brass, he raised his head. Under half-closed eyelids he shot his glance toward the box. The girl's head was buried in her hands and occasionally her shoulders shook as with a repressed sob. The music though predominately sad now began to brighten gradually. The optimism of young manhood and eternal hope broke through the melancholy. The music was lighter but without the gayety and brightness of childhood. The lightness was that of manhood which had come to realize that there are no absolute disasters in this life and had decided to go onward in the struggle of life.

Once more Karl's violin sang with the orchestra. Now its music blended with the music of the whole just as one

DAS LEBEN

man learns to blend his life with the lives of those about him. Occasionally the voice of the solo instrument rose above the voices of the others, now it sank back again to be lost in the swell of the group. But its voice began to be heard more often, and its tone became ever happier and fuller. Finally it rose gloriously above all the others as the soul of the man rose to the happiness of achievement. The single violin's voice rose and fell in the glory of successful manhood, of manhood that has found its place and has attained success. With a sudden burst of joy the whole orchestra picked up this exultant strain. It was with this strain which expressed the happiness of manhood—happiness tinged with seriousness and marred slightly by scars of the past—that the *Dichtung* came to a close.

For a long moment after the final strains of the music had ceased to resound through the hall, absolute silence reigned. But then as the spell of the music was broken, the audience rose in cheers to pay its tribute to the young composer who had made his own violin reveal the heights and depths of human emotion. Karl acknowledged the applause with a bow, and then turned to receive the praise of his father. The whole orchestra forgot the audience and rushed to congratulate their young comrade.

Several hours later Karl and his father were at home. They sat together before an open fire-place in their parlor, and in quiet tones discussed the success of the evening. The voice of the father was vibrant with happiness as he spoke. "Your Guarnerius seemed to live tonight as it responded to the sensitive touch of your bow. Not once was your tone the slightest shade off! Your technic is marvellous in one of your experience, my son. You will cherish that wonderful burst of applause at the end throughout your life." "No, I do not think that that is the moment I shall remember. The supreme moment of the whole evening came as we two played together weaving the two songs of love so finely together. I could

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almost feel the audience swaying with the music and the emotions it was depicting. Then could I have said as my soul lost itself in the music I was playing, *Verweile doch . . . du bist so schön!*"

Meditatively Karl stared into the flames which were dancing in ardent splendour in the fireplace. As the light and shade played across the features of his son, Hofmann studied the face of this his son—so well known to him, and yet so little known! In a voice scarcely more than a whisper Hofmann shot this question at his son: "Something vital to you lies behind that melodious duet, more than even the passionate music portrays? Ah, tell me Karl, *mein Sohn, mein lieber Sohn.*" Shaking his head, Karl replied, "Yes, something of my own life lies within that duet, but what—I can not tell." With this there was a knock at the door. Karl started to rise to answer the summons, but his father had anticipated him.

Brooding on the thoughts occasioned by his father's question, Karl immediately became lost in himself. Suddenly in the fireplace he noticed that an ember had burst into a sudden brilliant flame and then suddenly died down. "Just so it was. A brilliant flash—and then it was gone." But even as he spoke the flame burst forth again and almost immediately it died down and the ember started to turn to ash.

"Fraulein Kathrina comes to congratulate you, Karl." With a start Karl rose to face the visitor. *Vater* Hofmann silently retired. The two left thus alone stood silently studying one another. She saw in him a young man of twenty-five. He was not handsome, though his features were regular. In his face could be read a firmness of character, and one was impressed by a general nobleness of carriage, self-reliant but without conceit. Karl saw before him the vision which he carried about in his memory—a beautiful girl. Her features were not so regular as his but presented that unity which is essential to beauty. Her

DAS LEBEN

hair was a glorious mass of golden threads of silk. Her blue eyes were still misty as though a shower had just passed and the sun had not yet cleared away the mist. Smiling slightly, he queried, "Well?"

With a voice that trembled ever so slightly she hesitatingly replied, "I want to express to you how wonderful I think,—I think your composition is; and I think your interpretation of it was magnificent. I—I—" Suddenly what she really wanted to say burst forth just as a restrained mountain stream does when the obstruction is moved. "Why did you have to express your feelings in music? If only, if only I had known that it meant so much to you. I did suffer at the parting, but I never knew that I really meant so much to you. Why didn't you tell me?" "You never tried to see if it did hurt me. You don't forget, either, do you, that I did make several attempts, but you would not give me a chance? But I suffered! It would have killed me, killed me, if I had not had some way to express my pent-up feelings, and so, so I turned to music. I turned to that medium which you had scorned and mocked though it was my medium for expressing the beauties which permeated my soul when love first spread its radiant bloom throughout my nature. But perhaps I should thank you for driving me to expressing my feelings in music—and thus attaining fame,—attaining fame because you rejected the love which I offered to you!" "Karl, don't! I know that I played the fool. Do not make me remember all the ugly past!" "Make you remember? I do not have to be made to remember, I am cursed, or perhaps blessed, with that disease—a vivid memory that forgets no detail! I'll never forget the night when you mocked my musical interests and told me that you could never marry a mere musician. You wanted a husband who would take the world by storm in 'some worthwhile field of human endeavor!'" "Oh, how can you torture me by making

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all that night live again in memory. I have come, come to make atonement for all that, if I can." "If you can! Now that I have started on the road to fame, you are willing to admit that you know me and, I suppose, you would be quite content if—if—" and here his voice lost its harshness and as he finished it trembled with feeling, "if I should once more confess that I loved you and ask you to make life a duet and not a solo for myself and you? Is that what you came to tell me?" In acquiescence she bowed her head, blushing. For a moment his eyes rested upon her bowed head with the gentleness of a caress, but then they suddenly lighted up with all the fire of his soul. "If that is what you came for, your mission is useless. I have suffered too much and have struggled too hard to share it now with one who did not think enough of me or my profession to help me and inspire me when I most needed help and inspiration! Perhaps if you had condescended to marry me then, I might have risen to success sooner because of your inspiration. But because you refused to do so when I decided to follow my father's profession, I have suffered mental torment—the worst hell a man can ever go through—and only with great effort have I been able to unite myself so that I can go on. No one knows what I suffered, not even my father, for I left at once to study, so he didn't appreciate the crisis through which I was passing, though he sees a hint of something in 'Das Leben'. I can never forget nor forgive those hours of hell I have endured because of you, so," with an effort he continued, "so, good-night, and—good-bye!"

Kathrina collapsed into a weeping mass, and in those few moments she suffered agony in remorse for her past. Karl revealed the depths of his feeling, though the revelation was mainly unconscious, as he watched the girl at his feet. The muscles of his face relaxed and an expression of infinite tenderness appeared. His eyes were

DAS LEBEN

visibly moist. But suddenly his face hardened again as memory spoke to him again of days gone by and the pain this girl had occasioned him. Tensing his whole being to fight back his deeper feelings he addressed her in stern tones. "Come, come! You once took the happiness out of my life just when life was sweetest; and now when life has just become attractive through success you come and take away the pleasure of my success!"

As though stung by this remark, Kathrina drew herself together and rose to face the man who had caused her to make the supreme sacrifice any man can expect a woman to make—the abasement of herself to him because of her love for him in an attempt to win him. With tenderness Karl took her hands in his and in a gentle voice said, "I am sorry, Kathrina, but the past is gone, and the memories linger on in pain; we must each try to forget what we once meant to each other and to live our lives separately. I once thought that the great music-master had meant our lives to be a beautiful duet, but—but it seems that we read the score incorrectly, and though our parts are written in the same brace they do not form a harmony, a har—"

He was interrupted by the beautiful strains of his father's violin coming from the adjoining room. With intricate double-fingering his father was playing part of the violin duet from "Das Leben"! The violin seemed to sob its melody and then gradually the tone changed to one of peace and contentment and finally the duet came to them dancing in joy as the skilled old musician poured his soul out through his instrument. Entranced the two listened. Suddenly, as though moved by the hope and joy expressed by the music, and taking it as a presage of the future, Karl swept Kathrina into the tight embrace of his arms. As his lips hovered over hers he whispered, "Now begins the true duet of life. This *is* Das Leben!" The music of the violin suddenly changed to "das Liebeslied"!

Robert H. Morgan.

NIGHT OF PEACE

A translation from the Spanish of Luis De Leon.

*When I behold the sky
With innumerable lights adorned,
And then the earth descry,
Of night suborned,
Buried in sleep and in forgetfulness,*

*Love and pain
Waken in my heart a burning flame,
And ever from my eyes
The tears flow without rest
Till my tongue speaks at last, with grief oppressed:*

*O mansion of magnificence,
Temple of light incomparable,
My soul, that to thy height
At birth aspired, what spell of madness
Holds thee in this low prison-house of sin?*

*What mortal folly thus
From Truth separates us
So that, oblivious
Of thy goodness, we seek
The land of shadow, darkness, and despair?*

*Man lives imprisonèd
In sleep, and recks not of the stars.
But with measured pace
Heaven's host comes on—
The hours of life march on and die.*

NIGHT OF PEACE

*Ah, mortal men awake!
Regard not lightly loss!
Immortal souls
Of such transcendent stature
Why slumber in the mire of dull delusion?*

*O, skyward lift your eyes,
To the eternal heavenly sphere,
You will then despise
The vanities of this Flatterer World.
(How it frightens, lures, and then encells us.)*

*Is it more than a brief chance
This low and stupid Thing, compared
With the Eternal's glance,
With Love on silver wing?
What Is, what shall Be, what hath Been?*

*Who hears the deathless harmonies
Of those uplifting splendors,
Their movement naught but beautifies,
Their every note engenders
A flooded feeling of quick peace;*

*How in the moon's clear train
Her silver disc revolving,
The light of wisdom reigns,
And there above a-gleaming,
Follows, serenely fair, the star of love;*

*But another way
Blood-red angry Mars pursues,
While Jove benign,
With many stars entwined,
Blesses Heaven with his rays of love;*

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*And yonder in the height,
Saturn, father of the Age of Gold,
After him the multitude
Of the shining choir
Their light and all their treasure still unfold.*

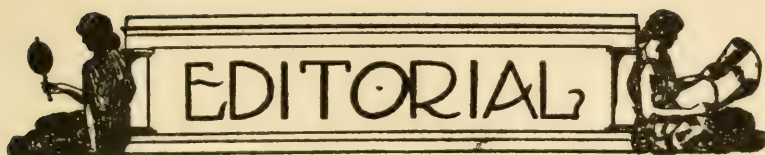
*Who may all this descry
And pleasure still in this mean earth retain?
Who will not groan and sigh
To break the chain that holds the soul?
O break the imprisoning chain!*

*Lo, here lies sweet content,
Reigns peace, and on a rich
And lofty throne
Rules love, holy, pure,
Delight and honor evermore at one.*

*Transcendent beauty
Here reveals herself,
Light, quintessence pure, beams on us never to
grow faint.
Eternal Spring here flowers,
Breaks, bursts, buds, and blossoms.*

*O fields of truth most fair!
Meadows ever fresh indeed and bright!
O mines of riches rare!
O fountains of delight!
Deep valleys, full with Peace!*

Wilson B. Reed.



Halfway Up Parnassus

ONCE invested with the cloak of office, we were presented with a paste-pot, a book of sample cuts from the Westbrook Publishing Company and a sheaf of rejected stories and poems in a folder which a former editor had inscribed, *Halfway Up Parnassus*. Most of these rejected contributions have been relegated to this editorial graveyard because their writers chose subjects about which they had no first-hand knowledge. One of the poems describes the sufferings of a man dying of thirst on a desert island. A typical short story describes the ill fate of an Alaskan steamer that sank within sight of the home port with all hands on board.

Undergraduate writers have ranged "from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand" in their search for material. The halfway house on Parnassus would have fewer occupants if these writers had stuck to life as seen through and colored by their own personalities. The revelation of one's own personality is almost the *sine qua non* of interesting writing. As a friend recently wrote: "Now I have plenty to write. There is no doubt about that at all. But it is all twisted and fermenting about me and my personality. I shall find it hard to write a piece without trying to plaster myself all over the campus. Plato's outstanding characteristic of style, we might say (I think we will say), is the suppression of his own personality. In my case the personality not only taints all the material, but wriggles its insistent tentacles all over the reader's eyes."

THE HAVERFORDIAN

This year the *HAVERFORDIAN* has been more representative of the student body than at any other time since we have been in college. We will do our best to encourage a large number of students from all the classes to contribute. We hope that the definition of the *HAVERFORDIAN* as a "literary" magazine will not discourage any student from handing in contributions. If your ideas are expressed sincerely, simply and in your own manner and style they will have fulfilled the first requirements of good literature. A wise old Frenchman wrote, "The reader is astonished and delighted to find a natural style; for he had expected to see an author and instead he meets a man."



BOOKS

THE SHADOW OF A CLOUD

Granville Toogood, '20

WHEN *Hunstman in the Sky* appeared two years ago, it was acclaimed as a brilliant first novel. *The Shadow of a Cloud* more than fulfils the promise shown in the earlier work, and establishes Mr. Toogood as a writer from whom much may be expected.

It is the story of Linda Stevens, who leaves Baltimore to go on the stage in New York. She has talent, and through her friends she makes the proper connections. Denis Townsend, a promising young playwright, falls in love with her, and gives her the lead in his new play. But just before it is produced he is called to Manchuria on a scientific mission. The opening night of the play is a great success, and critics hail both the author and the leading actress. As the curtain falls Linda learns of the cabled reports of Denis' death—and disappears. From then on the action is swift, and mounts higher and higher to reach a surprising and tragic climax.

The book is very well written, much better written, in fact, than the large majority of modern novels. The style is clear and good; the conversation is effective and alive, and has none of that artificial brilliance which is so common—and so impossible. The book is far from one-sided, and this is one of its chief merits. It has

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humor, pathos, realism and poetic feeling, each in its proper place.

There were only two things, which, to our mind, struck a discordant note. One was the chapter dealing with the first performance of the play. There, the fact that the narrative jumped back and forth from the stage to the audience somewhat ruined the total effect. The second was the section giving Linda's thoughts during her wild and frenzied dash from the New York theatre back to Baltimore. Granted that her mind was extremely confused, and that the confused, almost meaningless sentences do give the desired impression, it is difficult, uninteresting reading, and after a few pages the reader is very apt to give up in despair.

However, these form but two short chapters out of the whole book and mar only to a very small degree the complete work. *The Shadow of a Cloud* is, we repeat, well above the general average of novels, and is very delightful and entertaining reading. Well worth looking at.

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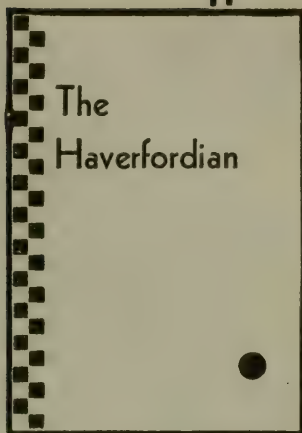
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The Haverfordian

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"*The Haverfordian*" is published monthly during the college year. Its purpose is to foster a literary spirit among the undergraduates. To that end contributions are invited. Material should be submitted to the Editor before the fifth of the month preceding publication.

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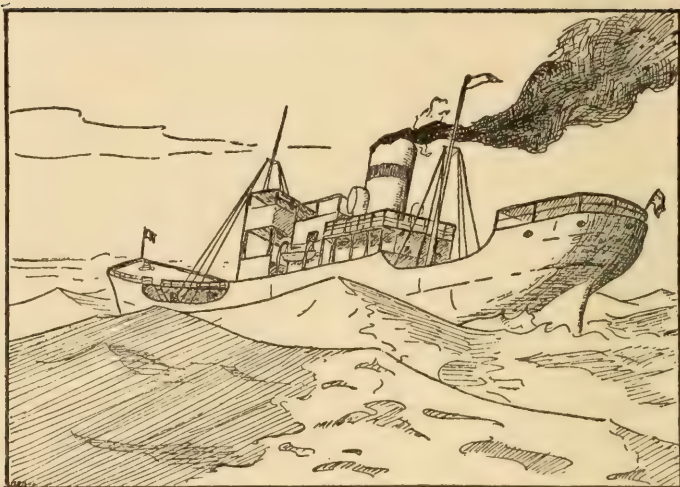
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An Old Tramp's Portrait

*A black plume of smoke caught by the wind,
A red-rusted steamer in the hot, bright sun,
Lifted with a swoop by a pile of green water,
Pushed and rolled in fond rough fun.
A dirty, rusted tramp steamer, South Sea bound,
Mystery—Romance—the old, wild call,
Youth and Adventure—Wanderlust and Sea,
Caught in a harmless picture hung on the wall.*

John Hazard.



The Reverend Stimson-Wilcox

THE Reverend Stimson-Wilcox was a mighty fine looking man. I can still remember the day he came to Riverside. Even us fellows loafing on the front porch of Riverside's leading hotel, *The Empire State*, while we ain't so expert as beauty judges yet we can still tell a right-smart looking man from other homely types, such as Jeb Ralston or some of the other fellows. Well, come to think of it, perhaps Jeb ain't so homely as all get-out but I always insisted that his having no front teeth never did much toward improving his looks. Albeit, that is neither here nor there. To get back to the Reverend Stimson-Wilcox.

The Reverend just seemed to drop in town out of a clear sky. 'Course, we town-folks was expecting a new minister for the Second Episcopal Church of Riverside since the Reverend Willoughby had died with a bad cold last month but we hadn't expected one so soon. Funny thing about him getting sick and dying; he always seemed to be in right good health. Miss Jennie Peters said that he had gotten ill from sitting in the draft caused from the wind from the pipes of the organ when Fanny Watkins had played "Come Thou Almighty King". The late Reverend Willoughby was sitting near the pipes when Fanny turned on full organ and Jennie claims that the draft struck him square in the base of the neck, causing him to be taken sick. However, us town-folks know that both Jennie and Fanny tried out for the organ job and ever since she lost, Jennie has been right perky so we don't

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take no stock in what she says. But to get back to the Reverend Stimson-Wilcox.

We were all leaning back in our chairs just talking 'bout politics and the chances for a war with Spain and the new puppies that Ed Holman's spaniel "Rose II" had had that morning and one thing and another, when this smart looking carriage with a team of pretty mares pulled up in front of the hotel.

"Good-day." He waved his hand sort-a careless-like and when he smiled he showed a swell set of white teeth. "Could any of you direct me to the Second Episcopal Church? I'm Reverend Stimson-Wilcox, the new minister."

Well, the upshot of the whole thing was this: After much arguing as to which was the quickest way to go, Fred Nedley saying over by Mrs. Geffry's store and turning right there and I saying straight ahead, turning at the dirt road, one of the kids spinning tops near us jumped up as large as life beside the new minister and said that he'd show him the way. They drove away at a snappy gallop, the kid hanging on for dear life. But, I still insist that the best way to have gone would have been by the dirt road.

The Reverend certainly knew how to handle people. The rest of that week each member of the congregation received a personal visit and even a few non-members. I can see him yet, making his visits, wearing that long, flowing, black coat and the straight-rimmed, black derby. He always carried a Testament in his hand and when he passed you on the street he'd bow ever so slightly, saying, "Good-day, brother." Yet, he was always tidily dressed, clean-shaven and the very peak of politeness. He made a great hit with my wife Sarah and the two kids so it was quite natural that we, along with the rest of the town, should be on hand for his first Sunday service in Riverside.

To me, the service seemed lots different than the other

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services that had been held there and I was surprised to notice so many folks out. There was no getting away from it; the Reverend Stimson-Wilcox had what is called personal charm. He looked right neat and smart as he led the service and his sermon was very good, too. The theme being about how glad he was to come something as Christ did, a Shepherd to His flock and all like that. Besides, he only spoke for twelve minutes, which went over big with the congregation nor did he "hem and haw" as the late Reverend Willoughby who often kept us for forty minutes or so. No sir, he spoke what he meant and came straight to the point. I was forced to admit to Sarah that I was really glad I came and, too, the kids hadn't gotten restless.

After the service, everybody went up and shook hands with him and told him how fine he was and all like that. He had sort of a nice handshake, not too soft, nor a bone-crusher, just a medium, nice one. He added that he sincerely hoped "that you will be out next Sunday." Gosh, I fell like the rest of the town. The Reverend Stimson-Wilcox had the stuff; no getting away from it.

Things went along first-rate for about six months or so with the Reverend increasing his popularity by leaps and bounds. By the end of that time the people were fairly begging him to run the town, you might say. They were begging him to be Mayor and be head of this and that committee and speak at this and that Women's Aid (as I said before, he was right-smart handsome) and christen babies and a hundred and one other things. But he refused them, all that had anything to do with being too much in the public eye. He was very humble and carried out his religious duties in a quiet manner. He lived in one room at *The Empire State* and made the hotel accept his rent money even though Mr. Perkins, the manager, had raised an awful fuss, at first, about refusing it. There was no show about the Reverend and he certainly was a

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devout man. The Second Episcopal Church was just crammed full every Sunday, rain or shine, and the church treasurer, Cy Labbeng, told me that with the funds from collections they were seriously thinking of building a new church.



I was walking with Cy down to the Riverside Bank one day; he was going to deposit the collection from the previous Sunday, when I heard for the first time that our new minister had been elected president of the bank. It seems that he had been forced to yield, at last, to public demand with the result that he had accepted. Well, to make a long story short, the Bank, just like the Church, began to move like clockwork. Everything clicked and soon there was an enormous increase of depositors until the Riverside Bank became really a Bank of some importance. We all felt a feeling of security with such a reliable man at the head and soon the town began to take a swing toward the prosperous side. New houses and stores went up and *The Empire State* got a new coat of paint which

THE REVEREND STIMSON-WILCOX

made it look right nice. The *Riverside Gazette* increased from a four-pager to a twelve-pager, giving us the largest newspaper in the entire County of Piedmont. The people just began to beg for the Reverend to accept the office of mayor, for anybody with half an eye could see that all this was due to him. But he refused, claiming that he was busy enough with the Bank and his "religious position" without having anything else.

Then one day he received a telegram notifying him that he had been transferred from Riverside to a mission in New Mexico. The telegram came of a Friday evening and he read it in church the following Sunday. I never saw a man take a thing so to heart, nor a town, for that matter, neither. He read the notice quite solemnly and with a noticeable choke in his throat. The woman in back of us at church sniffled something terrible throughout the entire service. His sermon dealt with comparing his departure to that of Christ when He ascended into Heaven, the text being, "Lo, I am with you always." After service we all went up and shook hands with him and he said to each one, "God bless you, my child." You know, it wasn't so much what he said to you that counted but the way he said it. He had a way of talking to you as if you were the only one in the congregation that really at all mattered and he was just putting up with the rest so that he could talk to you. Gosh, I felt like-to I was going to cry but I coughed real hard and pretended that it made my eyes run.

Sunday night came and the whole town turned out to give him a send-off. He said a few farewell words about how much he hated to leave and how he hoped the town would often think about him for he would always think about Riverside and how much he had gotten from "happy hours" spent with us. The crowd cheered and applauded, that is, all those that weren't too choked-up with crying, as he drove off down the road toward Harding Corners where the train depot is.

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The following week, we tried to get in touch with him about something through the Diocese but to our surprise we learned that we owed all the town's religion and boom to a minister about whom the Diocese knew nothing of, and as far as they were concerned, he had never been alive. Gosh, the whole town gasped. He had just stepped back into the clear sky out of which he seemed to have dropped. The day he rode off to Harding Corners was the last that any living person saw of the Reverend Stimson-Wilcox. But Riverside will never forget the great work done by this remarkable man. To this day we haven't been able to figure out how he made away with over two hundred thousand dollars of the Bank's money and right from under our very noses.

C. M. Bancroft.



Artemesiana

*Come down from off the pedestal,
My lovely little miss;
Get off of there before you fall!
I'm getting sick of this.*

*On your unbending probity
My passion chaste was spent
With a restraint that seemed to me
Truly magnificent.*

*To worship from afar, without
The least rapport erotic,
Bespeaks a project which, no doubt,
Is high—but idiotic.*

*Of unrequited constancy
I think I've had my fill—
Because I do not choose to be
A noble imbecile.*

*This clay is mortal, after all—
'T will die when die it must;
But I want more than rue and gall
To mingle with the dust.*

*And now although I've reached the end
Of Cupid's silken tether,
I'll still be your Platonic Friend,
And we'll do things together.*

Martin Athel.



Incident in the Parc Monceau

TO THE casual tourist, Paris is like a kaleidoscope. His impressions are sharp brilliant fragments, illuminated by the light of anticipation. Home again, his mind is like a postcard album—the Place de l'Opera, jammed with hooting cabs and buses—the Eiffel Tower against a flaming sunset—Place de l'Etoile and the Arc de Triomphe—the Louvre—Place Blanche—Place Clichy—La Ciel and l'Enfer rubbing elbows.

How well I remember the gay, wild abandon with which I threw myself upon Paris, that first time, years ago. With what fervor and undying persistence I tracked down the points of interest, cramming my mind with a thousand useless facts. I was delightedly shocked by the things calculated to shock the tourists. At last I was seeing life.

The second time it was different. There was not the sparkle, the spontaneous rapture, the breathless haste, but a quiet new pleasure in observing details that had gone unnoticed during that first wild visit. The Trocadero Garden, a place of silvery shadows, under a full white moon—the lofty mass of Notre Dame through a gray-green gauze of mist—dark eerie alleys near Sacre Coeur, where the darkness holds one by the throat and every shadow is a leering face—the great market with its “brouha-ha”, its smell of vegetables and meat and cheese. And faces, how distinctly they stand out. The faces of children sailing boats, intent and serious, or gay and laughing; the face of a weather-beaten cab driver who sits sipping a liqueur, the rain dripping from his hat; a girl from the Moulin Rouge, her face hard and white, her eyes burning. Sharp fascinating etchings to treasure.

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And now, my third, and perhaps my last, visit. Fall has come and the leaves are withering. Paris shames me. The screaming onrush of taxicabs has begun to terrify me. All the rush and hurry seems more and more futile. So, every morning, I flee from my pension to the quiet peace of the Parc Monceau, where I read a newspaper or amuse myself by building romances about the people in the parc.

Like a dark-hued, richly-embroidered handkerchief, dropped in the dust by a city street, the Parc Monceau lies by the Boulevard de Courcelles. Great friendly trees cast welcome shadows upon the pebbly walks. A shadowy, silver-black pool reflects the gray-white of three antique columns. Children at play are brilliant splotches of color on the sun-dappled gravel walks. The odor of flowers hangs heavy upon the air, and the stillness is broken only by low conversations, the crunch of shoes upon the path, and the gay shouts and bubbling laughter of the children.

I have said that it was quiet and restful in the Parc Monceau, and so it is. But, sometimes, if one seeks to read the mystery of people's faces, he will be shocked and disturbed by some hauntingly melancholy expression, or jolted out of his smug, self-assured contentment by the glimpse of some divine happiness that he has never known.

How well I remember the day when the Boy first appeared. I call him the Boy because I never knew his name. He had that youthful freshness about him, that combination of health and vigor and spirit that often makes older people bitter over the passing of the years. One could imagine his muscular shoulders, his strong flat sides, his slender hips done by Rodin, in bronze. His chin was slightly pointed, his nose straight and not too wide, his forehead rather high, but one particularly noticed his rather deep-set eyes. They were brown and luminous with the strange mysterious light that shines, sometimes in the eyes of the poet, sometimes in the eyes of the

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dreamer, but nearly always in the eyes of a boy in love. He wandered over to the pool, and gazed, for a long time, into its depths. Finally, he came and sat down on a bench opposite mine. Some French children were playing about the bench. He smiled, and tried to speak to them in French, but frightened by his American accent, they ran back to their nurse. Evidently disappointed, he watched their capers for a time, then, with a quick glance about to see that no one was near, he pulled a letter from an inner pocket. His eyes were softly shadowed, and his lips quivered as his hands encircled it in a caress. A smile, tender, disarming, boyish, played about his lips as he opened it and began to read. When each word had been searched for loving happy meaning, he stretched his arms along the back of the bench, and throwing back his head, drew a deep breath. He got up and sauntered out through the gate, into the maelstrom of Paris. I smiled an old man's smile.

The next day I was late in getting to the Parc. The sun was high and the benches were crowded, but I finally found a vacant one and sat down to read the *New York Herald*. Glancing up from my paper, I saw the Boy, but a transformation had taken place, an almost unbelievable change. His shoulders were slumped forward, and his feet dragged on the pebbles. The healthy color was gone from his face, and it was pasty and drawn. His eyes burned like live coals in white, dead ashes. Discouraged in his search for a vacant bench, he sank down beside me, his teeth clenched, his eyes staring without seeing. As I turned a leaf of the paper, his gaze fastened itself upon me, and he noticed the *Herald*. A sardonic smile played about his lips.

"Why do you read that stuff about the United States? Isn't Paris good enough for you?"

I was momentarily taken aback by this rudeness, but remembering the Boy of the day before, I wondered. "I

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am very fond of Paris, but my home, my friends, the people I care for are in the United States," I replied.

He laughed disagreeably. "I felt that way too, yesterday, but today, give me Paris. Women are easier to get and easier to satisfy here. But I suppose you're pretty old for that sort of stuff."

"Why should one day make such a difference?" I asked, ignoring the rest. He was silent, his face cold and bitter. "Can't you tell me? It might buck you up a bit, you know. As you say, I am old, but even so, I might understand. We shall probably never meet again, so it wouldn't matter, and it sometimes helps, when you've got a knock, just to tell someone. How about it?"

His face softened a little. "There's something in that, and I suppose it doesn't matter, since you don't know me—but you'd be bored and you might laugh and tell me it was nothing."

"I shouldn't be bored," I replied, "and I can promise that I would not laugh at anything that could change a man overnight as you have been changed."

"Then you saw me here yesterday?"

"Yes. You seemed happy, then."

"I was happy—yesterday." He was silent. How afraid Youth is of telling its difficulties to Age. Age has a way of laughing at them, underestimating the pain and heartache, as parents often underestimate the seemingly trivial sorrows of a child. At length he spoke. "I'm a school teacher." His look challenged me. "They're human, you know."

"Yes, I know," I replied, "I am on sabbatical leave."

"That makes it easier. I taught French for a year and then decided to come over here to study. I haven't much money and have to pay my own way. I wouldn't mind that if—well I might as well tell you—when I was a Senior in college I fell in love. I could never make you realize all that girl meant to me. She was intelligent and

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vivacious, but most important, she was good to me. I never had a lot of friends, there are some people who just can't seem to mix well, but she made up for everything. We went around a lot together. Being with her was like bathing naked in a mountain stream. I felt free to be myself and threw away all the little shams and pretenses that we use to keep from being hurt. I thought that she loved me for my real self, and, in her arms I thought that I had found lasting peace and contentment. I guess I judged her by the way I felt. She seemed to care. The books we shared, the plays, dancing, the music we heard together—the walks we took, when the world seemed bright whether it were clear or cloudy—the nights when we could hardly leave one another—a thousand shared experiences, woven like threads of gold and silver into my life." His eyes were soft for a moment, then became hard and brilliant. "We wanted to get married, but at the same time, I wanted to get on in my profession. People advised me to study in France. She didn't want me to, but I thought that it would be best. I suppose I had read too much romantic fiction. It made me believe that love lasted, whether you were together or apart. Anyway, I came to France and she wrote me some wonderful letters. It was one of those that I was reading yesterday. It made me so happy to know that she missed me."

"But what has happened since then?"

"When I left here, I went to the American Express. It was time for another letter. There was one." He snatched it from his pocket. "Here, read it," his voice rose, "keep it, tear it up! I don't want to see it again."

I read slowly:

"Arthur:

I have tried so hard to wait patiently. I have watched over you these two years, and loved you at times. You needed me so much, and you have been

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good to me, but since you left I have been thinking a lot about us. Somehow I can't see myself as a schoolmaster's wife. I had hoped that I could persuade you to go into something else, and that we could be married soon. Evidently you didn't care enough to do as I wished. You went to France, and I have had time to think. It doesn't seem to me that you are working toward our marriage, going off to Paris as you have, and since you have no money and there is no prospect of our getting married soon, I think we had better call the whole thing off.

Anne."

I looked at the Boy. He seemed lost and miserable. "That must have been pretty bad."

He pulled himself together. "It was. I went to my room and lay down. She's gone, she's gone, pounded in my head. I wanted to fight some one, I wanted to lie unconscious, I wanted to die. I got up and went out, I don't know just where, but I walked for miles. I smoked one cigarette after another until my throat burned. I must have been in the Bois de Boulogne. I remember leaves falling, dead and withered. As night fell, it began to drizzle. I found myself walking along the boulevard Clichy. There was a carnival there. The hard, bright lights from the booths made the people look ghastly. A calliope shrieked the same tunes over and over. Wheels buzzed and people shouted as they won a pound or two of sugar. The rasping cut across my nerves like a saw. What a crazy joke it was, so many people happy. I went into a restaurant. The food tasted like sawdust, but the wine warmed me a little. Fool! Fool! to let a woman mean so much. In a little shop, I found pictures of nude women, and bought them, and tore them up. I sat for a while on a bench by the central walk, near the place Pigalle. How people stared at me. They thought I was mad. The

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damp drizzle made me shiver. I went to a bar for a liqueur. The lights were bright, and it was warm in there. A woman came in. Her face was white and red like a mask. I had never paid much attention to women like that. She sidled up to the bar and started to talk to the bar-keeper, casting a glance over her shoulder now and then. I had another liqueur. The orchestra was playing 'The Blue Danube'. Just before I left home, Anne and I had danced to that tune. It was like a razor cut. At first I hardly felt it, but as the music went on, my heart bled. I fled to the street. The woman followed, and seized my arm.

" 'Where are you going, buddie?' she asked.

" 'To Hell!' I said. 'Where did you learn to speak English?'

" 'In bed. That's the best place, isn't it?'

" 'You're damn well right,' I said, and laughed.

" 'You would like to go and get some tea with me?'

" 'Sure. Anything you want.' " The Boy slumped down on the bench. His eyes were full of pain. "It was the first time, you see."

I did see, and I couldn't bring myself to say that he would soon get over it. Perhaps he never would. We were both silent. Finally I asked, "Do you think telling some one has helped a little?"

"Yes, it has cleared my mind a little. It is so peacefu here. Some day I may be able to come back and see how beautiful this park is, the way I did yesterday. Well, I must go now. Good-bye, and thanks for listening."

Almost unsteadily, he went out through the gate, into the chaos that is Paris, and I never saw him again. The children still played about the benches, but the sky had clouded over.

Addison J. Allen, '27.

Deb

*"It's awfully boring, don't you know,
To spend the summer here.
The days are dull and so they go
Much slower than last year.*

*"We sleep quite late, too late for more
Than a few hands of bridge
Or round of golf, and then wait for
Our lunch up at the Ridge.*

*"We play at tennis, swim, or sail
To get a bit of sun,
But then it's style, you must stay pale,
So that's no longer fun.*

*"These cocktail parties are the rage
To make the boredom numb;
They say this is a clever age,
Oh dear, that sounds so dumb.*

*"A boy I met the other night
Dropped in today to call . . .
Let's dance. A cigarette? All right."
She made her bow last fall.*

E. Theodore Bachman.



The Cemetery

IT'S not hard to see that this is a too-lopsided kind of life. A person my age ought not to stew around with books all the time, no matter how much variety of life he can get in them. And besides, Gautier is a romanticist. There's no use taking his novels too seriously, since there is much in the moral, emotional life of humanity that he doesn't care a whoop about. There are internal beauties as well as external ones, intuitive values besides objective ones . . .

Since I've been laid off, I've been sitting around the house here—my uncle's house—enjoying all the sleep I want, doing nothing, vaguely planning to “read a lot”, wiping dishes for Aunt Virginia, scrubbing the kitchen floor sometimes, but really doing nothing. After eight months of hard labor on a locating party, it has been nice to be perfectly free (though not so nice to be broke), to slump into a chair and sit, “never to do today what you can put off till tomorrow.” But you can't keep doing it forever. When you just get too lazy to take the exercise to keep your head from swimming, too lazy to go upstairs for last week's *Time*, too dead to write letters you owe, it's time to go take a walk or something.

I've been reading *Mlle. de Maupin*. Naturally if a young person reads that when he's sitting around the house, and doesn't take the long walks that are quite obviously necessary every chapter or so, he is bound to get into some extraordinary mental state, probably melancholia,—that is, if he takes it to heart. Unless he's thoroughly in love, which I am not, and has merely to transfer the

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ravishing paragraphs to his own situation, the book is liable to make him think, "Nobody loves me."

Well, *Mlle. de Maupin* was getting me down; for I haven't had anything to keep my mind from preying on the book. It was Saturday and I had a headache—from lack of exercise, I guess. I could think of one book that would cheer me up perhaps, because it was less Olympian, more of this day and age, than *Mlle. de Maupin*. So I went downstairs and got it—Will Durant's *Transition*. A funny book to put in the same sentence with that other; but if it isn't an American counterpart, it is at least a wholesome thing to read after Gautier's novel. It brings you down to earth. But what was the use? I read through those last chapters lapping them up the way a hash-slinger in a café in Ronan (up in the Mission Grange) lapped up *True Story Magazine*. And when it was all over and the fond author wrote, "I close my book and wish you good fortune, dear Reader. I must go down there and play with Ethel and Ariel," I was, if anything, more miserable. No, I needed to take a good, long walk. And I did.

I put on my work clothes—wool pants, wool shirt, overalls, felt packs, enormous rubber overshoes, jacket and slouch hat, and started out, about two o'clock it was, for Forestvale Cemetery, down in the valley, where my father is buried.

Forestvale is about four and a half miles from town. I went off on a slant through vacant lots and alleys, so I could pass by a certain little grocery store. I went in there and got some wheatstraw papers, a sack of Bull Durham, and some Climax plug. Since I have been laid off, I haven't tried the solace of chewing tobacco. It used to be perfect—back on the job—on days when Jule, the old fossil who runs the profile, would help us topographers, and drive us all nuts with his grandmotherish tactics, his meticulous way of making Art and me, the rodmen, stay

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on right angles, even if it meant we had to plow through thorn apples. The old woman! Nothing like a cheekful of tobacco then to help us keep from saying things that would only get us in trouble . . . And so this day, the sweet, fresh, fruit-cakey taste of Lorillard's Climax Plug was an enormous help to a person with *Mlle. de Maupin* too much on his mind.

After getting past Green Meadow Farm, I cut across several fields that were softer and stickier than I had expected, and the mud so stuck to my size eleven overshoes that it was like walking on snowshoes. The last half-mile stretch was prairie, however, which was drier and more firm. Since I was short-cutting, I had to climb half a dozen barbed wire fences before I reached the edge of the cemetery where my father's grave lies.

It was a typical March day for this country. The wind never lets anyone alone for a minute. The sky was just grey and ugly enough to keep the sun from shining. The air was deceiving; neither bitterly cold nor warm enough to keep a person comfortable. Great oceans of clouds sat on the circle of mountains that surrounds the valley. The mountains themselves, always inspiring because of their proud distance above the valley, and the romantic, hazy colors blended in them from the snowbanks, pines, and the barren color of the earth and sky, this day looked disinterested and cold. There was nothing Halcyon about the day. The cemetery, which in the summer is a beautiful place to visit, was bare as a bone. Heavy winds and melting snow had left it covered with sticks and straws and twigs, most of them from the farm nearby. I sat down (no longer chewing tobacco) on the shelf of a heavy tombstone marked CRAM, buttoned up my jacket, and looked over toward Helena and MacDonald Pass. Ten years before, almost to a day, my father was buried. "1872-1922" is the sole inscription below his name on the small footstone. Close by stands a great heavy family stone of

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somebody I never heard of before, marked LASCELLES, and in front, to one side is a footstone marked MOTHER with exact dates showing that whoever she was, she died aged ninety-one.

Tears never occurred to me somehow. Maybe I've been disillusioned too early. Maybe I'm just cold. I know I'm a prime egotist and perhaps too selfish to be charitable or great-hearted. But tears or personal sorrow seemed far away. I wasn't very bitter, either, or remorseful. My father's death, when it happened, was like lopping off half my life with an axe, and now that unpossessed half seemed so far away, so terribly far away, that I felt as if



the last ten years have happened to me as an entirely different being. The boxes of good black earth I had brought down last October seemed to have done my father's grave not the slightest good. I rolled a cigarette and scratched a match on the tombstone marked CRAM.

The sexton, driving along in his truck, stopped and came over. "Hello." "Hello—you lost?" I must have looked like a bum. "No, I just walked down to visit my

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father's grave." "Oh," (walking over closer) "which iss your—?" "Over there." "Oh yess. I remember him. Hiss grafe wass mooffed, yess? There iss three little girls buried where you're sitting." (And he puffed hard on his cigar trying to get some smoke. But it was dead too. I guess he was Norwegian. He looked like people I've seen in Minnesota.) "You lifving here now?" I told him briefly what had become of us. He appeared interested. Then he offered me a ride back to town. "Oh well, thanks, but I think I'll stay a little longer." And shortly I was alone again.

The clouds didn't give the sun a single chance to shine. It was getting colder. I sat and smoked a little longer. I never thought of the three little girls buried at my feet. In the farm nearby a couple of boys were playing with a dog and yelling at each other as they ran around. Why couldn't my father have lived to be ninety-one like that LASCELLES woman? What a dreary place is a cemetery. What cold extinction after life that has things like *Mlle. de Maupin* in it. What's the use? It's getting cold and I can't sit here forever. Blah! And I'm hungry too. Fine elevating thoughts but I can't help it. What is there to do in the world when the essence of *Mlle. de Maupin* is unattainable and this graveyard is the end of it all?

When I moved on toward the highway, a lousy, mean little mutt of a dog came out and yapped at me. It was the last straw. I felt like cracking his head open with a rock, but when I was about to reach for one, the pup's partner, a huge Police dog, came roaring over and scared me into the middle of the cemetery. I felt mad enough to take a bite of cactus. I chewed some more tobacco as I walked home in the gathering dark. To hell with *Mlle. de Maupin*. A couple of farmers passed me on the road. I said, "Hello", but they didn't say a word.

Oliver Eggleston.

BOOKS

MYSTICISM AND DEMOCRACY IN THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH

Rufus M. Jones

DEMOCRACY has broken down. From many quarters, acute observers are pointing to its impotence in the face of modern complexity and of the gigantic extra-political concentrations of power with which it must deal. Finland, Germany, and Austria have so narrowly escaped giving up a democratic form of government that thoughtful believers in democracy have been driven to consider afresh the character and roots of democratic institutions.

In his *Mysticism and Democracy in the English Commonwealth*, given as the Noble Lectures at Harvard University in 1931, Rufus Jones has contributed a valuable historical inquiry into certain basic qualities in man that demanded the working out of democratic institutions that they might find expression.

While there is no denial that, as Max Weber and R. H. Tawney have so convincingly pointed out, man's economic interests played a genuine rôle in the emergency of democracy in seventeenth century England, the emphasis in this study is put upon the spiritual element as the determinative factor. "I am undertaking to show that the intense religious life of the period, together with the creation of the self-governing type of church, has a power-

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ful influence in bringing democracy to birth in the state."

The first of these human qualities that demanded democracy for its political expression, Rufus Jones finds in the sanctity and exalted character of human personality. The recognition of this had been steadily emerging throughout the Renaissance, and was greatly advanced by the writings of the Renaissance Humanists. It was only in the *inner* or *spiritual* Reformation that this penetrated to the common people. Following the interpretation to be found in his *Studies in Mystical Religion* and *Spiritual Reformers in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, Rufus Jones does not place the true spiritual reformation as occurring in the new ecclesiastical order brought in by Luther and Calvin, but rather as springing out of the young Luther, the band of continental spiritual reformers like Sebastian Franck, Hans Denck, and Jacob Boehme, and reaching its flower in the sects of the English Commonwealth, a number of which were finally absorbed into the Quaker group.

How this fresh inner type of religion aroused men to an awareness of the sanctity of the individual is indicated by the characteristic note to be found alike in the English Familists, in the far-flung Seeker groups, and in the more intellectual Cambridge Platonists. "The focal idea in this new type of mysticism is the glowing faith that there is something divine in man . . . The favorite text was, 'The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.' "

With this inner discovery of the divine base of personality came a fresh assertion of the dignity and respect due even "the poorest Hee in England." This first expressed itself in the demand for men's freedom to set up and run their own churches and meetings. Implicit in this demand crouched the further question which did not long remain concealed: if the common people could govern their own churches that they best minister to their needs, why should they not so govern their state?

Professor Jones' argument here would seem to be com-

BOOKS

pletely convincing if he had gone a step further and disentangled two opposed traditions. For the respect for the individual members and the right at least of representation in the governing counsels such as the town meeting, were equally characteristic of the Puritan tradition which regarded man not as a divine instrument but as laboring under the heavy hand of depravity.

The second spring of democracy in man that this inner religion made explicit was in the sense of over-individual unity that these spiritual groups had felt raise up and unite them in their religious meetings. In its dependence upon this sense of organic unity, any "true and genuine democracy is inherently and intrinsically mystical in character."

The work makes no pretense of doing more than pointing out these two motivating forces in the emergence of democracy. The forging of the actual institutions to effect them is admitted to be a slow by-product. This raises a question about the message of the study to the present situation. Professor Jones would seem to agree with Walt Whitman in his *Democratic Vistas* that, "at the core of democracy finally is the religious element," and that democracy can flourish only as religion vitalizes both the respect for the sanctity of the individual and ever restores anew this corporate adhesiveness "that fuses, ties, and integrates, making races comrades." Is democracy's present embarrassment, then, to be charged to a decline in this inner mystical life in our century? Or is it possible that the inner claims of the common man that surged forth in the seventeenth century are, under other names, quite as alive today, but that these inner claims must remain largely ineffective until they can once more compel further revisions of the political, legal, and social institutions of our time that will make the sanctity of the personality of "the poorest Hee" more than a travesty on the name?

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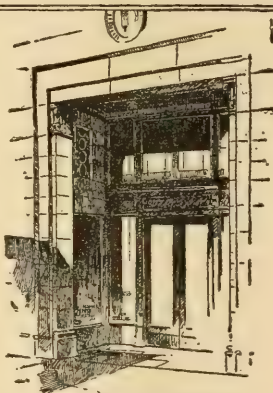
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The Haverfordian

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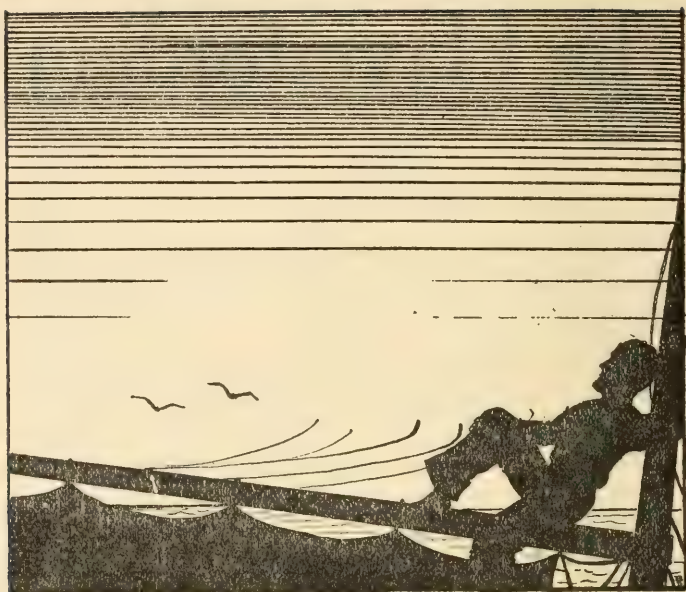
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An Early Morning Lookout

"Eight bells and all lights burning brightly, sir."

*The sky was dark with clouds, the sea
Was darker still, and in the east a narrow band of light
Kept them apart and showed where soon the sun would be.*

*The moon looked dimly through a screen of cloud,
Surrounded by her vague train of misty white,
And hurried like a pale and weary ghost,
Home to her grave before the light.*

*The ship lifted gently on her sleepy course,
And dreamed her gentle dreams of sunny ports afar.—
"A white light—one point off the starboard bow, sir."
And then "I'm sorry sir, it's just the morning star."*

John Hazard.



Tolerance

HENRY VAN DYKE or Hendric Van Loon or somebody wrote a big book called *Tolerance*. I remember seeing it next to a swank set of Victor Hugo's works in a friend's house in Kingston, Massachusetts. I took it out of the glass bookcase and thumbed through it, but I wasn't in the mood for "eaphysical essays" as my cousin Patsy calls them. So I put the book back in the bookcase and took to reading *Les Miserables*.

But lots more than one big book could be written and finished off with just "Tolerance" for a title. It's a good word and means more than a handy name for what makes people allow a variety of things to be done. Greta Garbo, for instance, decided "tolerance" was a good word to use when she was sitting at the head of a luxurious table with "Rrrawd-nay" in *Susan Lennox*, and telling the guests about what her former lover didn't have. Mother has a lot of tolerance, but I wish she had more. In the last year or so I've developed tolerance which I doubt if she will develop, about some things—a lot of things.

Take Jule, for instance. Old bald-headed baboon. Always crying his eyes out and getting more sympathy than anyone else on the party. The way he plots profile and takes contours on a preliminary line, you'd think he was hemstitching or something. And he's *always* right. You can't argue with him. If something goes wrong—if he slips up and forgets to count a station,

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it's always Willy's fault. Willy was his rodman. (Probably still is, too. He's got more patience than anyone else.) Try to think for yourself and see how far you get with him. Of course he's the boss when it comes to running profile—but in little things, I mean. If I live to be a hundred I won't forget the time he was picking pluses for us topographers when we were contouring a rock point over the railroad. It was colder than a drab's heart (and that's cold) and we all had our Parkas on. I couldn't keep my hands warm no matter how much I beat them together. Well, I crawled down to the end of the steep ledge, left hand hanging onto the rope (Si, up on the road, had the end wrapped around his stomach), right hand gripping the thirteen-foot rod and tape at the same time. And when I took the last shot, on the edge of the point, straining and half hanging in the air to get it out on the edge, old, dumb Jule leaned forward like Old Mother Hubbard and said in his low, easy voice,

"Now Oliverr, if you can move over to the left about half a foot—thas where right angles is."

Why you dumb, blankety blank ass, you, as if five-tenths made any difference. . . . But that's the way he always was. Things like this were the last straw.

O the pleasure of seeing him squelched, even if only once in two months, by Zahn! Zahn's the head of the party. He's too good an administrator to puppy around with foolish details the way Jule does. Willy and I used to sneak glances at each other with perfect satisfaction when Jule would have Zahn settle him. . . . Imagine anybody throwing a right angle when he's got his Parka hood up and an axe in one hand. Good lord. But that's what Jule did. We used the axe to chop holes in the ice of the creek to take shots on the bottom. When we were all contouring, Jule did next to nothing, so he'd carry the ax. Willy and I won't forget the time he threw

TOLERANCE

one of his famous right angles up the side hill, and claimed it went through a thorn bush. Zahn pranced up and threw a brief right angle and said:

"Well, I hit about five feet to the right of you. Let's take it there so we won't have to go through the brush."

Willy said it was as satisfying as a long drag on a good cigarette. That was about right.

Well, you can see how we loved Jule. I could go on and on about his meticulous antics in broad situations. Even on the last day I worked, he drove me crazy. But I sure like him in spite of everything, and respect him, too.

On long rides to Helena when I was going to my uncle's for a week-end, Zahn began to make me forget the unimportant things that happen every day about Jule. Zahn is a great talker. He knows everybody in the state and hundreds outside it. He's done lots of things, had lots of experience, and is well liked and respected wherever we go. In small places like Lavina and Big Sandy, he's the big toad in the little puddle; some of the farmers talk with him as if he were President Hoover. . . . I was dozing in the back seat when we came to Deep Creek Canyon, on one such trip, when Zahn said over his shoulder, "You know, Oliver, if you're looking for moral character, Jule has it over anyone in this outfit." Jule! I'd be hanged; but I didn't say so. "Yes, sir, Jule is one of the finest men I know when it comes to character."

Then Zahn started on another yarn. He told how Jule a number of years before, had come to him once in great trouble. He said he was going to quit. Quit? Well for crying out loud what's the matter? Well, he had to quit, that was all. He couldn't exactly explain it, but if he'd quit, everything would be all right. Well, what the devil's happened? What do you mean you can't very well explain? What's the matter?

THE HAVERFORDIAN

It seemed that Jule thought he had stirred up some misunderstanding among the party and everybody thought he was to blame and he couldn't see any way out but to quit. And he really meant it. When Zahn said he'd find out what it was all about, Jule was just crying like a little kid and—"Gosh, Zahn, I'd rather work for you than for any man I know, but I don't think I ought to—" "Oh, you're crazy. This is nothing and I'll find out who's been doing all the bellyaching." That's how Zahn told it.

Of course I wasn't there and know only what Zahn knew. But that story meant a lot to me. Besides, Zahn had more to say:

"Yes sir, Jule is one square man. He could be running transit just as well as not, you know. He knows this stuff just as well as Si and has done it plenty of times. And he's so darned careful in everything he does, you know. Why there's no reason in the world why he shouldn't be running transit, but he's still just afraid of the mathematics. Of course I don't suppose either he or Si have even finished grade school. They left North Carolina when they were just little kids and worked along as they came West. They've learned everything they know by working at it. They've got a mother back there yet, 'bout ninety years old, and since Si's married, I guess Jule's the only one who supports her. I know he sends her a good lump every month."

That made a difference in the way I felt about Jule from then on. It got to be very easy to see good things about him. If he kept up his old unreasonableness. I wouldn't let it get on my nerves so. I began to enjoy getting his tripod out of the box on the side of the truck for him in the morning. "Thank ye, Oliverr. I'll dance at yer weddin'. Heh heh," he'd always say, or something more earthly.

And where Bill and I later found false qualities in

TOLERANCE

some of the other guys—young irresponsible fellows like us—we realized Jule was the dependable person. New Year's Eve everyone got drunk, of course. Bill never did get paid back all the money he had coming to him from Art, his bed partner, who got the gin. Art was—well, neither Willy nor I could trust him farther than you can throw a piano. That kind of business often happened to poor Bill who hated to impose on people, and didn't like to refuse. If you'd lend Jule five cents, you'd get it back.

Jule often cried his eyes out about having the coldest job (the old iceberg wore three suits of underwear, dozens and dozens of wool shirts, jackets, sweaters, etc., a sheepskin and a Parka over it all; at night he and Si would sleep with the windows down) and about having the hardest positions to get into with his level, and so on and so on. But you'd never hear him say an unkind word about anybody else. He always had a nice, pleasant, interested way of talking to you, on the long rides to and from work. He never intruded himself on anybody. Cold as he got, he'd ride the end gate of the truck on days when Zahn and his Chrysler were away, and rather than crowd in ahead, he'd wait while the others piled in. Usually Pat, the topographer or Bill would ask him if he didn't want to get in first, though. He was a fair and square man. I enjoyed listening to his women-and-liquor stories at noon around the fire,—either his jokes or his own narratives of trips to Mercury and Galena Streets in Butte.

He was nice to me. He was nice to everyone. One of his lady friends had given him John Erskine's *Adam and Eve* for Christmas some years before. He asked me if I'd ever read it and if I'd like to borrow it. He'd read it two or three times, he liked it so well. I borrowed it and have since read *Galahad* and can't wait to get *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*. Good old Jule!

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You're all right. I've written lots of gripes about you in my diary, because I usually wrote at night when I was tired. But I don't think about those things any more. If you get more sympathy than anyone else, you deserve it. Your insides are all shot from thirty years of drinking whiskey, and you have to spend precious money for medicine which you must take every day. And I remember you now as a generous, courteous, fair and honest kind of man. And I always shall. You're all right, and a lot better than the rest of us on the outfit.

There you are. It's an outline of how I feel about Julie now. I could write more about him and as much again about everyone else on the party. Si, Zahn, Art, Charlie, and my own bed partner, whom nobody liked at all, and the others. My bed partner had unfortunate ways about him, but he didn't have as much rat in him as Art. And Art was popular. As far as rat goes, Art was the rat of the party. But for all his false face, I owe him most of my personal pride—I mean about having my shoes shined, my hair combed, my tie fixed right, my nails clean. Living with my mother and carping sisters didn't teach me any "sense of personal appearance," for all their begging and good example. But going out a few times with this cheap kind of a sport, who made a hit in a small town with his eighty dollar suit and peanut elegance, did that very thing. Reckless, profligate, roulette-wheel-playing, drinking, lascivious Art was about the most artificial person I ever knew. But he was excellent to get along with when he wanted to be. No wonder he could nail girls as easy as picking flowers, and make them languish for him after we moved on to the next job. Willy and I could fume all we pleased about his dishonesty when we two ate dinner together in a café, and on the next day, Art would probably "inviggle" me into doing anything he wanted, with his smile and his compliments.

TOLERANCE

And Si. Tough, two-hundred-and-fifty-pound transit man who chewed a plug of tobacco and a can of snuse every day (mixing them), who would rather drink than eat, who was a great slobbering, mean, insufferable jackass when he was drunk, and who will hunt for Mercury Street in Heaven if he goes there when he dies—he was just as good-hearted as his brother.

So what does it all prove? Something about tolerance, I think. Mother wrote me once that she didn't have quite the eager sympathy with these people that I have. When she taught at that little country school at Mitchell, she said, the ignorance, stupidity and prejudice of all those ranchers around there used to get terribly on her nerves. Yes, surely. They're dumb, and "uncivilized" (Jule probably didn't have his mind in Olympus when he read *Adam and Eve*) and prejudiced (Si would as soon kill a nigger as a gopher), but they are true hearted, and I swear, the bulwark of the nation. My subsequent work with ditch diggers only makes me think so all the more.

Tolerance isn't something to be reached completely. At least I don't think it is. I can't imagine a thoroughly tolerant person. I'm only beginning to understand people who are different from myself, but it's a wonderful thing to get started on. You can read Walt Whitman with twice as much enjoyment, and feel lots happier about the fate of the world—if you can just forget who you are and what you stand for sometimes—and get to talking with people. They're pretty decent, nine times out of ten.

Oliver F. Eggleston.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

*These were her trinkets—
Blossoms and garlands.
The maiden of meadowland,
Lovely with summer,
Charming our youth time,
Blinded with longing.*

*Lay them before us
Mindful of gladness.
Freedom and woodlands,
These, they recall.*

*Now she is slumbering,
She cannot waken.
This—what is left of her
Sprightly and dancing,
Only her trinkets
And our great longing.*

John Byerly.





The Big Robbery

THE chances were that anyone who took a look at Slim Gleason would, dollars to doughnuts, agree that Slim weren't worth a shucks. His townsfolk, anyways, felt that way about him. Nor did his past history do much towards removing public contempt for he had twice been kicked out of the local school and once from each of the three nearby prep schools. Yes, Slim was well on the road to ruin, the teachers all agreed and they held him up to the other students as what can happen to a lazy fellow. There was no getting away from it, either, Slim was really lazy and to the *n*th degree. Four jobs that boy held and lost. Ray Levers, the hardware man, said that Slim was always sleeping down by the coal-oil drum; Homer Titlock, the druggist, said that he ate too much and times was hard enough without having to feed an extra mouth, there being seven little Titlocks already; the others just let him go on "general principles." Slim probably would have ended up heaven knows where if the president of The Paper Plate and Box Company hadn't been related to Slim's father's second cousin who lived in New York City and who had once done the president of The Paper Plate and Box Company a political favor. Anyways, the president, Mr. Tobias Stephens, offered Slim the job of pay-messenger. That might sound a bit strange at first, but when you consider that Slim had only to work every Saturday and that his work consisted of just carrying the pay from the bank to the office of the pay-master, you can see that things weren't so out of the ordinary after all. And Slim was too lazy to run away

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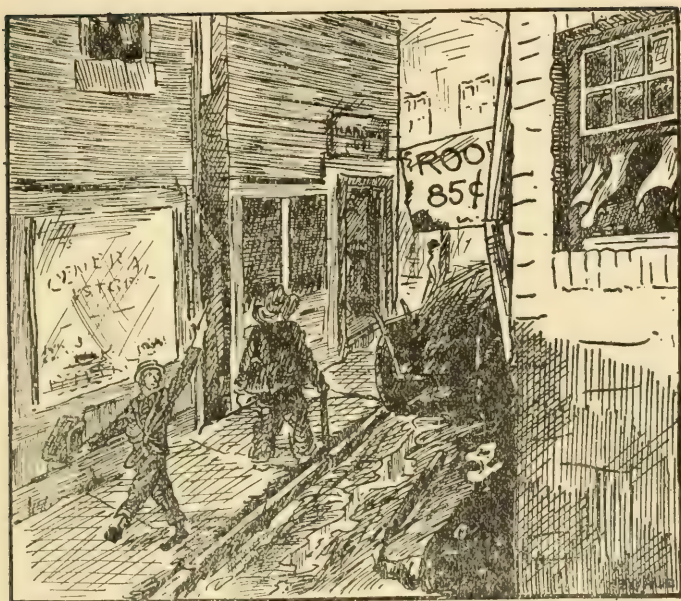
with any money that was in his care so while his past record in school and such hadn't been quite up to snuff Mr. Stephens figured that Slim was just the man for the job. Besides, Tobias figured that Slim was known by everyone in town and so would then be always in the public eye, reducing, thereby, chances of accidents such as robbery and the like, to a mere tittle. Shucks, T. S. weren't no dummy. He knew the cards.

So Slim started his job. Every Saturday he'd leave the factory carrying the check for the pay-roll, walk down the street three squares till he come to the corner store, turning there he'd walk right down Center Street, speaking to Lem Beazley, the cop at Center and Main, until he'd come to the bank. Getting the check cashed and carefully counting over four times the money which the teller gave him, he'd reverse his tracks, speak to Lem again and so back to the office of the paymaster. After the amount of the money had been carefully checked, he'd be paid and his job would be finished until the next Saturday. Heck, that type of job was right up Slim's alley. Anyways, the money always checked and Slim hinted that the job was "a durn sight better 'n workin'." So, everybody from Slim to Tobias Stephens, the president was satisfied.

Time went by and after Slim had been working for the Paper Plate and Box Company about a year, he was given a nice, shiny leather bag to carry the money in. To Slim, the job brightened up with the shiny bag. It gave him a feeling of importance. He'd go down the street, jauntily swinging the bag, then "Hyah, Lem," and to the Bank. Check cashed, he'd return, swinging the bag just as carelessly as before; "Hyah, Lem," again, and so back to the paymaster. He always left smack at eleven-thirty in the morning and could pretty near to a certain be back about ten-to-twelve.

Things was beginning to go along first-rate for Slim

THE BIG ROBBERY



until one day, it being one of those right sticky hot days with every one of the folks feeling smart-lazy and being too busy with their own troubles to go bothering about other people, when a nice-looking fellow stopped Slim on the street as he was returning from the bank with the pay and asked if he had a match. Now Slim, with all his faults, was always an obliging cuss so he began to go through his pockets with one hand, holding the bag with the other.

"Durn, 'pears like I'm out." He fumbled with the bag, putting it in the other hand.

"Want me to hold your bag?" The stranger was very smooth and polite. "Certainly is hot, isn't it?"

"Shucks, reckon y'might as well. Be easier huntin'. Yep, 'tis sort of hot."

He handed the bag over and then, so Hank Winters

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said (Hank was on the other side of the street painting his front porch), a closed car pulled up as if from out of nowhere alongside of Slim and the fellow who wanted the match. The driver leaned over and opened the door just as the fellow holding the bag gave Slim a stiff shove which lay Slim flat as a pancake on the ground; holding the shiny bag the fellow jumped into the car and was away. Hank said it happened as quick as you can wink. It caught him flat-footed.

Well, there certainly was a big upset then. Hank, hollering "Help-Help" came a-tearing across from his porch just as Slim was unraveling himself from Center Street. Lem, hearing all the commotion came up fast and learning the trouble, hopped a passing car and went after them fellows a-kiting. Someone managed to get the fire-bell ringing and this with all the people pushing and making a lot of noise certainly created a terrific hullabaloo.

Tobias Stephens, in shirt sleeves and straw hat, met Slim as he was on his way back to the Paper Plate and Box Company to report the robbery. Tobias had evidently learned some of the details. Couple of us fellows was near and heard it all.

"You idiot," busted out T. S., "so you goes and gives them fellows your bag. Of all the numskulls, you are the worst." He wanted to say more but it was quite evident that he was having trouble with making his words come out for he just sputtered like a firecracker when the fuse is lit.

"'Pears like I been robbed." Slim was convinced that it had really happened and wasn't just a dream.

"Yeah," said T. S. mockingly, "it does," and with this he busted out again. Slim never said a word. Just stood chewing a straw.

"Well, you're fired! Get that? FIRED! Oh—oh, think of it. Just hands the bag over to a guy who asks for a match." Plainly, Tobias was on the verge of a stroke.

THE BIG ROBBERY

His face was the color of a raw beet.

"And, I suppose, Mr. Gleason," he continued in words that cut like razors, "you think I am going to make up the loss?"

"Well, guess a new bag . . ."

"Listen, you fathead," interrupted T. S., "you'll either pay dollar for dollar what has been robbed or I'll take your father's house as security, that I will." Tobias was a big-shot in the town and not only could he do that but more, too, if he wanted.

"In that case, reckon as I ought to pay dollar for dollar." And with this Slim pulled a wad of greenbacks from his pocket and handed them to the astonished T. S. who looked strangely as if he were going to faint.

"Where, where did you get that?"

"'At's the pay for the factory. You see, when you gave me the bag I locked it just to try it out. Well, I lost the key and being as I was afraid to ask you for another one to open it, I always carried the money in my pocket and just used the bag so you wouldn't ask me why I didn't."

Mr. Stephens almost collapsed.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he managed to gasp.

"Well, shucks, no one asked me 'bout the money, only about the bag."

There was no doubt about it. Mr. Tobias Stephens for once in his life was stopped cold. He just made a noise which sounded something like a scream and then took his hat off and began to jump up and down on it.

C. M. Bancroft.



Busses and Incense

THE *Taiyo Maru* dropped anchor in the harbor of the island of Hong Kong at about three o'clock one fine winter afternoon. The semi-tropical sun shone brightly on the agitated wavelets as they playfully slapped the seaward side of the pride of the Japanese merchant marine and continued their unhurried way towards the wharves and massive sea-wall of the city of Victoria.

The great hill of Hong Kong, its green slopes studded with the marble arches, cream-colored walls and multi-colored roofs of the villas of wealthy land-owners, smiled beneficently down upon the busy harbor where the tiny sampans rowed by yellow-skinned peddlers of curios, bobbed frantically towards the towering, black walls resting motionless before them.

A slim power-boat put out from the custom-house which stood in neat efficiency among the slovenly warehouses and docks on the shore. Her bow cut a foaming V in the grey water as she described a great circle through the lesser Chinese craft. Polished brasswork, smart white paint, and the gleaming glass of the pilot-house did honor to the British flag which flew at her stern, whipped out straight by the wind of her passage.

Far astern lumbered the company's pilot-boat ready to take off passengers after examination by custom officials and doctors.

One note missing. No rattling and sneezing of winches. No great, slow barges idling nearby waiting for cargo. A seamen's strike. Every Chinaman in the harbor called

BUSSES AND INCENSE

off his ship or his barge, away from his hand-cart on the docks, to strike for a higher wage standard. Shipping was paralyzed.

The harbor was full of vessels from every point on the globe: a bright green ship of the Admiral Line out of Seattle, the *Silver State*; that lanky, shabby veteran of the seas, the *Manchuria* of the China Mail Line, which would not sight America again above her knife-like prow for many moons; a stolid, stubby Peninsular and Oriental boat, fairly exuding British respectability and a hearty disgust for the Chinese who had stopped her endless round between England and her far-flung colonial cities with romantic names: Singapore, Bombay, Calcutta, Port Said, Alexandria, Malta; and the clean-cut, lithe outlines of several warships of the British Asiatic fleet, anchored in a regular row of sinister battle-grey.



When the customs' launch had departed in a tinkling of bells and a whirl of foam, the big tender steamed alongside, its funnel sending up clouds of black smoke almost within reach of the promenade deck of her larger sister. All ashore!

After a short run across the harbor the passengers, who had been diverting themselves with conversation or by watching the changing shapes of the liners roundabout, stepped off the gangplank onto the dock.

Modern automobiles fraternized in easy familiarity with jinrikishas very much like those of Japan. Effusive greetings were imparted to and by certain of the passengers who had friends to meet them. The rest mounted rikishas and were trotted out into the city.

Here was a surprise. No narrow, dirty streets, no tumbledown buildings, no exotic architecture. Instead broad, clean streets; European buildings; signs proclaiming wares in English over shops, whose appearance was indistinguishable from that of any on Fifth Avenue; and a bustle of automobile traffic reminiscent of some

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large American city. Orientals there were, indeed, but many of them dressed in Occidental costume. A disappointment. Could this be China?

No, rather a small corner of Great Britain, the great imperial civilizer. A living testimonial of her vast sphere of influence stands on every street corner, resplendent in a khaki uniform and bright turban,—a stern and swarthy Sikh. They are all members of a fierce tribe of East Indians, the backbone of the British army in the terrible Indian Rebellion, who have been selected for their height, physical strength, and personal courage, and have been brought from their homes three thousand miles away to keep order for their grateful masters. Make no mistake, a Sikh does not like to be trifled with. By inheritance he is proud and quick to anger; and, according to well-founded tradition, a Sikh never harms one who has done him a wrong—if he is dead.

China was obviously not in Hong Kong. Since China had not come to the travellers, there was nothing for the travellers to do but go to China. And China, being a few minutes away by ferry, was not far to seek.

The travellers (by this we mean a small party which included ourselves), fortified by an impressive bookful of railroad tickets intended as visible testimony to interested Chinese officials that we were solvent citizens and, once in Canton, would not in a fit of homesickness demand pecuniary assistance for our return to civilization, boarded the Canton Express at Kowloon, a town on the mainland opposite Hong Kong.

In our compartment there was an aged Chinese lady with claw-like fingernails, testifying to her abstinence from manual labor, who was accompanied by a young woman and a young man in Chinese dress. This youth, as soon as he heard English spoken, started to practice his own conception of the language on the travellers. At first, attempts at communication were abortive; when



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he finally got warmed up, we wished we had chosen another compartment.

He commenced by informing us with considerable national pride that the local police were so good that the Canton Express had not been "held up" for two years and that the precautions taken by the railway did away with most of the wrecks and bombings of trains. Now, a locomotive always ran a few minutes ahead of the Express to explode any and all bombs.

The employment of many trustworthy track-walkers had made the stealing of the ties from under the tracks, the laying of bombs thereon, and the filching of telegraph poles along the line for sundry purposes, relatively infrequent. He backed up the obvious sincerity of his pride in the district's policy of strict order by pointing out triumphantly the squads of bayonet-equipped soldiers standing at attention at each stop, and the prominently holstered artillery of the train attendants.

The travellers learned from him that the river steamers which steam up the Canton River from Hong Kong were even safer media of transportation inasmuch as they had swivel machine-guns mounted on their bows to keep the river-pirates from becoming annoying.

"If you return on this train tonight," he said, "you will see big fires burning on the hills. Tigers don't like fire."

Encouraged by the extraordinary orderliness of the province, the travellers settled back for a peaceful journey.

On arrival at Canton station they were met by a tourists' agent whose black brocaded gown proclaimed him a person of respectability. Sedan chairs were fetched at his order. He was immediately involved in a bitter quarrel by two coolies who were protesting that the lady they were to carry was a few pounds over-weight. The pair were together able to talk louder and say more words per second than the agent. The procession presently



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moved off with the lady in question supported by four stalwarts instead of two.

Any guide-book will tell what the travellers saw. Parts of Canton are really China. Narrow, dirty streets, tumbledown buildings, exotic architecture they saw in abundance. They learned that nearly all the flower-shops were on a single street and that the street was called Flower Street. Since this system was carried on in all the trades, finding a good shop for any given commodity was quite a simple process. They saw the reason for the rarity of automobiles and even rikishas when passing through some of these trade-streets; the passage was scarcely wide enough to permit two sedan chairs to pass one another.

The travellers entered the fragrantly heavy atmosphere of a dark, cool temple, where they saw great spirals of incense hanging from rafters smoked to a lustrous black. These spirals, they were told, were bought in fulfillment of vows, and took three weeks to burn.

Out again into the sunshine and bustle of the city they went, into the aroma compounded of Chinese cooking, perspiration, and Japanese dust (in China "Japanese" is practically synonymous with "objectionable"; the Japanese earnestly return the compliment), shot through with sibilants and liquids of the Cantonese dialect, which was getting a heavy work-out every few feet of the way incidental to the objurations and revilings which are essential to every exchange of goods and money from Vladivostok to the Straits of Gibraltar.

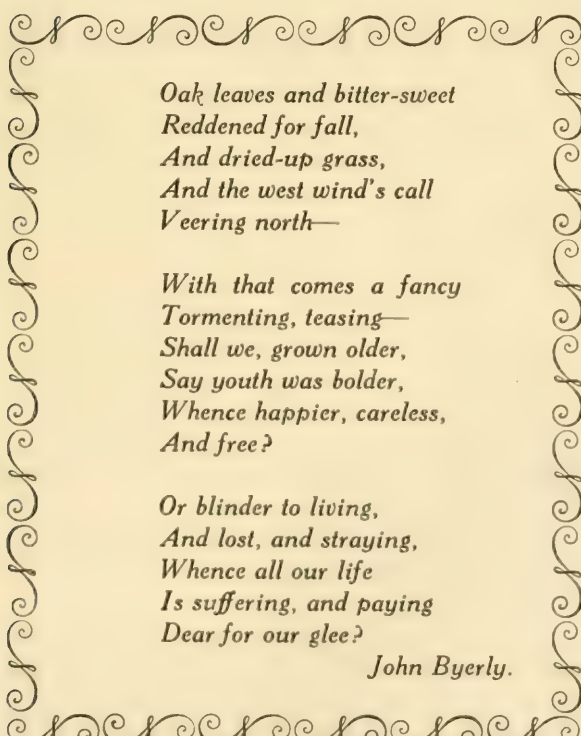
A short trip to the foreign Compound to mail letters at the oddly modern postoffice, and then on a strange vehicle called a "bus" along the wider streets of the new city to the railway station. We had been in Japan for nearly a year, and the first "bus" we had ever seen was in this ancient Chinese city. Amid cheers from the excited passengers the "bus" just made the train.

BUSSES AND INCENSE

A dash to a compartment, and then comparative quiet.

The travellers saw the promised fires on the hills, and were again comforted by the sight of the bayonets shining in the electric lights of each wayside station. But full confidence returned when they saw the tall Sikh who, his hereditary bad temper notwithstanding, welcomed them back once more to Hong Kong, that little dominion of British respect for law and order, in the midst of the turmoil which is China.

William E. Miller.



*Oak leaves and bitter-sweet
Reddened for fall,
And dried-up grass,
And the west wind's call
Veering north—*

*With that comes a fancy
Tormenting, teasing—
Shall we, grown older,
Say youth was bolder,
Whence happier, careless,
And free?*

*Or blinder to living,
And lost, and straying,
Whence all our life
Is suffering, and paying
Dear for our glee?*

John Byerly.



Tides of Blood

LYCANTHROPY! An average person confronted with that word, if he knows what it means, will dismiss it with a shrug, and perhaps a passing reference to werewolves. However, there are some, as John Morton knew, could not dismiss the subject so casually. Some ancient taint in their blood sent them nameless temptations when the moon was new. He knew—he was one of them. Ever since childhood, he had known that he was different from others—different in his love of slaughter, his loathing of cooked food, his positive hatred for feline animals. If most of the humans with whom he was forced to associate did not notice this, the animals did. They mostly feared and distrusted him, except his most faithful companion, a huge mongrel Alsatian, more wolf than dog.

Nevertheless, he realized that he had to dwell in a society of human beings and here the cunning of the wolf aided him. He took his bloody meals in private, and tried to sublimate his cravings by hunting. Many heads and other trophies in his den bore witness to his skill. Although he knew he could remember the ancient words of power at the proper season, he held himself in check—perhaps restrained by some canine spirit of the pack. He was wise enough to keep within the bounds of a large city, where the brick and asphalt somewhat detracted from the fatal urge.

He liked to watch the animals of the zoo and make imaginary plans for hunting them. One day, he stopped for a minute to watch the wolves in their big enclosure. The leader of the captive pack, a huge white beast,

TIDES OF BLOOD

snarled viciously at him. By the merest chance, it happened to be feeding hour, and a keeper began to fling bloody pieces of meat over the fence at the rear of the enclosure. The three or four other captive wolves hung back respectfully while the white wolf received his meat, and then, after a general *mêlée*, each retired to a private corner of the lot with his meal.

Morton watched, fascinated, as the strong white teeth tore the tough, dripping meat off the bones in mad haste. In a very few minutes, the bones had been stripped bare, and the normal zoo routine had once more established itself. Morton withdrew, trembling with desire. A terrible lust for living flesh possessed him—human flesh! To sink his fangs in some powerless throat—to taste the gushing blood!

With a start he came to himself. He knew that he was utterly doomed unless he could somehow obtain aid against this fiendish power that racked him. Sweating and trembling, he left the zoo, and blindly walked the streets until he came to a small Catholic church. Somehow, the building, and the sight of the cross on the spire seemed to repel him. Nevertheless, he forced himself to ascend the steps, and to attempt to enter the open door. As he tried to cross the threshold, he struck against an invisible wall, and realized at length that some invisible power greater than his was blocking the entrance. Unbelievably, he stretched out his arm into the empty air, but withdrew it quickly. The barrier had become burning hot—so hot that it blistered his fingers. By this token, he knew that, somehow, he had at last fully surrendered to the power which possessed him.

He hurriedly returned to his apartment, where he was affectionately greeted by Boris, his dog. The savage animal seemed to sense that there was something wrong with his master. He rubbed up against him affectionately, wagging his tail. The beast was wise in his own fashion,

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and Morton felt that his faithful companion was fully aware of the change that had come over him.

Morton was cunning enough not to attempt to hunt his prey in the city, so, taking Boris with him, he went to the garage where he kept his roadster and had it brought out to him. With Boris beside him, he drove out in the country about twenty-five miles, to a region of hills interspersed with marshes at their base—a wild country with poor roads and few houses, that was usually thronged with hunters during the quail season. Just after dark, Morton hid his car in the bushes beside the road, and forced his way through the underbrush to a cleared hilltop. Boris appeared delighted with the excursion, and coursed about in silent excitement.

The sun had set an hour ago. The new moon hung low in the west, and would soon disappear below the horizon in its turn. Morton prepared the circle, orienting it with the polestar, and making the proper libations of new wine and the blood of a pigeon. Boris sat at the edge of the clearing, his ears cocked, watching his master expectantly. Morton then uttered the words of power, and waited for the magic to take effect.

For several minutes, nothing happened. Then Morton was gripped with the powerful pangs of the transformation. It was as if he were being forced and moulded into some strange shape. He felt his nose and mouth lengthen, his teeth became longer and sharper. He crouched down on all fours. A thick growth of fur covered his body. At last the metamorphosis and the torture were completed, and the were-wolf sat up on his haunches and howled at the setting moon. Boris approached him, and the two animals trotted off side by side to the chase. The were-wolf led his companion to a cross-roads, to wait.

For a long time, nothing stirred. Then, the hoofbeats of a horse were heard on the deserted road. Boris pricked up his ears and muffled a growl. As the rider,

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carrying a lantern, came into view, bound on some desperate nocturnal errand, the hunting pair crouched down in concealment. Boris displayed an evilly intelligent comprehension of what was to happen. As the rider passed, they sprang. The horse, a miserable old creak, escaped, but the rider was not as fortunate. For the were-wolf savoured the warm salt taste of human blood of his own killing.

After a horrible feast, they retired to the hill-top again, where Morton once more resumed his human shape. He was bruised and sore all over, and was suffering considerable after-effects from the excitement of the night. Boris appeared to be quite satisfied with the hunt, and licked his drooling jaws reminiscently, but Morton's memory of the events of the past night, beyond that it had held something infinitely delightful, was extremely hazy.

The body was found soon enough to make a sensation in the evening papers. The victim, a poor Italian truck farmer, had gone to fetch a doctor for his wife, who had become desperately ill in the night. It was thought that he had been killed by a large dog, as traces of his tracks had been found by the body. However, the rain that fell for hours before the body was found had washed away all definite clues.

The moon became full, waned, and the new moon rose again. Morton went to bed one night, to wake up the next morning covered with filth, bruised, and with the last after-taste of blood in his mouth. Immediately, he knew what had happened, and he waited for any news with as much patience as he could muster.

His patience was well rewarded. Near the place where the body of the Italian had been found, a party of road workers had investigated a suspicious smoke. They had found the ruins of a small car containing the charred bodies of a young man and a girl, who had apparently

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retired to that secluded spot to tell each other the things that lovers find to say. The coroner had found lacerations suspiciously like the tooth-marks he had found on the dead Italian, but the use of fire pointed to a human agency.

Instead of being horrified, as he would have been a month ago, Morton was thrilled. How clever he had been! He could remember, now—the short struggle, the splendid efforts of Boris, the delicious taste of warm blood and quivering human flesh, and finally, overpowering his animal dread of fire to burn all tracks or clues he might have left. Morton felt a subtle change. Instead of being a human who could, on occasion, be a wolf, he was now a were-wolf who found it convenient to disguise himself in human form. Whenever he was alone after sundown, he assumed the shape of a wolf. Only the most dire and dangerous rites, he knew, could ever restore him to the world of men—as if he wanted to be a mere human again!

* * * * *

William Jones was an extraordinarily commonplace, middle-aged man with a fluid paunch, bald spot, and a very conspicuous electric ear-phone, who wore a star on his vest which he usually displayed for the purpose of obtaining free street-car rides. Otherwise, he seemed perhaps a small business man—not too successful; yet somehow, in his slow, sleepy way he unraveled a good many puzzling cases. His rather blatant ear-phone testified that he was hard of hearing. He usually did not quite understand a statement the first time it was made, sometimes making ludicrous misinterpretations. Yet, even many of his friends on the force did not know that his hearing was perfectly normal and that the ear-phone really was connected with a microphone that could detect a whisper at a surprising distance.

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Besides being out of his district, the murder of the Italian did not move Detective Jones. He did not like Italians. Having a rather old-fashioned idea of morals, the murder of the lovers was likewise indifferent to him. But, when a little girl was brutally murdered and seemingly eaten, his rage knew no bounds. He resolved that he would trap that fiend if he never solved another case, and had beautiful visions of a piece of rubber hose a foot long, or a most excruciating way of using a lead pencil, demonstrated to him by a Chinaman. Usually, he had only contempt for those who used such methods, but this case was a trifle different. . . .

The detective, after having exhausted the meager clues in the city, thought it might be a good idea to visit the scene of the first two murders in order to reconstruct the criminal's state of mind. He drove out to the site of the murders in his battered Chevy (capable of surprising bursts of speed when pressed), purchasing a new battery for his hearing device on the way. It had been raining all day, and an unhealthy mist was arising from the marshes. By the merest coincidence, it was the day of the new moon. . . .

He drove his car off the road in the exact spot where the lovers had been killed. It was the very night for the ghosts to walk, he thought, as he watched the swirling fog. Darkness fell gradually, and what light there was seemed to come from the fog itself. The detective lit his pipe, and, purely out of habit, assured himself that his gun, handcuffs and flashlight were readily accessible and in working order. He twisted the knob of his amplifier another notch, and began to think about the case. For a short time, he sat in his car, smoking quietly. Suddenly, a low wail was heard in his headpiece. It rose again—a weird banshee howl, unlike any ever uttered by man or beast. He listened carefully, the power on full. From another quarter, the cry was answered. This time, the detective recognized the howl of a wolf.

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"Dogs on some farms near here," he thought. However, he soon realized, from faint sounds in his ear-piece, that he was being stalked—very cleverly, too. What the fog would reveal, he did not know—perhaps some dog running at large; perhaps—a murderer! He then remembered the tooth marks on one of the corpses—they could only have been made by a large animal—a wolf, for instance. But there had been no wolves in this part of the country for a hundred years. Whatever it was, it was coming closer. He fancied he could see something moving in the eddies of fog.

Something crushed with stunning force on his derby hat, forcing it over his eyes. Instinctively, the detective fired, and lost consciousness. He could not have been unconscious for more than a moment, for, when he recovered, he was lying on the floor of his car, the rim of his derby furnishing a rather unconventional collar. A dog—if it was a dog—the largest he had ever seen, was in the very act of climbing into the car. Jones fired. The animal snarled, and leapt on his chest. As he fired the second time, the animal's jaws were almost closing on his throat. The shot took effect. With a vicious snap the slavering mouth ineffectually bit the air, and Jones felt the last hot breath of the animal on his face as it died. The detective threw off the weight, and staggered up. There was a collar on the dead beast's neck. With his torch, he read, "Boris."

With an animal howl of pain, something white, dripping blood, lurched into the underbrush. Drawing his gun, and replacing his ear-phone, the detective followed, easily trailing the object of his pursuit with the device. He did not have far to follow. At the base of a gigantic oak, William Jones found a man, wounded in the chest, entirely naked, carrying a club and greased from head to foot. He applied emergency first aid, and drove the living and the dead back to the city.

TIDES OF BLOOD

Later that night in the hospital, James Morton contemptuously confessed his crimes to his captor, William Jones (whom the morning papers turned into a hero for a short time). In the delirium of his wound, the man—or was he man?—raved on:

“You may have me now, but only because I choose. Bars and doors do not imprison my kind. When I wish, I will leave—in spite of your walls and your guards!” And he turned over and went to sleep. The detective shrugged, and a little blond nurse (who liked detectives) replaced the icebag on his head.

Nevertheless, the prisoner had spoken the truth. He was never brought to trial. He has been seen several times, when the moon is new, hunting in the fatal swamp, with his fierce companion, Boris, beside him.

B. H. F.

Gleichgueltigkeit

*Dich zu lieben
Oder hassen
Gibt's einen Unterschied?
Dich zu kuessen
Oder verlassen
Es ist nur ein trueses Lied.*

*Ach du suesses Maedchen
Wie ich liebe dich;
Und du, du allerliebste,
Warum liebst du nicht mich?*

W. W. P.



Shakespeare's *Tempest*

THE *Tempest* is undoubtedly one of the most unusual plays in the entire Shakespearian collection.

Yet the difference is certainly not to be found in the plot, which is not a whit less hackneyed than many another. It is rather in the atmosphere, in what is implied rather than said, that the play makes its irresistible appeal. There is about it a haunting fascination, a depth and maturity that make us feel that it was not by chance alone that Heminge and Condell placed it first in the memorable edition of 1623.

The atmosphere is that of a land of fancy, but of such a land of fancy as no other, not even Shakespeare himself elsewhere, has ever depicted. Here there is not the idyllic charm of the Forest of Arden nor the out and out dreamland of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This land does not possess for us that tenacious sense of reality to be found in the fairy-lands of childhood stories. It is far more serious, full of sternly realistic, as well as fanciful, passages, and forces us rather to accept than to believe in the supernatural powers and spirits with which the scene is peopled. We feel that here the fantasy is but a means to an end, and not, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, a thing contrived for its own sake. And throughout there is a steady undercurrent of melancholy and deep thought. Such lines as:

*We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep*

SHAKESPEARE'S *TEMPEST*

would indeed be foreign to the delightful realm of Titania, but on Prospero's enchanted isle seem completely harmonious.

Three characters stand out above all others in the play, of whom two, though pure figments of the poet's imagination, are yet more real and vital creations than many a labored and studiously faithful product of so-called "realism": these three are Prospero, Ariel and Caliban. Whereas the other characters are illumined by only an occasional, though often brilliant, flash of insight, on these three Shakespeare has lavished the rich fullness of his understanding. Perhaps this fact, too, may be significant for the meaning of the play.

Prospero is the true student, to whom his "library was dukedom large enough." He is the creative artist who, forced by circumstances to pass his existence on a lonely isle, yet devotes his energies to his studies, and by their magic, subdues to his own will the spirits of the island and the forces of nature. But despite his power, he is weary and melancholy, for he has drunk deeply of life, and has found that victories are often paid with sorrow. He is now making one last effort to regain his throne, and,



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by abandoning his art, to find peace at length. One is tempted to think that perhaps Shakespeare was here giving us a glimpse into his own soul; for this was his final effort, he too was now going home, and he also may have been seeking peace.

The monster Caliban, "a freckled whelp hag-born," had originally inherited the isle from his mother, the witch Sycorax—she who through "age and envy was grown into a hoop." He is brute force, conquered, or at least restrained, by the power of mind. Surly and revengeful, he hates and fears his master, though Prospero had found him "a thing most brutish" and had so far improved his condition as even to teach him speech—to no avail. For Caliban's answer is:

*You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse.*

Yet loathsome and ignorant as he is, so sympathetically is he portrayed that it is impossible not to feel pity along with our disgust. The scene in which, excited by their liquor supply, he grovels before Trinculo, the jester, and Stephano, the drunken butler, worshipping them as gods, would be amusing were it not so pathetic in the insight it gives into the poor brute's nature. In his hatred he is so intense as to be almost sublime, as when he curses Prospero:

*All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse.*

And blunt and warped as he is, even he has his one hour of beauty, when his dull senses are awakened to a momentary appreciation of the beauty all about him. It is in an attempt to calm Stephano, his new "god," who is affrighted at the invisible music of Ariel. Caliban speaks:

SHAKESPEARE'S *TEMPEST*

*Be not afeard: the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd
I cried to dream again.*

But unfortunately, the charm lasts but a moment; his next thought is of killing Prospero, and he is again swallowed up in the abyss of hatred and ignorance.

Ariel, the ministering spirit of the play, had formerly been the servant of Sycorax, but in his nature being

*a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,*

had been imprisoned in a cloven pine, whence he was freed only by the art of Prospero. Yet subjection, even to this master, weighs heavily upon his essentially free nature; but unlike Caliban, he will win his freedom as a reward for duty done rather than by revolt. He is swift as thought, and on the wings of the air performs his master's behests at a moment's notice. For us, one of the most interesting of his errands is that for which Prospero summons him

*at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd bermoothes*

—probably the only direct reference in all of Shakespeare to the New World.

Whereas Caliban is of the earth, earthy, Ariel is at the opposite extreme of pure intelligence. He seems to possess none of the human emotions, though for one brief moment, he does come to realize their range and

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power. For in describing to Prospero the state of the stranded King and his followers, he says:

*Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender*

—and adds, somewhat wistfully:

Mine would, sir, were I human.

And now, what is to be said of the play itself, and of what, in particular, it means to us? It is almost certainly Shakespeare's last play, written about 1611, shortly before he left London forever. Why then might he not have embodied into it something more than the mere external features, something symbolizing and expressing his own state of mind and personal feelings at this critical period? It does not seem too extravagant to look upon it as a medium used by Shakespeare to bid his farewell to the stage and to public life, a medium which could please the masses purely by its dramatic merits, and at the same time convey to posterity the poet's own emotions at this parting. And if read in the light of this supposition, certain passages do seem to take on a new and peculiarly vital significance.

Of such passages perhaps one of the most striking is that in which Prospero, after the masque, says these beautiful lines:

*These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.*

SHAKESPEARE'S *TEMPEST*

Surely it is at least conceivable that Shakespeare was here referring to more than the actors and pageant which had immediately preceded, and that he was in reality alluding to all his previous creations, which, now that he is leaving, may possibly fade slowly and melt away, indeed, into thin air.

And again, a little later, Prospero soliloquizes:

*I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war . . .
 . . . graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure.*

Here again we may read between the lines. We recall the countless scenes he has created, scenes of battle, of storm; the numerous characters he has brought to life, either from the pages of history, or from his own fertile imagination. Nor needs "rough magic" seem to us too harsh an epithet, when self-applied, for his dramatic skill. For it is evident from some of the sonnets that Shakespeare considered playwriting a sort of necessary evil, and scorned his own position of hack writer and reviser of old plays. Thus he says in *Sonnet CX*:

*Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thought, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely.*

Especially did he dislike lowering his art by gaudy displays and the like, to please the groundlings. Thus in *The Tempest*, when Prospero bids Ariel prepare the pageant, and says:

THE HAVERFORDIAN

*Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me*

we may fairly presume that we have here a reference to this distaste, and that Shakespeare really liked such things no more than we do. However, as a showman he knew that they were expected of him, and were necessary to draw the crowds.

Indeed, in a less specific way, the entire drama lends itself to such an allegorical interpretation as this. Prospero seems in a general way to represent Shakespeare himself. Ariel is his art, his dramatic genius, and his intelligence; while Caliban may be thought of as a symbol of the blunt, brute forces which every man must fight and overcome, whether they be within him or without. When Prospero calls to Ariel:

*Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban*

we feel that it is Shakespeare who is about to enter the lists against some dread adversary, and that if he should now be successful, he may indeed hope to abandon his magic art and retire in peace to his Stratford, like Prospero to Naples.

And perhaps, too, this may account for the peculiarly magical charm of the play and for the undercurrent of melancholy which is so evident throughout. Just what caused Shakespeare's retirement we may never know, but that he fought a good fight is certain, and with Francisco we may say:

*I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Francis Walton.*

CINEMA

THE attempt to write a criticism of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Grand Hotel* is a difficult and yet an easy task. My great fear is that the criticism will resemble the work of a ballyhoo expert rather than of a severe and hard-boiled judge. The cast of this remarkable picture is truly a galaxy of stars. The mere fact that the names of Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt follow the word "also" should prove this. The five names in large type are imposing indeed—Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Joan Crawford and Wallace Berey. Can one ask more? But although you won't believe me, every star takes his part in good faith and makes no effort to steal the show. Garbo is better than ever before, and that means superlative.

I might attack a half dozen minor points, such as the stagy philosophizing perpetrated by Lewis Stone, but I shan't. In short, the production *Grand Hotel* is so nearly perfect that I am glad to agree with the advertisement which hails this as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "proudest triumph."

* * *

Persons who enter a motion picture house for the sole purpose of being entertained will do well to play bridge with the Joneses rather than to coax them into seeing *The Wet Parade*. One reason for this is that the show lasted exactly two hours (not counting shorts) and another is that it is not very amusing anyway.

THE HAVERFORDIAN

The play opens in the south with a half hour of genial southern drunkenness with Lewis Stone as the chief offender. His daughter (Dorothy Jordan) here learns to hate drink and all it stands for. The scene then shifts to a family hotel in New York. Walter Huston is the addict in this locality and by a trick of fate has a son who, also, comes to feel like F. Scott McBride. By another trick of fate they meet and love and wed and have a baby—ho! hum!

Movie fans will be interested to hear that "Schnozzle" Durante plays the part of a prohibition officer. Movie fans will, incidentally, be interested in nothing else about this picture.

I am told that Mr. Sinclair is a rabid dry, which is amusing because by the time the picture has taken us through gangland and nearly lost us our hero, the audience (or at least those who have been so foolish as to remain up to that point) are pretty thoroughly convinced that repeal is the only solution.

If any of my readers still want to see this production let me warn you that Lewis Stone kills himself with a razor in a pigpen: in a pigpen mind you! Note: I did not like this picture.

* * *

In the excellent sophisticated comedy, *One Hour With You*, Monsieur Maurice Chevalier allows his lower lip to protrude even farther than usual and then proceeds to sing even more winningly than one would think possible. Jeanette MacDonald looks pretty well, sings pretty well, and acts pretty badly, as usual. Genevieve Tobin, on the other hand, doesn't sing at all but takes her part splendidly. Her husband is played by Roland Young who is one of the best. I am unable to understand why he is not starred while such unspeakable persons as Charles Bickford and Ruth Chatterton are.

CINEMA

Chevalier takes the audience into his complete confidence which is a novel and pleasing idea. In fact, the picture throughout is well described by these two adjectives.

* * *

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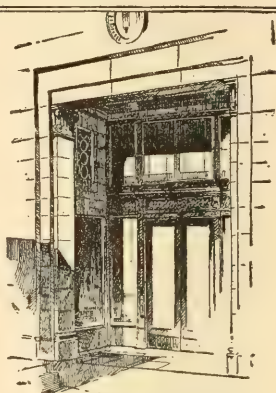
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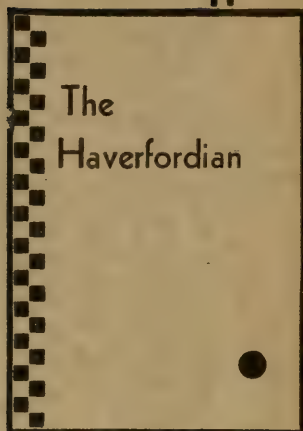
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